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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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GRADUATING CLASS IN ARTS, '98.

S. R. Stevens.
A. B. Cohoe.
A. W. Vining.

W. Daniel.
M. A. Bailey.
I. A. Ferguson.

J. P. Schutt.
E. R. Whiteside.
W. B. H. Teakles.

A. S. Farmer
A. G. Iler.
W. P. Beebie.

M. C. McLean.
W. W. Charters.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1898.

AT CLASS OF '98 RALLY.

Broadens now the flowing river,
  Comrades, feather clean your oars,
Sit in order true as ever,
  Near we now the tidal shores.

Singing all the winding way,
  Through the hills and meadow lands,
In the cloudy, cloudless day,
  Past we rapids, shining strands.

Deep voiced now the sea is calling,
  Comrades, greet it, hearts elate!
Every fear with hope forestalling,
  Onward, onward, Ninety-Eight.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Honorary President.

HISTORY OF CLASS '98, ARTS.

Some things are being continually rejected because they are old, while others for the very same reason are being tenaciously retained. The Chinese lady submits to the practice of foot-bandaging because for ages it has been looked upon as the proper thing to do, but in the painful memory of living men, Canadian belles have varied their tastes all the way and back again from the tiny turban to the hat of the Wife of Bath style, and from the trim figure of the modern bicycle girl to the crinoline of a decade or two ago: and all, simply to avoid the horrid thought of not wearing something entirely new.

Thus we are being continually whipped by our whims round this miserable circle of a changeless change. Day follows night, and night, day, and the events are much the same, but they must not appear so. New bottles must be fashioned to contain the same old wine, new phrases must be racked up to express the same old thoughts until our language has become a veritable jumble of metaphors.

And the writing of class histories is one of these fads. Classes haze and are hazed, break up and re-unite, plug, write and pass on, struggle and graduate: the facts are always the same, but it must not appear so. If in one case the course is compared to the outgoing of a goodly ship, the next must stage it as a drama, or put before our eyes the amphitheatre and heroes struggling for the victory. Thus are we tyrannized over by our hankering after variety. We have read of a learned German scholar who journeyed to Greece to investigate the amount of oil used by Demosthenes while writing his second Phillipic. Now this was doubtless a matter of importance to Demosthenes himself, but surely the important thing for us is the Phillipic—the result of it all.

So, the private history of Class '98 has a peculiar interest to its own members, but surely the important thing is the result of it all, the thing yet to be seen. Yet so incessant is the demand for something new, that these humble facts must be dragged from the past, decked up in some fantastic manner, and thrust into the public gaze.

The Class of '98 McMaster was constituted by powers entirely apart from itself. In the good Providence of God twenty-one students were led to seek higher education in the same course at the same time, and simply accepted the custom of organization. They adopted a constitution whose origin no one knows, and whose present whereabouts is an equal mystery. "A rather innocent crowd," you will say. Very true, sir, very true, we were meek beyond the average, and so intent for a time on our surroundings, that events simply drifted on, guided, who knows how, and yet guided aright. There was not much to bring the class together at first. There was no nucleus of Woodstock boys around which organization might begin, and when at last organization did come, it was happy fortune rather than fore-knowledge of his ability, which selected York Adam King as first President of the Class.

One of the very earliest events which all will remember in our class career was the reception by the old students. This excellent feature has now become a tradition of the school, but what old boy listening to the jokes he has already stood for four years will begrudge the Freshman his exuberant joy, when he recalls the like ecstacy with which he first heard them? Can you imagine how delighted we felt on that occasion, and when our President made the speech of the evening, it dawned upon us that we were more of a unit than we thought, and that there was really more to do in the first year than chewing over those old cuds in Bradley's Arnold and stalking through imaginary forests after the errant knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Then we began to hold business meetings. Only the faithful know what our business meetings were; but we had no legal cranks to keep our toes constantly up to the constitutional line, and a wink from the chairman was as good as ten votes on a motion. Various subjects came up for discussion. We voted out the wearing of gowns, poor prattlers that we were, yet the gowns came. But there was one tangible result from our deliberations, and that was the class rally. One hundred and ninety-four Roxborough Ave., the home of our class-mate, Lew Thomas, was thrown open to us for the occasion. Perhaps this rally did not differ greatly from scores of others which have

been held before and since. Perhaps it was not so good as many of them, but the fact that it was our own, made it the very best for us. We got still better acquainted with one another, our domestic affairs began to assume quite a progressive appearance, and the representatives of the neighboring classes leaned patronizingly over the back fence to inquire after our welfare. But if our friendship was strengthened by mutual prosperity, it was still more so by mutual adversity. The weather had been beautiful at first, but during our merriment Old Boreas got on one of his ugly fits, and piled the streets high and deep with snow. Every one of us will remember that night till we quit remembering things at all, and doubtless John Thompson will remember it longer still, for he had a five mile walk through the drifts, and did not report till next day at noon.

But these were the unusual events of our first year, and it must not be assumed that they received all the attention. Each day's routine of studies was more or less faithfully prepared, and the final examinations did not distinguish us from any of the other classes, either as remarkably brilliant or remarkably stupid. No person was plucked, and, so far as the faculty were concerned, we might all have gone on together to the end of another chapter.

But the return of autumn shewed this good-will to have been wasted on five of our members. Misses Gile and Klink, Messrs. Marshall, McNeill and Randolph failed to answer to the muster call in October, '96. To make up the loss, however, we were joined by W. W. Charters and A. B. Cohoe, formerly of '96, and H. S. Erb and C. R. Phelan, of Acadia. In the class elections for the year, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles was made President, and Miss Whiteside, Secretary.

Now it has already been protested that our class history was only of private importance, but it must further be said that during our second year there was not much history of any kind. Of course we studied and studied hard, that was the business we were in. We had a class rally, and a good one too, for which we were indebted to the kindness of Mrs. M. S. Clark, in opening her home to us.

Still there was one unusual event that year. We do not like to mention it, for it may not be very pleasant for the other

classes. It was before the days of the trophies, so we have nothing to shew for our victory, but the fact remains that in her second year the Class of '98 cleared out every other class foot-ball team on the campus.

These were a few of the events which came to break the monotony of our second year. But what of that monotony itself? We are accustomed to look carefully for the outstanding events and overlook the details. As a rule, at the end of a day, a person cannot point to a single markedly important thing which he has learned during its hours, and yet it is the days which make years, and it is the acts and thoughts of days which make up character and life.

In that monotony, then, perhaps the most influential feature was the introduction, through psychology, to the mental sciences. Every child is a philosopher, and perhaps for his years, the child is a greater philosopher than the average man, but were it not for such studies, in the great majority of cases, the infantile yearnings would wither and die under the blows and buffetings of an unfriendly world. Whether or not this may be true in our members, it was at least our opportunity to catch from the every day duties of our second year some glimpses of the one increasing purpose that runs through all things.

We will not speak of the examinations. Of course they came in due time, and once more we were free. We had started a class-letter the previous summer, but it proved a very tardy voyageur indeed. But our letter of the second summer was swift and busy as a little bee. It flew from the crowded city to the green countryside, it shared with the lonely tea agent some of the pleasures of the gay camping-ground, it dispensed sweet memories and fresh courage wherever it went, and yet its precious cargo did not lessen in the least. Thus we were kept in sight of each other through the swift passing summer, and when October came, we felt more attached to the old class than if we had never been separated. And great was the need of unity, for eight of the faithful were missing, and only two newcomers, W. P. Reekie and S. R. Stephens, of '97, joined us to offset the loss. Thus we entered the junior year over-shadowed on both sides by classes almost double our number.

The class met for organization on a day already famous in history—the fifth of November. Mr. A. W. Vining was elected President, and Miss M. A. Bailey, Secretary. In many ways this was a year of transition. Two years had passed, yet in them we were always nearer the beginning of the course than the end of it; now the change had come. With two exceptions, those who met as the third year in October, '96, were destined to finish together. Hitherto we had taken but little part in the business of the student body, but now a beginning had to be made toward taking up the cares of state which a few short months would throw entirely upon us. In a word, this year represented the change from youth to manhood in our university career.

As the autumn term drew to a close, preparations were made for the usual class-rally. But they were destined never to be completed. The place of meeting had already been arranged, the committees drafted, and all expectation at its highest, when a vigorous appeal from Dr. Rand for the persecuted Christians in Armenia, changed the whole course of events. Mr. Roy proposed that the rally be dispensed with, and that the levy should be devoted to the Armenian relief fund. After some discussion the proposition was unanimously adopted. However, on the invitation of Mrs. Bailey, the class met at her home on the evening on which the rally was to have been, and though we did not have a class rally in the strictest sense, yet that meeting was made the occasion of most of the pleasantries which make rallies desirable.

No doubt one of the most interesting topics on that occasion was the recent inter-year foot-ball matches. In order to make out a team, '98 had to put every man in the field. The outlook was desperate indeed, but so was our courage. The first game was with the Theologs They were supported by the famous goal-keeper Imrie, while our defense brought up with the equally illustrious Josh. Marshall. Hostilities began and continued by a vigorous attack on Imrie's goal. But no effort could break through to victory. Suddenly the status belli changed and the tide of war went sweeping down toward the post held by the devoted Marshall. So sudden was the attack that that worthy completely lost his head. Already far too

short for such a crisis, he failed to stop the charge, and the field where our dim prospects had for a time burned bright, was turned into an utter rout.

But again our courage and our scattered forces were collected. There was still the chance of beating the men of '97. This time Marshall, with characteristic gallantry, took the place of Uriah the Hittite, in the very front of the conflict, while McLachlan, "worthy to be a hero," retired with his unhealed wounds, to defend the goal. It is an exciting moment, the wind blows stealthily over the field, the adjacent pine trees sway their high tops and whisper "wait." Cries of exultation are answered by cries of defiance, while ever and anon waves high the green flag of '98. And now the conflict has begun; backward and forward waves the attack; the night is falling on every side, the pine trees toss and shriek in the excited wind. Charters has fallen, his face bathed in blood, Marshall is nowhere to be seen; down comes the '97 reserve in a terrific charge, McLachlan falls with a foot-ball in his bosom, the attack sweeps over him, and the field is lost. Darkness closes down on the remnant of '98, defeated but not dishonored.

Such is the record of our athletic aspirations. As winter came on, however, attention was directed to the arena of the literary society. Under the able management of President Mode, a novel and exciting feature was introduced into the programme in the shape of an oratorical contest between representatives of the different classes in arts and theology. It was left to each class to select its own representative. The class of '98 appointed its President. After several postponements, the contest was brought on at the open meeting of the spring term. Considering the impetus given to each speaker by the novelty of the contest, the importance of the occasion, the humiliation of not representing his class well, it may be imagined that Rev. Charles A. Eaton had no easy task before him when he stepped upon the platform to give judgment on the contest. But the members of '98 at least thought when he finished the task, that he was just the right man in the right place, and that he was a man of very clear judgment.

This event was on the eve of the spring exams., and soon the intense hush of preparation had paralysed every other

activity. History is wont to stifle the groans of battle in the shout of victory, and her example shall be followed here. The class of '98 emerged from the test with the most creditable record of six third class standings 45 seconds and 81 firsts.

And now the end approaches. With October '97 came our last mustering. All the members of the previous year save McLachlan were present, and in addition there were Farmer, Daniel and McLean. Thus we hoped to graduate sixteen strong, but early in the term Mr. Roy was taken seriously sick and forced to give up the year.

Mr. Charters and Miss Iler were elected President and Secretary of the class to superintend the business of the last and most important year of the course. The class rally was held at the house of Mrs. Whiteside on Spadina Avenue. But perhaps all the ordinary and customary events of the year were so eclipsed by the grand finale that little mention need be made of them here. One event, however, toward the close of the term made a deep impression on the class and seemed to deepen the bond of union among them. The last Fyfe Missionary Meeting of the year was concluded by class prayer-meetings. It was a great joy to the class that every member could heartily and sincerely take part in the prayer-meeting of the senior year.

Finally the last examinations were ushered in and safely passed by every one in the class. Thus we were still to be numbered together, and in order to give direction to the union and friendship of four years fellowship in literary pursuits, it was resolved to draw up a new constitution and elect permanent officers. In accordance with this programme, Mr. Vining was elected President, Miss Iler, Vice-President, and Mr. Teakles, Secretary. Already our members have scattered as far west as Minnesota and as far east as Montreal, but we hope yet to meet again in some of the same old associations in which we spent four happy years.

And now it is the last scene. Walmer Road church is filled to the doors, the choristers are in their places, and the platform is crowded with the culture of Senate and Faculty and honored guests. The air is heavy with the odor of fresh roses, and expectancy is on every face. Then one by one from the ranks of the students pass up the heroes and heroines of the hour. It

GRADUATING CLASS IN THEOLOGY, 1898.

C. H. SCHUTT, B.A. R. ROUTLEDGE, B.A. L. BROWN, B.A. G. J. MENGE, B.A.
A. R. PARK A. J. DARROCH, B.A. J. R. WEBB
H. G. KENNEDY PROF. D. M. WELTON, PH.D. D. BROWN
Hon. President.

was pleasant then to remember that we had ushered in the other classes kindly for now it is their turn to usher us out. This scene, perhaps so fascinating to them, is to us like walking the plank into the unknown treacherous sea, and it is good to feel the sympathetic presence of friends. Then speeches follow, but they are lost on the weary hearing of the graduates. For now theories must be thrown aside. The gala day of inexperience is past and now the serious days begin in earnest. One goal is past and the next will usher in eternity. So be it; let us approach it forsaking not less false humility than false boasting, for "that which we are, we are."

These are a few of the events in the history of class '98. The rest of their acts and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of time. If in the future they should prove worthy of attention—farewell, if not—adieu.

A. W. V.

CLASS '98 THEOLOGY.

Class '98 Theology has said goodbye to McMaster University and to-day her members are separated far! Yet the bonds which bind us together are still unbroken. The fellowships there begun, there strengthened and by years of contact intensified, are still with us as one of the richest heritages of our life.

To sum up reminiscences of "those days of wonder and hope," and to delineate the characters which went to make up the class, is by no means an easy task. There is a something about the life we lived together, about the fellowship we there enjoyed, that words can but inadequately express. The "afterward" which each of us now experiences "yields peaceable fruits" which are beyond the power of the pen to describe.

There has come from it all a heart ministry—a life enrichment, a holy purpose to rise up and bless the world about us—a conviction that—

"To give is to live,
To deny is to die,"

which is ever with us, carrying us where otherwise we would not have gone—causing us to speak what otherwise we would not have spoken, restraining us from actions which otherwise we would have engaged in.

As members of '98 Theology we feel that no higher tribute can be given our noble *Alma Mater* than that she has been the means of inculcating, and making part and parcel of us, this sense of high and holy aspiration. We can truly say that McMaster University has taught us that all the true success in this life lies in,

> "The submission of man's nothing perfect
> To God's all complete
> As by each new obeisance in spirit
> We climb to His feet,"

To-day relieved from the drudgery and routine of the class-room —breathing as we now do the free fresh air of pastoral life— reflecting upon the days of our glad captivity, we are verily "like unto them that dream." For as we review our days of college life it seems but "as a watch in the night." Difficult is it, indeed, for us to realize that the goal which once seemed so far ahead, and toward which we moved so slowly, is now behind us and a thing of the past.

The associations of '98 Theology were from the beginning of our history as a class very pleasant. With but one or two exceptions we had all known each other either as undergraduates in Woodstock College or McMaster. Two members of Class '98, the writer of this sketch and brother A. J. Darroch, B.A., have had the rare pleasure of being class-mates together for nine years consecutively—a record which is rarely surpassed. Many members of our class came to the study of Theology not unprepared for the work before them. Out of a class of nine, five were graduates in Arts, while all the other members of the class had enjoyed at least some academic training. To-day we are all free to admit that in the study of Systematic Theology, with the wide scope of its teaching, the grandeur of its theme, and the depths of its profound mysteries, we are now but beginners,

> "Children gathering pebbles on a boundless strand."

The work in hand afforded ample opportunity for some members of our class, (of a philosophical turn of mind, who enjoy the contemplation of deep themes) to feast to their heart's content.

Brother A. J. Darroch, B.A., who hails from Bruce, tells us that he was raised on porridge, and Systematic Theology is in his blood. He found in the study of the doctrines generally and of the decrees in particular—(to many of us a maze of darkness) —a field for thought and discussion which possessed a charm all its own.

Brother C. H. Schutt, M.A., ever sought to place truths in their logical connection and to gain their true relationship.

Dr. Goodspeed and he have often wandered far in their interesting discussions upon the psychological and philosophical bearing of truth. We shall ever remember him as an accurate student, always ready to recite when called upon, and to question until convinced that the position taken by the author or the professor was satisfactory.

Brother R. Routledge, B.A., was Brother Schutt's true yoke fellow in this respect, and when they joined together in the support of any position taken on a question up for discussion, they brought forth arguments which were always forceful and worthy of consideration.

We feel especially proud of this member of our class. He is representing us well in the far south, and when "we bow our knees unto the Father," and pray for blessing upon us as a class, we shall ever remember in a special sense our noble consecrated and gifted Brother Routledge in Bolivia.

Brother G. T. Menge, B.A., was the metaphysician of '98. He has a genius for the discussion and elaboration of all truths which have about them a philosophical bearing, and could split hairs with mathematical accurateness. In New Testament Greek Prof. Farmer ever fell back upon him when all the rest of us had failed, and very rarely was he disappointed. We congratulate our class-mate upon obtaining the fellowship in Classics, and know that he will honor Class '98 Theology by the character of the work he is certain to perform in that department.

Brother D. Brown, the orator of the year, was by no means the smallest man of '98. He was ever a careful, thoughtful, inquisitive student. To him the study of theology was a sacred task. He had a high conception of the Gospel ministry, and all his classmates will admit he was one of the most consecrated of our number.

Brother J. H. Chapman, while a member of '98 Theology, did not graduate, although he did all the work but the taking of his diploma from the hand of the Chancellor. Fearful lest the charm of a pastorate might detain him from future study, which he wished to pursue, he decided not to graduate, but wait until another year. Brother Chapman was ever a diligent student. He is the Sankey of '98 and was always ready to give a helping hand whenever a demand for aid along the musical line came to him.

Brother A. R. Park, the minstrel of '98, who joined us after a year's absence from college through sickness, was one of the most congenial and spiritual members of our class. There is every prospect that he will be a very successful servant of his Master in the field of the Gospel ministry.

Brother H. G. Kennedy was without doubt the quietest of our number. But the character of the work he did was such as only much thought and painstaking effort could produce. He excelled in homiletics—his plans always being capital and more than once meriting the praise of the professor and the admiration of his fellow-students. Although heavily burdened with pastoral and other duties, he was always a regular attendant at lectures and able to take an intelligent part in the discussions of the class-room. We are certain that time will show that our brother Kennedy is a "workman who needeth not to be ashamed."

Bro. J. R. Webb for two years ably filled the office of secretary of class '98, was one of the most enthusiastic of her number. He came into the ministry after splendid business training and all through his course was an earnest student. He has many qualities which fit him for the life-work he has chosen. We are glad to hear encouraging reports of his work in Montreal. We expect good things from this bright and devoted member of '98 Theology.

In conclusion, let me say that the professors have each given us a distinct message, and in the discharge of our pastoral duties they will ever be with us, and their ministry during the few years of our life at college will be to us a constant benediction. As we think of Chancellor Wallace we will ever find an impulse to be punctual, methodical, and to think high thoughts;

of Dr. Goodspeed, to be reverent lovers of truth ; of Prof. Farmer, to be faithful in the discharge of duty and pure in heart ; of Dr. Welton, to be critical students of and lovers of God's word ; of Dr. Newman, to be friends of the great and good in all Christian history.

After the years of college life we have spent in McMaster, with the hallowed associations of her halls, with the choice fellowships her theological professoriate affords, the words of James Russell Lowell are pregnant with meaning to every graduate of '98 Theology,—

> " Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
> In other men sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own !"

L. Brown.

Grimsby, October 18th, '98.

[Note—The above sketch of Class '98 Theology would be very incomplete without any reference to Brother L. Brown, M. A., who with characteristic modesty passed himself by in writing the history of his Class. Bro. Brown is recognised as one of the strongest men of '97. He has excellent literary ability, which has revealed itself from time to time through the columns of The Monthly. In the sphere of religious journalism we expect that this member of '98 will gain distinction.

As a student Bro. Brown is penetrating, faithful and thorough in all the departments of his work. Excelling, as he does, in homiletics, he promises to become a lucid and forcible expositor of the Word. He goes out highly esteemed by all his fellow-students, who always found him to be a Christian gentleman and a typical college-man. In the days that are to come his ministry will throw lustre upon McMaster, where he has received his thorough equipment for life service.

P. G. M.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASSES.

Members of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology:

I consider it a privilege once more to speak to you whom I have known so well. Let me, too, congratulate you upon the consummation of this course of study. We look back with you over the years of effort and aspiration. What self-denial in your beloved home to make your success to-night possible! Some of you have made special efforts to gain this end, and what has been done is largely the result of your own struggles; but, for all of you, this graduation means that you have actually done something in the world, one blow has been struck, one victory gained. Let no one undervalue the good work already done. It signifies much when we look back; it means more when we look forward. I congratulate you upon your accomplishment.

I wish to say a few words concerning your mission as educated men and women. We believe that we are in some sense masters of our lives and can fashion them as we choose. We should, however, choose our life-work with due regard to the qualifications which we possess. Every acquisition means proportionate increase of obligation to serve. Your scholastic training makes it necessary for you to do more and choose differently than would otherwise have been required. "The educated man," says Newman Smythe, "is under special obligations to the community. It has been happily said that the scholar has received the people's oil, and it is his duty to return it in light." So you are of the privileged few and are to fashion life with a due sense of its increased obligation. Of course there may not be much difference between you and those whose advantages have been less, but such as it is, it is of vast importance, for it is by just such small differences that the race is led forward, that you will undoubtedly become leaders of men.

While you are called upon to touch life effectively at every point, there are some phases of life which should be especially dear to you. One of these is that, as you have cultivated the reasoning powers during these years, you should be men and women in whom reason rules, reasonable in the best sense. We

know how near this is to the Greek virtue of wisdom. I think the Apostle James meant something of the sort when he said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." There is great need of wise men of judgment and clear vision, who are above the passions of the crowd. We trust those who manifest such a character, and they are sometimes the salvation of a nation. We do not believe in the Stoic imperturbability, but we do believe in men and women who invite our confidence by their fair-minded, reasonable conduct. Be reasonable, wise, in all things.

Another expression of your mission is found in this exhortation: 'Be the friend of truth.' Not that you should join the crowd who loudly proclaim their love of truth; truth's devotees are humble and reverent in her glorious temple. Berkeley said: "Truth is the cry of all but the game of few." To love truth means many things, among others, to be the Friend not only of your *Alma Mater*, but of educational institutions, and participate in their direction; to assist those who are anxious for an education with wise counsel and encouragement; to strike the happy mean between a tenacious conservatism and a foolish liberalism, holding fast truth already gained, yet reaching forth towards that still to be understood; to be faithful yet tolerant; and finally, to live out truth in a life of honesty with yourself and justice towards your neighbor. Be the friend of truth in actual life as you have been its earnest student in the lecture-room.

Again, you who are educated, should have an enthusiasm for life, believe in life. We have had enough of Christian pessimism in the home, in society and in the pulpit. Let us remember that Schopenhauer and Hartmann appealed to the apparent pessimism of Christians in proof of their great systems of pessimism. But believe in truth as a good. Believe in the world about you as somehow the expression of the Divine mind, for Spinoza, and Hegel, and Lotze, have not lived in vain, to say nothing of that greatest of Christian writers who said: "In Him we live and move and have our being." God reigns. The world is His, your life is His gift directed by Him to some high purpose. Believe, then, in the friendliness of the universe. All its forces unite with you in your effort to make the most of yourself. Believe in life.

Again, have an ideal to realize. Just what this ideal should be will depend upon you and the position you occupy. But remember that wherever you are, whatever your circumstances, your life may have its ideal. Carlyle said, in effect, that no one ever occupied a position which has not its ideal, its duty; and the degree of vision in the man measures his fitness for the place. That is just in proportion as a man grasps the ideal required then and there and tries to realize it, just so far is he adequate to the task in hand. May we not suggest that the highest ideal is even that of "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." That is, be and do as Christ would be and do in your place. Have this ideal to realize.

Again, may we not say that, from this point of view, the daily occupation becomes a worship? *Laborare est orare.* To remember Christ's presence in every act of toil, to do and be "in His name" is to make of life a worship of that which is divine in it. Therefore, seek the divine in the daily occupation, for, remember, *laborare est orare.*

But I have said enough. I congratulate you and bid you Godspeed in behalf of your *Alma Mater*, urging you to remember, for a little time at least, your mission as educated men and women. It calls upon you to be reasonable in the best sense, to be the friends of truth, to have an enthusiasm for life, to live with an ideal to realize, even the ideal of the perfect Man, and to work with the conviction that your work is the expression of your worship of the divine in life.

Thus your *Alma Mater* would bid you go forth with her benediction and prayer that the divine blessing may be with you all the days.

James Ten Broeke.

May, 1898.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

The session of 1898-9 of McMaster University has opened under favorable auspices. The teaching staff is larger and the number of students greater than in any previous year. The conditions are favorable for progress in all our work, and for a more complete seizing of our opportunities for service in Ontario, in Canada, and in the world. Encouragement and inspiration come to us from the confidence and hope of those who have been builders in our educational work in the past; from a frank avowal of a change of mind on the part of many who a few years ago were honestly doubtful respecting the need and usefulness of our University, but declare themselves to be genuinely and heartily sympathetic now; from the enthusiasm and painstaking faithfulness of our professors, lecturers and fellows; from the earnestness and manliness of our students; from the success which our graduates are winning in different vocations, and from the increasing call for graduates of McMaster University to fill positions of influence and power in our land and in other lands.

Since convocation one year ago there have been changes in our teaching staff. The Fellowship in Mathematics and Physics held for two years by Mr. William Findlay, M.A., was awarded by the Senate at the last semi-annual meeting to Mr. Arthur Wellesley Vining, B.A. Mr. William Arthur Piersol, B.A., having retired from the Demonstratorship in Natural Science, that he might devote himself exclusively to medical studies, Mr. Ebenezer Ralph Hooper, B.A., M.B., was appointed in his stead. The staff has been strengthened by the appointment of the following additional teachers: in the department of History, Mr. William Houston, M.A., as Lecturer; in the department of Classics, Mr. George John Menge, B.A., B.Th., as Fellow; in the department of Moderns, Mr. Harry Byron Tapscott, B.A., as Fellow; and in the department of Pastoral Theology, Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., as Honorary Lecturer on Evangelistic Methods.

The gratitude of the University is due to Mr. Harris, who, though occupied with many cares and duties, responded cheerfully and cordially to the request of the Senate to perform, without fee, a service involving considerable labor and responsibility

The gratitude of the University is also due to a friend of our educational work who has endowed a Fellowship in Classics for a term of years, on condition that some other friend shall make contribution of equal amount. We confidently expect this condition to be met.

The enrolment of students is larger this year than ever before. The incoming class in Arts is the largest in the history of the University. We shall register in the first year classes in Theology a larger number of university graduates than in any previous year. Our students come from all parts of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia, and from the United States, England Ireland and Burma. The gathering in this University of representatives of all parts of our country is of national as well as denominational interest and importance.

These are formative and prophetic days in Canada. Growth in population and material possessions is assured. The completer appreciation of our national resources ; the discovery in various parts of the land of resources the existence of which was not known until lately ; the attention of other nations, and especially of our own mother land, an attention which is at once sympathetic and interested ; these taken with the momentous changes which are working among the nations of the earth, make it unspeakably important that Canadians should all be one in sympathy and in national ideals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that our aspirations for our nation and for the individual should all be as high as those which Jehovah taught His chosen people long ago. Never was there a period in the history of the world when the call for strong and well furnished men was so insistent as now. Never was there need for so many men possessing competency as leaders of thought and life. Men of great moral weight, of trained intellects, of boundless sympathy with mankind, and of simple faith in God, are everywhere urgently needed. In the pulpits of our land they are needed to speak as the fearless, loving prophets of God. In our universities, colleges, and public schools, where national life is being moulded and home life largely affected, they are needed to call upon our sons and daughters to rise from a selfish utilitarianism and to find the summits of life in the sunlight of God's gracious pur-

poses. In our legislative halls they are needed to resist political baseness, to build for a large and holy future, and to keep alive in national councils the memory of the eternal truth that "righteousness exalteth a nation." They are needed in every community, in every profession, in every business, to give direction to the public thought, to establish right customs, and to help men out of the darkness into light, peace, and holiness.

To aid young men to qualify themselves for such responsibilities and opportunities we are in many respects conditioned favorably. The location of this University in Toronto, a city of high educational ideals, whose outstretched arms touch the east and the west; the principles upon which the University was founded, and has been conducted from the beginning; the mental and moral weight of those who have been graduated already, and the manner in which they are serving in their different vocations; and the high ideals of our present student body, whose purposes, hopes and aims have much to do in determining the intellectual and spiritual success or failure of our work, all give strong assurance that McMaster University is making, and is destined to make, a large and worthy contribution to the best life of Canada, and to the cause of righteousness and truth in the world.

The favor shown our work by God has increased our responsibilities. Success has brought the embarrassments which growth brings. The buildings and revenues which were adequate for a small work are inadequate for this larger work which is being thrust upon us. In order that we should seize our opportunities now as they come pressing upon us we need more buildings and increased revenues. These can come only from the gifts of the friends of the University. And we can expect such gifts from those only who, loving their country and their God, believe that this University as it lives out its life and does its work will help to establish right thinking and right doing in the world. Of the things of which there is instant and urgent need I mention three: There is need of the immediate endowment of a Lectureship in Public Reading and Speaking. There is immediate need of a new Chapel and Library, and of a suitable field for athletics. The present library is so overcrowded that we have been compelled to remove some of the books to another room, the inconvenience of which is obvious, and the present Chapel will not

accommodate comfortably more than two-thirds of our students and professors, and is utterly inadequate for the various public or semi-public meetings which are an interesting and valuable part of the life of a university with such aims and purposes as ours. It is to be regretted that students should be turned away from the morning chapel service because the chapel is not large enough to furnish accommodations for them. This has happened on several occasions this year already. A building containing a Chapel and Library should be projected immediately and completed by the date of our autumn convocation, one year hence.

Professor Farmer, speaking on our educational work at the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec last May, said that some friend should give the University ten acres of land for a campus. Every professor on our staff, every student enrolled in the University, and every well informed friend of our work will heartily support this statement. If the value of athletics to the undergraduates of a university were appreciated, if the benefit to health of body and mind and to the development of manliness and self-reliance which come from a proper attention to outdoor sports, were understood, we would not appeal in vain for an athletic field.

Life is moving swiftly in Canada to-day. To the people who are most alert, most courageous, and most completely dominated by a divine altruism, will be given the opportunity to put their stamp upon this young and growing nation, this nation which God is calling to exercise a strong and holy influence in the affairs of the world in the next century. In view of all this, and with some appreciation of our opportunities and responsibilities, we must send henceforth one insistent message constantly to the friends of McMaster University :—"We are strong : we are growing : give us room."

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

Concerning literature, history bears testimony to two facts. The first is, that, in the life of a nation, there are two periods of literary activity, the pristine glory springing out of the spontaneity of a nation's youth; and, after years of gradual growth, the late zenith, the inspiration born of the culmination of refinement and culture. The second fact is, that poetry is the father of literature.

As a first step in the review of our Canadian poetry, it would be well to see, from an historical point of view, just where we stand. That we are anywhere near the second climax of power is quite out of the question. We are a young people. But have we a poet among us, whose works have that glamour of early sunshine, that primitive simplicity, that rude strength, that breath of life, that marks the representative of the first period? Such an one is not to be found, yet we have poets, and many of them. Their work is marked more by the wide-spread realism of the day, than by idealism; it is too often artificial and forced, rather than heroic and natural, complex instead of simple. Then we must be beyond that first zenith without having ever experienced it. How have we slipped over it? Where does it lie? Ah! the primitive glory from which Canada is to rise to the majestic second pre-eminence, lies in the literary triumphs of Ireland, of Scotland, of France, and of England.

What is this cry we hear from all sides for a distinctively Canadian literature? Are we a new race? Are we sprung from the rivers, the rocks, the lakes, the forests, which we are forever expected to commemorate? Writing in the 'Acta Victoriana' of '94. Mr. Sargent says:—"We are still one people with those across the sea. We speak the same language as they; are practically governed by the same laws; have the same institutions and draw our intellectual nutriment from the same sources. Hence, it is but natural that the literature of our land, instead of being a distinct and separate growth, should be but a continuation of the primitive current, which has its well-spring in the Motherland." Then how futile for us to ask for distinctively Canadian literature! All literature, and especially

poetry, instead of being something separate and apart, to be produced according to pattern, and at the author's will, is part of the nation's life. The history of literature and the history of the human race run side by side: one is the outgrowth of the other. The literature of any age is the monumental stone upon which the nation traces its life, handing the record down through time. Man makes the book. The book in turn makes the man. The testimony of history, that poetry is the father of literature, is only another reminder of the fact that we are not a nation, when we look over our literature. Then, let us not demand that which cannot be given.

As a dependency of the Motherland, Canada has barely accomplished complete internal union. Our brief literary history divides itself into three epochs. There is first, the heroic and picturesque period of French possession; second, the time of political and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of political liberty, ending in responsible government; and third, the plan of confederation. From the first two periods it is vain to seek for poetry. We have some valuable origines left by the Roman Catholic clergy in the first period. The genius of the second was almost entirely given up to statesmanship. With the confederation, however, and the first feeling of stability, there was marked intellectual, as well as material activity. New energy and enterprise arose with the development of political liberty. Newspapers multiplied; railways and telegraph systems were constructed; there was an increase of wealth, a progress of population, and a diffusion of education. So it is from 1867 to the present, that we are to direct our considerations in regard to Canadian literature and Canadian poetry in particular.

What stupenduous achievements do we expect from thirty years? Let us consider the number of prominent men of letters in other countries, in proportion to the population. Let us recollect the meagreness of our own numbers and then count the outstanding figures. We depreciate ourselves too much. Let us be exalted to find that we have such an instinct of growth within us. Environment is not all; but environment is a mighty factor in deciding what a man is to attain to. In the Elizabethan period, men became poets almost "by position."

In ours, half of his original energy, necessary self-confidence and divine inspiration, is used up in the struggle to make himself heard. A singer needs an appreciative audience. Canada has not been appreciative. A Canadian poet depends for success in the sale of his book, mainly, outside of his own country. Of course, the public is not entirely at fault. A good deal of careless work has been given out. Much has been put in circulation that is poor in ideas, faulty in versification and rough in finish. And, unless our writers are conscientious, they cannot expect to obtain an attentive public.

The greatest barrier in the way of, first, general literary, and then poetic, advancement, is, that apparently the one aim of our Canadian people is to get rich, and to get rich fast. Everything must be fast. The chief literary aliment of most of our people is the daily newspaper. It consists of from four to twelve pages of new matter, gotten out every day. Under such pressure, it is surprising that the papers possess the literary excellence they do. Everything, also, must bear directly on material advancement.

In 1858 the late Sir Daniel Wilson, writing in the old Canadian "Journal of Industry, Science and Art," referred to the benumbing effect of this materialistic predominance. He treats the matter so squarely and genially, that I quote from him at some length.

"We cannot yet respond, amid the charred stumps and straggling snake fences of our rough clearings, to Hiawatha's appeal to those :—

> 'Who love the haunts of nature,
> Love the sunshine of the meadows,
> Love the shadow of the forest,
> Love the wind among the branches,
> And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
> And the rushings of great rivers
> Through their palisades of pine trees.'

We want our pine trees for lumber, and so long as they spare us a surplus for kindling wood we ask no kindling inspiration from them. The rushings of our great rivers we estimate rejoicingly for their water privileges. The poetry of the snow-storm is full of the music of sleigh-bells. As to our love

for the shadow of the forest, that pertains to the romantic simplicity of our squatter stage of infancy, from which we emerge as fast as possible into the clearing we have hewn out of it."

We have made greater strides from the squatter stage of our infancy than could have been dreamed of at the time this extract was written, but if our lack of love for the forest, and the poetic beauties of nature generally, were to be deplored then, by how much the more is it now ? For, with added wealth has there come greater desire for, and striving after, such higher things ?

Our educational system shares the general utilitarian tendency. The nemesis of a solid, roundly-developing education, the terminating examination, appears to be permanently established. The attempt is made to crowd too many matters into too short a time. And the mechanical system, together with the general materialistic tendency, cannot but check the originality and imaginative qualities in the pupils.

This introduction may seem to be somewhat general for the subject of Canadian poetry and poets, but every factor in the life of the people appears through all its activities. We must first know the soil, we must have clearly before us the conditions of national life, before we are fully prepared to understand the flower of its literature, its poetry.

In taking up Canadian poetry with regard to its individual representatives, it would seem fitting to commence with the name of first renown. By common consent, Charles G. Douglas Roberts is held to be our chief singer. This reputation is sustained both by the high quality and the extent of his work. He has published four books of poetry, "Orion and Other Poems," "In Divers Tones," "Songs of the Common Day," and "The Book of the Native": and, as he is still a young man, a brilliant future seems to lie before him.

Mr. Roberts was until recently a professor of literature in King's College, Nova Scotia. He is the son of an English Church clergyman, and was born and spent his youth in the seashore county of Westmoreland. The scenery of his early life made a deep impression on the poet's mind; and the cool, green plains of Tantramar constantly recur throughout his verse.

The chief part of Mr. Robert's poetry is founded on his love

of nature. He is a worshipper of Nature and Nature's God. All her moods are alike beautiful to him. To the dun waste of a bare potato field, he can impart that dim splendor we find hovering over the peasant figures in a Millet's painting. The mood changes, and,—

> " A shimmer of sunshine, woven in pink and white,
> A smell of home and honey on the breeze,"

is the glimpse of a buckwheat field lying in the sun. It is no longer a common buckwheat field, but a thing of loveliness and charm. It has been invested with a poet's power of idealization. The fine accuracy of description in " Pumpkins in the Corn," makes that poem another good illustration,—

> " Purple, the narrowing alleys stretched between
> The spectral shocks, the purple harsh and cold,
> But spotted where the gadding pumpkins run
> With bursts of blaze, that startle the serene,
> Like sudden voices,—globes of orange bold,
> Elate to mimic the unrisen sun."

This charm of idealization seems to be Roberts' poetic mission. That the making of 'dull, familiar things divine,' was one of the great needs of his generation, and that he was one to supply that need, he seems to have early realized. In a poem written while yet at college, there occurs this passage,—

> " And were this path made for my following,
> Then would I work and sing, and work and sing,
> And though the songs were cryings, now and then,
> Of one thus singing in the midst of men,—
> Where some are weary, some are weeping, some
> Are hung'ring for the joys that never come :
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Yet would I deem that it were ever best
> To sing them out of weariness to rest ;
> Yet would I cheer them, sharing in their ills,
> Weaving them dreams of waves, and skies, and hills ;
> Yet would I sing of Peace, and Hope, and Truth,
> Till softly o'er my soul should beam the youth,
> The Morning of the World."

From this conception, we will expect no masterpieces of original thought, or mystical dreams of imagination, but rather, simple, unassuming songs, bearing upon them the stamp of a poet's mis-

sion. Such songs we find. They are not strong perhaps: lacking in freedom and spontaneity sometimes, but always calm, hopeful and true, breathing out, to those who read, a gentle fragrance of beauty and quiet restfulness.

The second quality in Roberts' poetry, is its patriotism. He has a love for his country, pure and deep and strong, a love full of hope for a glorious future. Roberts believes in Canada's destiny as an independent nation.

> " O Child of Nations, giant limbed,
> Who standeth among the nations now
> Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
> With unanointed brow.
> How long this ignoble sloth,
> This trust in greatness not thine own ?
> Surely the lion's brood is strong
> To front the world alone....."

He is impatient to rouse us to action,—

> " Awake, my country, the hour is great with change,
> Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done.
> O strong hearts of the North,
> Let flame your loyalty forth,
> Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name."

Whether or not we agree with Mr. Roberts' particular view regarding the future of Canada, is not so much the question here, as it is that we rejoice to hear a voice so manly, so fearless, and so enthusiastic, devoted to our country's interests. The tendency to sink into apathetic selfishness, and indifference to the great problems of the day, is only too universal and powerful. It is the duty of our poets to rouse us to life and action. Then, welcome always to the poet whose genius is in this way directed to the national good.

This patriotic note is strongest in " In Divers Tones," and taking it from all sides, this is his strongest book. It stands but second on the list, yet it possesses a higher degree of freshness, spontaneity and depth of feeling, than the others. The poems are the outpouring of a true poetic impulse. There is the joy of poetic mastery. Many chords of the lyre are touched. The Greek influence so strong in 'Orion and other Poems,' is still to be found, in 'Actæon.' The carefully polished sonnets

begin to appear, while here and there is a tender love song, such as 'Love if you love me, love with heart and soul,' or a dainty lyric, as 'Wind of a summer afternoon, hush, for my heart is out of tune.'

There is one sonnet from this book I should like to quote in full. It is,—

RECKONING.

"What matter that the sad city sleeps,
Sodden with dull dreams, ill at ease, and snow
Still falling, chokes the swollen drains! I know
That even with sun and summer, not less creeps
My spirit through gloom, nor ever gains the steeps
Where Peace sits, inaccessible, yearned for so.
Well have I learned that from my heart my woe
Starts. That as my own hand hath sown it reaps.

I have had my measure of achievement, won
Most I have striven for, and at last remains
This one thing certain only, that who gains
Success, hath gained it at too sore a cost,
If in his triumph hour, his heart have lost
Youth, and found the sorrow of age begun."

Such a poem as this is rare and to be treasured. It gives us a glimpse into the soul of one who has striven for honor, and when he has attained it, has realized its emptiness. It is infinitely grave and sorrowful. In the fresh, full, pulsing strength of the book, this is the first touch of world's woe, that lays a hand on all of us, sooner or later.

This feeling becomes more marked in 'Songs of the Common Day.' Life, which in youth opens up full of infinite possibilities, begins to narrow about him. That the commonplace is the lot of most of us, presses itself upon him. With a noble purpose he seeks to draw out 'the soul of unregarded things.' In this book occur his forty superb nature sonnets.

In 'The Book of the Native,' the fourth, those unfathomable problems, that have ever vexed the mind of man,—problems of life, and death, and that hereafter,—dwell with the poet's soul. In 'Origins,' with a blind, mechanical sort of rhythm, he cons over old facts, questioned, and re-questioned,—

"Out of the dreams that heap,
The hollow hand of sleep,
Out of the dark sublime,
We journey, one by one.
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires.
In ignorance we stand
With fate on either hand;
And question stars and earth
With wonder in our eyes....."

But, though he may not understand, he has unshaken faith,—

"Little Brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire, and seed of sod,
We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God."

This latest book, to me, marks a transition in Roberts' inner life. His soul is combatting great thoughts. His horizon widens. The world becomes richer and fuller about him. Through this period of change, of restless seeking, and struggling with the mysterious unknowable, his faith shines clear, and will presently lead him up to a future, incomparably fuller than the past.

In closing this review of Roberts' poetry, I mention one last poem, one of the sweetest, kindliest, simplest lyrics, and one so characteristic of the poet's style,—'The Heal-All,' and from this, quote one verse, which seems to me to express the creed of Roberts' life,—

"Thy simple wisdom I would gain
To heal the hurt Life brings,
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
And joy in common things."

Ernestine R. Whiteside, '98.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE ART OF SHAKESPEARE AND OF ÆSCHYLUS.

There are those to-day who with a fearless confidence, yet one surely not begotten of much serious consideration, make the sweeping assertion that we have long since outgrown the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, and who would have us believe that modern literatures supply something far better and something which is quite sufficient. For such Shakespeare and Milton would completely supersede Æschylus and Homer. That in many of our conceptions we have outgrown the ancient world no one will deny who has made even the most cursory study of comparative history. It is true that we are no longer obliged to grope in the darkness for a solution of the riddle of existence, dependent alone on the vagaries of human philosophy, or have recourse to Aristotle for a decalogue of moral action, or live in bondage to the belief in an external Fate against which we are miserably impotent. In the clear light of Christian revelation and nineteenth century progress it is ours to feel our freedom, ground our ethics in the teachings of Deity itself, and rejoice in the consciousness that we are the inheritors of the legacy left by every age which has preceded.

The divergence of our conceptions is noticeable not only in fundamental issues, but also in matters of more or less trivial import, which, however, go far in giving a typical, determinate color to a national spirit or even to a period. The modern, for example, can with difficulty suppress a smile of amusement when one of Homer's heroes relieves a poignant grief by bursting into a flood of tears. The act tends only to a subversion of our enjoyment of the truly heroic or tragic element, for throughout our own experience and by the tradition of preceding generations we have been schooled to regard weeping as an expression of emotion legitimate only for women or children, while among a certain fraternity, it is to be feared, a modernized Stoicism has been idealized. A return, then, from the Victorian era to a pagan one such as that of Pericles, an era of refinement though it was, would mean on the one hand the replacement of our

national spirit by one fundamentally different, on the other a retrogression truly immeasurable.

But this divergence of conception, so far from being a disadvantage to the classical student, as many would regard it, is rather quite the contrary, affording as it does abundant material for fruitful comparative study. It seems to be a universal law of mind that a conception gains a full and rounded content only by comparison with other conceptions with which its similarity or contrast may be observed. So a clear comprehension of the age in which we live and of the true significance of existent conditions and principles of life is impossible save by comparison with other ages of different ideals. Perhaps no other nations can afford such abundant and such authentic materials for such a study as do Greece and Rome, especially through the records left us of their golden days.

But many an assertion of the opponent of classical study is broad enough to be fairly taken as a voicing the view that the art of the nineteenth century need know no obligation to the art of the ancient world. Any elaborate scheme of argument to prove the falsity of such a position is superfluous. The very ruins of Grecian art productions show that the art of to-day not seldom lags haltingly behind. The delicately fluted columns of the Parthenon and the works of sculpture which adorned it unmistakeably bear the impress of genius, even in their present state of sad delapidation, and proclaim an immortality upon the name of Pheidias, while through him they bear a mute but unqualified tribute to the unerring Hellenic taste for ideal beauty.

In intrinsic poetical qualities, both of form and substance, the verdict of superiority is not one to be hastily rendered. However it may go, the fact is indisputable that many whose ears are not dulled to the music of the modern choir find an inexpressible and lasting charm in Æschylus or Homer. To illustrate the Greek beauty of imagery I give a free translation from *Agamemnon* of a portion of the description of the tempest which destroyed a large part of the Greek fleet, aiming only to reproduce, if possible, some of the spirit of the original,—

'Twixt fire and sea, aforetime utter foes, active conspiracy was formed,
For pledge and proof the hapless men of Argos they destroyed.

'Twas black night when 'twas done, and terrors thickened round,
The impact of the ships resounded as the crash of doom ;
The surge's beating rain like dumb brutes lashed them on,
Till driven round and round in pain they fled away.
The white dawn broke, the Ægean main we saw
All corpse-beflowered, and strewn with wreckage far and near.

In the use of a large, pregnant, picturesque phraseology Æschylus was abundantly masterful. Prometheus from his post of observation beholds the 'countless dimpling of ocean'; in *Agamemnon* the Chorus speak of Helen as the 'bride of the spear,' the course of the fateful expedition to Troy 'along the vanishing track of oars.' The whole description of Helen, in fact, is a wonderful example of poetical *multum in parvo*, every epithet being instinct with suggestion. A study of the great Father of Tragedy cannot fail to reveal those qualities which proved his accepted passports to that revered assemblage which Mrs. Browning saw in her imaginative *Vision of Poets*.

In making a comparative study of the art of Shakespeare and of Æschylus it is inevitable that we should be impressed first with the points of contrast, both in respect to the externalities of form and the representation of action and character. We must remember many things in this connection; that the audiences which listened to the *Agamemnon* or the *Persæ* consisted not of a few hundreds, but frequently of several thousands, composed of every class in Athens; that consequently the distance of most of the spectators from the actors was such as to require only the greatest simplicity and a certain largeness of effect; that the performances were seen in the open day, not under the glare of footlights; that the nature of the subjects from which the Greek dramatist could draw his material was closely circumscribed, and more than all else that the purposes of the Greek and the English drama are essentially distinct — Æschylus, deeply imbued with religious convictions, seeking to portray their realization in life, Shakespeare seeking 'to hold the mirror up to Nature.'

The religious element in Æschylus is an outgrowth of his belief in Nemesis, or retributive justice, an idea which is plainly discoverable in all Greek literature from Homer, whose tale of Troy hinges upon the sin of Paris and the necessary consequent

reparation. It seemed to the Greek mind that righteousness and vindictiveness were inseparably linked together. Of the three great Athenian tragic poets Æschylus is most deeply impressed with this conviction, presenting it as a great moral law in the *Prometheus*, the *Persæ* and the *Oresteia*, and in the last giving it a complete elaboration. Across its dark background is a line of light, fitful it may be at first, but with the promise in it of a fuller brightness. Man, to him, is not the sport of a perfectly blind, unalterable force, the object of untiring pursuit by relentless Eumenides. He was the rather profoundly convinced that a satisfaction for crime might be rendered, and a reconciliation effected, when righteousness, which was synonymous with justice, would prove its supremacy and victory.

Shakespeare's fatalism, where such a term may be applied, is presented in varying degree. In *Lear*, the most Titanic of his productions and the very sublimity of tragedy, it is of the most extreme character, exceeding anything in Æschylus. In his other tragedies it is of a much milder type. A distinction, however, must be made in the case of the term 'fatalism.' With Æschylus Fate is an external agency. Inspiration to crime comes from Até: punishment is exacted by the dire ministry of the Furies. With Shakespeare Fate is internal. Macbeth is hurried along to his doom not by the sweep of an external necessity in which he is powerless, but by the proclivities and affinities of his own nature. The teleological Fate of the poet of a pagan nation becomes the psychological Fate of the poet of a Christian nation. But that Shakespeare was consciously ethical seems to be an inference scarcely warrantable. His doctrines rather are inherent; for the seeing eye they are readily visible, springing spontaneously from his correct delineation of human thought, passion and activity.

Were these conceptions national ones, or merely born of the poets themselves? Did the age of Elizabeth produce Shakespeare, and the age of Pericles, Æschylus? The question is frequently propounded, but is one which admits of no unqualified answer, either affirmative or negative. The growth of an intellect presents a striking parallelism to growth in the vegetable world. A rose is a rose by virtue of its own nature, but within its peculiar possibilities its beauty and vigor are

determined by the formative elements of the soil, of the air and all else which contributes to its environment. That Shakespeare owed much to the world in which he lived is beyond any controversion. His age was a notable and glorious one for England, one in many respects quite antipodal to the preceding mediæval period. Men had thrown off their subservience to authority, had broken the fetters of tradition and ecclesiastical dogma and thought for themselves. They began to open their eyes and immediately their vision widened immeasurably. New fields, apparently limitless, which opened up before them they penetrated, one after another, with fearless energy and a romantic, almost grotesque, enthusiasm. The pulse of England never beat higher. Loyalty to the Queen grew to a passionate intensity, and national pride reached its climax when Protestant and Catholic stood side by side and directed their fire against the towering galleons of the haughty Philip. When the victory was won England felt that nothing was too difficult for her achievement. Sir Francis Drake had previously carried his country's flag around the world, and now more than ever *non sufficit orbis* was the cry and new worlds to conquer were eagerly looked for. Consequently a vigor of style, a grandeur, richness and variety of subject-matter, a prodigality of imagination were what the people of Elizabeth's England delighted in. In Shakespeare's plays they found these qualities in what was well-nigh perfection.

Æschylus, too, if he be rightly understood, will be regarded as in many ways the exponent of his time. There is no little similarity between the ages of Elizabeth and Pericles. Athens up to the time of the Persian invasion had not been specially distinguished among the cities of Greece, but after the splendid repulse of the hosts of the barbarians and the consequent deliverance of the Greeks from subjection to an Eastern yoke she reached a position of marked prominence, gained a full possession and realization of strength, resulting in an unprecedented fruition in the fields of literature and art.

How far these ages prescribed for their poets methods of character treatment is a question of great interest. Though Shakespeare's introspection is opposed to the empiricism of Æschylus, yet each was unschooled in scientific investigations

with their exactness of method, and bared the characters of the men and women who peopled his stage, not as a chemist separates a substance into its component elements, but with the infallible precision and discernment of genius.

Such individual genius as is displayed by Shakespeare and Æschylus is of no particular age and often rises untrammelled by time and place restrictions. Numerous as are the incidents and crowded as are the characters on the stage of the one, everything is brought into relation with the main trend of events no less than on the narrower and simpler stage of the other. By this unifying power each is proclaimed a master and the work of each is lifted above its national and individual nature into the realm of the universal art of the world.

Despite the contrasts, too, which have been mentioned, salient and important as they are, there is a great ground of similarity which is all too frequently disregarded—the continuity of all literature dependent upon that of human nature. As a great river like the Mississippi maintains its identity amid the utmost diversity of conditions, climatic and geographical, so the stuff of humanity is persistent through all ages and all changes, and no external conditions of life, whether they be those of barbarism or the man of culture, can completely, or even essentially, alter it from the mould in which it was originally cast. This continuity of literature, while universally observable, is perhaps best so in the domain of tragedy. Here we have to deal with the primal emotions of man, with those passions, sorrows and calamities which touch the heart's very core. The springs of life are disclosed as we enter into its atmosphere of cloud from which the saving sunlight is partially or totally excluded.

Space forbids dwelling on further aspects of these two poets; on the Greek statuesqueness, concentration and idealism, or the English picturesqueness, complexity and individualism. Yet the beauties of Æschylus, like the pure radiance of the sun, and the beauties of Shakespeare, like the shifting lights of the Aurora, but with these lights intensified to a solar brilliance, are alike consummate and will command the admiration of all to whom true poetry appeals.

W. B. H. Teakles, '98.

Editorial Notes.

With this issue THE MONTHLY enters upon the eighth year of its existence as the journalistic representative of McMaster University. During the past seven years the editors have endeavored to make it not only an exponent of the ideals of McMaster and a mirror of the life of her students, but also a magazine that would engage the interest of all its readers, however slight might be the bond that united them to the University. In this endeavor they may not have succeeded so well as either they or the readers hoped, but in any case they have not spared effort to accomplish their purpose. The present editors propose to follow the line laid down by their predecessors, and promise to bring to the task of editing THE MONTHLY the same energy and devotion as have been characteristic of those who have gone before them. It shall be their aim to sustain in every way the standard of excellence set up in the past, and to make THE MONTHLY a worthy representative of their Alma Mater.

The University has opened, and in all its various departments, Arts, Theology, and Academic, everything is already in full swing. We are glad to announce that, judging by present prospects, the year upon which we have just entered is likely to be the most successful in our history. In another place in this number of THE MONTHLY we publish Chancellor Wallace's annual address, and we take this opportunity of commending it to all those who desire a clear statement of the present position and prospects of McMaster University. We wish that all the members of our denomination had been present to hear it, for had they been they must have been impressed by the tone of strong and confident hope that characterized the Chancellor's delivery on that occasion. Indeed, we do not remember a Convocation when this note of hope was struck with clearer tones than this year, nor do we think it was ever more justified by the facts. Of these facts some are so significant as to warrant us in drawing particular attention to them. In the first place our teaching staff has been increased, and therefore strengthened, by the addition of two Lecturers and two Fellows. Our students in Arts are increasing year by year : the incoming Freshman class is the largest we have ever had. In Theology there is a larger proportion of graduates in Arts than ever before. Our chapel, our lecture-rooms, our dormitories are overcrowded. These facts spell progress and success.

But perhaps the most significant statement in the Chancellor's

address was that in which he announced that a friend of our University had endowed a fellowship in Classics for a term of years, the only condition being that some other friend should do likewise. This means that our friends are coming up to our help now that our expanding and successful work requires their aid. Heretofore it has been assumed that the handsome endowment from our large-hearted founder was sufficient for all our needs, and consequently donations to our funds have been few and slight. But now it is apparent that our revenues are insufficient for the requirements of our growing activities, and one generous friend has answered the call. To that friend, whoever it be, THE MONTHLY desires to express the sincere thanks of the students and Faculty. We trust, nay, we are confident, that others will follow the example thus set. We need additional buildings and an athletic field: they are, in fact, an imperative necessity in the near future. Who will give them to us and our denomination and the cause we uphold? Let our friends remember the Chancellor's striking words: "We are strong: we are growing: give us room."

THE death of James Edward Wells, M.A., LL.D., editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, removes from Canadian educational and journalistic life a man of great worth and commanding intellectual resources. Dr. Rand, who was his class-mate at Acadia University and his life-long friend, pays a worthy tribute to Dr. Wells in the *Baptist* of October 6th. The traditions of Woodstock College are interwoven with his name, for it was there that he spent seventeen years of most earnest and effective service—the trusted associate of Dr. Fyfe. No one can look on his tense and earnest face, preserved in the large photograph at Woodstock College, and not believe that his work at Woodstock must have told grandly upon the young spirits that were gathered there in those years. We know from the testimony of grateful men and women that it did. The later years of his life were, in many respects, given to an even larger sphere of influence, and were even more laborious and fruitful. Questions of the largest moment, not only to the Christian body with which his life was identified, but to society and the world, were familiar to his thought. Their solution often appealed very powerfully to his rare endowments of mind and heart, and the journalism of Canada is notably the richer and stronger for the untiring labors of his pen. Dr. Wells was, as he has been aptly characterized by Dr. Rand, a publicist, rather than a Canadian journalist. His views were the outcome of wide inductions and careful thinking. His old friend—seized of the amplest knowledge—bears grateful testimony

in the *Baptist* to the loyal service rendered by Dr. Wells in the struggle for the establishment of McMaster as an independent and Christian university. The address delivered on one of the anniversaries of Founders' Day, and printed in Vol. IV., p. 198 of THE MONTHLY, attests the quality of the man, and affords some insight into the secret of Dr. Wells' mental and moral vigor. It seems almost unaccountable that the Convention of Ontario and Quebec should have never availed itself of his experience by appointing him a governor of the University, but it is a pleasing reflection that the University honored itself by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. Another noble life from our midst has been numbered with the past,—a memory and a name.

THE present number of THE MONTHLY is in a large measure devoted to the Graduating Classes of 1898, and is almost entirely the production of members of those classes. Our readers will agree with us in saying that the articles they have written are highly creditable to themselves and to the classes they represent. To make this issue more fully a Graduation Number and souvenir of the Classes of '98, we print the wise and inspiring address delivered by Dr. Ten Broeke on Commencement Day. We had wished to make some remarks on the gentlemen who have been added to our staff, and upon Woodstock and Moulton. We are obliged to hold these over for another month, and to omit our book reviews and "Here and There."

College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, A. C. WATSON, '01, EDITORS.

FIRST EDITOR to Second, after a long and fruitless silence,—"I'd give a dollar for a joke."

SOCIETY is said to be an organism. We quarrel with the term; McMaster University at least is an "organization," as will appear in the college news this month.

WE were pleased to welcome as visitors this term some of the "old" boys: S. R. Tarr, M.A., Revs. Chas. Schutt, M.A., C. E. Scott, B.A., A. Imrie, B.A., and Mr. Chas. Emerson. As speech making by former students in the dining-room is an established custom now, we have been favored with floods of eloquence.

A VERY pleasant event took place in the Baptist Church, Fitzroy, on Sept. 20th, when Mr. T. J. Wright, Theology, was united in marriage to Miss Davidena T. McGinley, of Fitzroy. We congratulate Tommy, who looks "as happy as the day is long."

WE are specially grateful to be able to report no death in the ranks of last year's students, and also very few cases of sickness. We are sorry, however, that Mr. D. W. Gunn, '00, has been seriously ill with rheumatism. He is convalescing, we are glad to report, and expects to soon be back with us. The many friends of Mr. James Tiller, B.A., will be pleased to learn that his condition is now more hopeful than it has been.

REPRESENTATIVE government is found in an almost ideal state of perfection in the Society of McMaster Hall. The organization of the "Student Body" this year was an important event in the history of our political economy. The members elected for the various offices in the State were the following: High Kakiak, F. J. Scott; 1st Vice-Kakiak, J. H. Cameron; 2nd Vice-Kakiak, R. Simpson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Nicole; Councillors, 2nd Flat, A. W. Vining, S. E. Grigg, W. B. Tighe; 3rd Flat, E. E. Wood, P. C. McGregor, E. J. Reid.

CLASS OF '99.—On the afternoon of the 13th inst., Class '99 met for the purpose of organization and election of officers. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and the business was promptly transacted. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, Mr. P. C. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss E. N. Newman; Secretary-Treasurer, A. J. Thomson; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Hannah; Counsellors, Messrs. Reid and Proctor; Poet, J. T. Jones; Orator, L. H. Thomas; Minstrel, H. Newman; Historian, W. B. Tighe.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—A meeting of Class '02 was held on Oct. 14th, when the constitution and by-laws proposed by the committee were adopted, and the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Professor McKay; President, J. R. Coutts; Vice-President, Miss Grace Wallace; Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Tarr; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Welch; Bard, Miss Mary Blackadar; Historian, W. H. Walker; Orator, J. J. Stapleton; Minstrel, L. B. Riggs; Councillors, Miss Blackadar, E. J. Zavitz; Captain of Foot Ball Team, E. J. Zavitz.

THE enthusiasm for Foot Ball among the students seems to be growing this year. All were pleased to learn that Mr. Ed. Reid, the popular captain of last year's team, was re-appointed by the A. A. A., and rest assured that the boys will exert themselves, under his guidance, to bring honors to McMaster. We have lost a few of our men from last year, but among the new ones are not only promising material for future players, but also not a few players who have won renown in their academic course.

Of the four open events at 'Varsity's Field Sports, Thursday, the 20th October, one came to McMaster—a very creditable proportion. The event was the mile race, and the winner was Mr. Ed. Reid, '99. It didn't seem very hard, either; for the second man was a good half lap behind, and Reid was evidently fresher when he touched the tape than when he started.

Class of '01.—The Class of '01 met for organization on Wednesday, Oct. 12th. and elected the following staff of officers for the year: Hon. President, J. TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.; President, R. D. Echlin; Vice-President. Miss Armstrong; Secretary-Treasurer, P. C. McLaurin; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. Z. M. Lick; Bard, Miss O. M. Clemens; Historian, A B. Mann; Orator. H. B. Coumans; Foot Ball Captain, J. E. Pengelly. The faces of the former President, F. H. Phipps, and the Captain of last winter's Hockey Team, T. D. White, were missed at the re gathering of the class. However, several new members compensate for these losses. "*Et nomine et consilio una*" is as heartily supported as in the days that were.

In response to a call from Secretary F. N. Goble, the Tennysonian Society met in the chapel on October 18th, to re-organize for the coming year. As the Sophomores of last year have become Juniors, the year '01 bade good-bye to their former comrades, and welcomed their "freshy" friends into the union, which lasts but for a year. Both classes were well represented, and the Tennysonian maintained its reputation for spirit and vigor. The officers elected were:—Pres., A. T. McNeill; Vice-Pres., E. J. Tarr; Sec.-Treas., A. McKerricher; Councillors, R. E. Sayles, A. J. Welch; Editors of the *Argosy*, A. B. Mann, J. R. Coutts.

Century Class.—On Friday, Oct. 14th, following the enthusiastic meeting of the Literary Society, the Century Class held their meeting for the election of officers. Miss O. Gaylord, Vice-President, occupied the chair. The voting resulted as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Rand, by acclamation; President, A. C. Newcombe; Vice-President, Miss N. Cohoon; Secretary-Treasurer, H. E. Jordan; Corresponding Secretary, Frank N. Goble; Bard, Miss J. E. Dryden; Orator, T. H. Cornish: Historian, J. A. Faulkner; Captain of the Foot Ball Team, P. E. Baker. The class is unfortunate in the loss of some who were members last year, but the loss is compensated for by the acquisition of the new members of the year. The class hopes soon to have its Gunn again.

The Athletic Association this fall promises to be productive of even better fruits than heretofore. Among the new comers in the Freshman and other years are a goodly number of promising athletes, who will make a valuable acquisition to Foot Ball, Hockey and other sports. Some fear was at first entertained as to the securing of a campus, but through the efforts of an energetic and business-like committee, suitable grounds have been obtained. But besides good

material, good grounds, the Association has a third and very essential requisite for a successful year in athletics, namely, an efficient and wide-awake Executive. The officers elected for the present year are: President, R. C. Matthews; Vice-President, J. E. Pengelly; Secretary-Treasurer, P. Baker; Representatives, '02, E. Zavitz; '00, W. E. Robertson; '99, R Simpson.

Theological Society.—An enthusiastic meeting of the Theological Society was held in the Chapel, on Oct. 13th, for the purpose of nominating and electing office-bearers for the ensuing year. The President, Mr. W. J. Pady, gave a cordial invitation to the new members to assist heartily in the work of the society and to increase its usefulness. The election of officers was then entered upon, and resulted as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Goodspeed (re-elected); President, W. J. Pady (re-elected); Vice-President, G. N. Simmons, B.A.; Secretary Treasurer, J. Pollock (re-elected); Councillors, J. H. Cameron, B.A., A. G. Campbell, B.A. The Society enters upon the year with bright prospects for a vigorous and helpful season's work.

Ladies' Literary League.—At a meeting of the Ladies' Literary League, held the 21st inst., for the purpose of re-organizing, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Newman, '99; Vice-President, Miss Gaylord, '00; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Wallace, '02; Pianist, Miss Blackadar, '02; Critic, Miss Cohoon, '00. The first regular meeting was held the 21st inst., when the following programme was presented: Address by the President; piano solo, "The Recessional," by Miss Eckhardt; reading, "The Recessional," by Miss Dryden, '00; a paper on the works of Rudyard Kipling, by Miss Saunders, '01; a piano duet, by Misses Bailey and Cohoon; reading of "The Gift of the Sea," and "Tommy," by Miss Nesbitt; and a piano solo, by Miss Blackadar. Miss Newman in her address expressed the regret of the League at the loss of the women graduates of '98. But while the inspiration of Miss Iler's presence and Miss Whiteside's ready pen are sorely missed, yet all are glad to have Miss Bailey with them occasionally, and turn expectantly to the new members of the Freshman year.

Literary and Scientific Society.—The organization of the Literary and Scientific Society this fall was attended by unusual interest, and is even said by some of the oldest boys to be the most exciting event of its kind in the history of the Society. As was natural, the chief electoral interests centered in the office of President. There were five nominations for this important office, but three of the candidates dropped out, leaving the lists clear for the ensuing contest between the other two knights, both of whom were indeed valiant warriors and remarkably well matched. The supporters of both parties worked hard; the interest deepened as the crisis drew near. After supper, on several evenings immediately preceeding the elections, the old Hall resounded with wild applause, as the different candidates took their place, willingly or unwillingly, upon the stairs, and stated their

platform on the issues of the day. When election-day at length arrived, enthusiasm indeed ran high, but only reached its climax when the result of the fitst vote was announced, "Mr. Reid, 46; Mr. McDonald, 46." The chairman's deciding vote made Mr. A. M. McDonald, President. The other officers elected for the present term were: 1st Vice-President, S. E. Grigg; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Gile; Secretary-Treasurer, E. E. Wood; Corresponding Secretary, A. C. Watson; Editor of "The Student," G. R. Welch; Assistant Editors, G. Campbell, P. C. McGregor; Councillors, Miss Dryden, Miss McLay, C. L. Brown; Reading Room Committee, J. M. Cornwall, G. H. Grant, W. J. Pady, W. E. Robertson, and J. H. Cameron.

Freshmen Reception.—The Freshmen entering the University life this year could not well expect to be exempt from the usual "hazing." Intimidated by exaggerated reports of McMaster boys' cruelty and physical prowess, they looked forward with terror to Monday night, Oct. 10th, the day fixed upon for the awful ordeal. At 6 o'clock the gong sounded, and the students all descended to the dining-room, where a bountiful and "tasty" supper was provided by our popular matron, to allay the anxious fears of the Freshmen. After the supper, a toast was proposed to the Queen by the Chairman, Mr. F. J. Scott, and was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. G. R. Welch proposed a toast to the Freshmen in Arts, in his own witty and inimitable manner. This speech was responded to by an Epicurean of a younger generation, Mr. A. J. Welch. Mr. James Pollock, representing Theology, spoke words of welcome to the incoming class in Theology, and impressed upon them the value of a spirit of "domesticity." Mr. Jones, of the new class in Theology, spoke *at some length*, in expression of the Freshmen's gratitude. Then silence reigned. The hush was impressive. The gates swung open, and our worthy matron entered escorted by Mr. Imrie amid rounds of applause. Mr. P. C. MacGregor, of Chilliwhack, British Columbia, a specialist in the dining room department, then spoke in warm and earnest words of Mrs. Pritchard's kindness and ability. The applause his words provoked showed the esteem in which Mrs. Pritchard is held. The "hazing" was then declared to be over, the Freshmen departing with a sense of *relief.* (?)

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On Wednesday, Oct. 19th, the first regular meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the University Chapel, Chancellor Wallace, as Honorary President, presiding at the morning session. After devotional exercises, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Rand; Vice-President, P. G. Mode, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mr. S. E. Grigg; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. B. Tighe; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; members of the Executive Committee, Professor Farmer, Miss K. W. Armstrong, and Messrs. J. H. Cameron B.A., A. G. Campbell, B.A., G. N. Simmons, B.A., and Mr. A. McNeil. The Treasurer's report, presented by Dr. Welton, showed a small surplus in the treasury. Reports were then received from students concerning their summer's

work on the various mission fields. Mr. W. B. Tighe, Mr. J. E. Pengelly, and Mr. H. B. Coumans spoke of the work done on their respective fields, viz., Avoca, Quebec, Howick, Ont., and Maxville. The afternoon session began at 2 o'clock, Mr. P. G. Mode, B A., conducting the devotional exercises. Dr. Rand then took the chair, and the students' reports were continued. Mr. C. C. Anderson told of his hardships and encouragements at Lake Temiscaming, and Mr. G. R. Welch told of his experience in Nelson, B.C., Mr. T. H. Cornish also gave a report of his work at Indian River. The last two reports were especially encouraging, as Nelson and Indian River are new places in Baptist geography. The meeting was brought to a close by Dr. Goodspeed pronouncing the benediction.

Among the multiplicity of societies — which is a very striking feature of McMaster life—there is one society which promises to be of unusual interest this year and which holds a very important place in the sisterhood of similar organizations. The Philosophical Society, inasmuch as it will this year supply a much felt want in our course of lectures, will prove of great value to all those who may attend its meetings. The Honorary President, Professor Ten Broeke, proposes to deliver a series of lectures, this winter, based upon "McKenzie's Introduction to Social Philosophy." The first of these was given at the last meeting of the Society. Thursday, Oct. 20th, and was highly interesting and instructive. The members and friends of the Society are looking forward with pleasure to Dr. Ten Broeke's course of instruction in this very important branch of Philosophy. The officers elected for the present year are the following :— Honorary President, Dr. Ten Broeke ; President, A. G. Campbell, B.A. ; Secretary, W. J. Wright, M.A. ; Councillors from the years, E. W. Parsons, '99, E. B. Brownlee, '00, W. E. Hindson, '01, A. J. Welch, '02.

Annual Convocation.—The Annual Convocation of McMaster University was held on Friday evening, October 14th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church. The students turned out *en masse* and filled the centre of the large auditorium, while the side seats and galleries were reserved for visitors. The University Faculty occupied seats upon the platform. The Chancellor in his opening address made reference to the favorable conditions under which the University begins work this fall. The teaching staff is larger than ever before and has been strengthened by the addition of William Houston, M.A., who will act as lecturer in History, and Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., who has accepted the position of honorary lecturer on Evangelistic Methods. Two new fellowships, one in Moderns and one in Classics, have also been created. The number of students is also increasing from year to year, the present attendance being in excess of any previous year. There is great need of increased accommodation. Especially is this felt in the Chapel-room, which will not accommodate more than two-thirds of the students. The three most pressing needs are :—the endowment of a lectureship in public reading and speaking, a new chapel and library, and a suitable field for athletics.

Dr. Newman was then introduced and delivered a lecture on "The Græco-Roman Civilization as a Preparation for Christianity." In a brief, comprehensive manner, the lecturer traced the development of philosophic thought from 600 B.C. to the dawn of the Christian Era. The Greeks, in their various systems of philosophy, had directed the thought of the world to an enquiry into the origin of the universe and the nature of God. Their religion was, for the most part, pantheistic. Sin was not regarded by them with any degree of abhorrence, it was merely a failure to understand one's true relations to the universe. In science and art, the Greeks had far surpassed all other nations. Their language, also, was "the most perfect instrument ever known for the conveyance of thought."

The influence of Roman civilization was of another kind. The Roman conquest of the world broke down the barriers between the different tribes and nations, giving the missionary of the Cross free access to travel from one country to another. The roadways built by the Romans also greatly facilitated travel for the early apostles. The extension of Roman citizenship was another important factor in preparing the way for Christianity, for those who possessed this right were privileged to preach anywhere throughout the empire. And, finally, the almost universal prevalence of the Greek language obviated the difficulty of learning new languages and thus greatly hastened the evangelization of the world.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss Putnam, Miss Duncan, Editors.

We were glad to have Mr. Eaton with us in our weekly prayer-meeting on the eleventh of October.

One of the pleasing features of this year is our new games. They have been a source of delight to most of our girls, and have occupied many of our leisure moments.

Once more our college life has begun, and after our long vacation we are hard at work again. We are glad to see so many new girls with us, and we extend to all a cordial welcome to Moulton, hoping that this will be not only a happy year, but a very prosperous one.

Chancellor Wallace visited Moulton College and conducted chapel exercises on the 17th of October. We were pleased to hear his words of advice and encouragement, and hope to have him with us frequently in our morning exercises.

The "Old Girls' At Home" has been the social event of the term. Varied amusements were provided, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Dainty refreshments were served, and after enjoying music and recitations furnished by Miss Carey and Miss Logan, we bade good-night to our kind hostesses.

On the 29th of September a business meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held, and the following officers were elected for the term: — President, Miss Carey; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Elsie Dryden; Programme Committee, Miss Throop, Miss Stewart, Miss G. Jefferson.

A business meeting of the "Heliconian" was called on the 29th of September, to appoint officers for the term. The following were elected:—President, Miss Edwards; Vice-President, Miss G. Jefferson; Secretary, Miss Bennett; Treasurer, Miss Nicholas; Editors, Miss G. MacGregor and Miss Edwards; Programme Committee, Miss E. MacGregor, Miss Elsie Dryden, and Miss Routley; Committee for McMaster Monthly, Miss Putnam and Miss Duncan.

The sermon to the students of Moulton College was preached on the 25th of September, in Bloor St. Baptist Church, by the Rev. C. A. Eaton. Mr. Eaton's sermon was based on the opening verses of the twelfth chapter of John's gospel, and the thoughts he left with us were both helpful and inspiring. He dwelt on the mission of woman in our modern life and society, and regretted that state of affairs which makes it necessary for women to compete with men in the commercial world. In the beginning the masculine side of God's nature was expressed in Adam, in his strength and dominion; while the feminine side of the Creator was displayed in the grace and purity and love of Eve. In Jesus Christ the two phases were united. It is man's place to struggle and to exercise dominion in the world, while it is woman's to put the ideal element into life and to elevate and beautify the commonplace. The woman to do this is the educated Christian woman.

The first of our series of public lectures was given in the chapel on Friday evening, the 14th of October. Dr. Tracy, of the University of Toronto, presided, and introduced the lecturer of the evening, the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education. The subject of the lecture was "Books and How to Read Them," and it was dealt with in a very definite manner. It was suggested that science should have a prominent place in our reading, and that every true Canadian should have some knowledge of the botany and geology of his own country. The benefit of historical reading, both ancient and modern, was extolled, while poetry and the best fiction were not forgotten. It was strongly urged that we should supplement our other reading by biographical reading. Perhaps the most helpful hint of the evening was, that in order to reap the greatest benefit and enjoyment, all reading should be systematic, and accompanied by the frequent use of dictionary, map and pen. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks to the Hon. Mr. Ross was moved by Mr. McMaster, seconded by Mr. Britnell. We were gratified at the good attendance of our friends, and hope that many will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending this course of lectures, which promises to be especially interesting. The next lecture will be held on the 11th of November, when Prof. Jones H. Farmer, B.A., of McMaster University, will speak on the "Advantages of Classical Study."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

The College welcomes Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., the new classical master.

The Principal has begun a Saturday morning class in the study of Systematic Theology, which is largely and enthusiastically attended.

Messrs. H. D. Riggs, D. E. Bagshaw, and E. J. Tarr have called at the College lately. We are always glad to see the old boys.

The annual sermon to the College was preached on the evening of Sept. 18th, in the First Church, by Pastor R. R. McKay. The discourse was marked by inspiration and practical thoughtfulness, and must prove a blessing to the school.

The formalities incidental to the beginning of a new term have now been worn off; the new boys have been duly initiated and the elders and deacons appointed to fill up vacancies, so that the boys feel once more that College is home.

The Judson Missionary Society held its first regular meeting for the term in the chapel on Thursday, October 20th. After the usual business routine, the members listened to a very able and instructive address on "The Stewardship of Property," by the Rev. Mr. Woodsworth, of Dundas St. Meth. Church.

The October exams. proved to be a great surprise to many; all, however, survived the shock except one, who has since taken to himself a partner to share his joys and woes. We all join in wishing Mr Reid a happy and prosperous future. It is rumored that Mr. A. F. Cobb, a former student, has also taken the fateful step.

The society meetings are now in full swing. In the Excelsior Society the election resulted in the appointment of the following officers: Pres., H. Woolverton; Vice-Pres., C. E. Jones; Sec., J. B. McArthur; Marshall, George Taylor; Editor of the "Maple Leaf," R. Edwards; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

The affairs of the Philomathic will be conducted by Pres., Fred. F. McEwen; Vice-Pres., J. Janes; Sec., M. Duncan; Marshall, Jno. Carkner; Critic, Mr. Teakles; W. E. Matthews and J. N. McLean are editors of the "Oracle."

On the second Friday evening of the term there was held the annual supper and reception to new members of the school, both of the Faculty and of the student-body. An interesting programme of speeches was interspersed by music from the College string band. The

new boys and Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., were heartily greeted by masters and students. Mr. Russell was overwhelmingly congratulated upon his having entered the state of matrimony, and Mrs. Russell received a cordial welcome to the school.

FIELD DAY.—"Are you going in for the pole vault?" "I say, Mac., enter me for the obstacle race, do you hear?" "Who do you think will get the cup?" Such expressions were heard through the corridors and around the College campus for several preceding days. "It is sure to rain to-morrow," prophesied the old students; but contrary to its Sports' Day custom the sun shone brightly on the morning of Friday, Sept. 30th. At 9.30 a.m. the events were begun. Jumping, throwing the base-ball, putting the shot, kicking and dribbling the foot-ball—all were enthusiastically entered into. Before going into dinner to get ready for the events of the afternoon (more important because of fair spectators), the first contests took place in the tug-of-war. In spite of the fact that Weese was anchor for the First Year, the Fourth Year team had little difficulty in pulling them over the line. The hurdle race began the afternoon's events. "Montana" surprised everybody (including himself) by coming in first. The relay race was one in which all were interested, and was won by the Fourth Year team. Tne Sack race caused unbounded amusement, as the boys bobbed, rolled and tumbled along. The Masters' race was an exciting one to onlookers and participants. Mr. Weir stretched his legs to the utmost; Mr. Russell screwed up his face to an alarming degree; Mr. Teakles carried himself with classic grace; but Mr. Tarr managed to shove mechanically ahead, and reached the tape first. At four o'clock only the final tug-of-war remained. It was grand to see those modern Samsons tugging and straining at the great rope. But at last the game was lost and won—the Fourth Year being victorious—and all adjourned to the chapel where badges and prizes were distributed.

Seldom has the old chapel beheld a more festive occasion. The victors were called forward one by one, and adorned with badges by Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Russell. It was noticed that some who were bold enough in the sports were painfully shy when made so prominent before the assembled fair ones. After the last badge had been pinned on, the prizes were presented under the oversight of Chancellor Wallace. Harold Menzie was awarded the Championship cup and medal, while J. B. McArthur as Junior Champion, received a medal also. "Raf" MacDonald received a silver pair of curling-tongs, and James MacArthur (who came next to champion place), was awarded a very handsome rocking-chair. Visitors and boys alike proclaimed the Field Day of '98 a prime success. The following is a list of events and winners. Tennis tournament—M. S. McArthur, J. B. McArthur. Tennis tournament (junior)—J. B. McArthus, W. O'Grady. Bicycle races, half mile (junior)—J. B. McArthur, E. Hunter; one mile, H. H. Menzie, C. Hersee. Standing broad jump—H. Popplewell, M. Duncan. Standing broad jump (junior)—M. Owen, J. B. McArthur. Standing hop step and jump—H. Popplewell, H. H. Menzie. Standing hop step and jump (junior)—J. B. McArthur, M. Owen Running.

broad jump—M. Duncan, H. H. Menzie. Running broad jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, J. B. McArthur. Running hop step and jump—H. H. Menzie, M. Duncan. Running hop step and jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, M. Owen. Throwing the baseball—H. H. Menzie, Jas. McArthur. Throwing the baseball (junior)—H. Linfield, J. B. McArthur. Kicking the football—Jas. McArthur, W. W. Lailey. Kicking the football (junior)—J. B. McArthur, A. J. A. Gatter. Dribbling the football—W. W. Lailey, H. A. Norman. Dribbling the football (junior)—W. A. Damen, G. O'Grady. Putting the shot—W. C. Wickett, C. B. Fraser. Hurdle race—N. A. Sinclair, R. A. F. McDonald. Hurdle race (junior)—J. B. McArthur, M. Owen. Pole vault—H. H. Menzie, H. A. Reid. 100 yard dash—E. H. Mihell, Jas. McArthur. 100 yard dash (jnnior)—J. B. McArthur, A. J. A. Gatter. Obstacle race—Jas. McArthur, H. H. Menzie. Running high jump—E. A. Davis, H. H. Menzie. Half-mile race, re-lay—4th year, W. W. Lailey, E. H. Mihell, J. B. Challies, R. A. F. McDonald. Running high jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, J. B. McArthur. 440 yard race—E. H. Mihell, Jas. McArthur. One eighth mile ex-pupil's race—G. N. Huggart, G. H. Clarke, M.A. Sack race—H. H. Menzie, T. N. Dexter. 440 yard race (junior)—H. Linfield, E. Hunter. Three legged race—W. W. Lailey and R. A. F. McDonald, D. J. Bagshaw and N. Sinclair. Three legged race (junior)—C. W. Hymmen and T. N. Dexter, H. Linfield and W. A. Damen. 100 yard race (teachers and ex-teachers)—S. R. Tarr, Jas. Weir. 220 yard race (junior)—J. A. McArthur, H. Linfield. 220 yard race (open to all schools)—G. N. Huggart, C. Fleet. Tug-of-war (final tugs—4th year, W. W. Lailey, McLean, Barrowman, H. A. Reid.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

The Feller Institute opened on October the 4th, and began the work of the year promptly. The majority of the students were present on the opening day, and the remainder have been coming in until the present time, when there are only seven or eight wanting to complete our number. We miss a few of our old scholars this year. While this is true, their places do not remain vacant. Others have come to fill them. To those who have gone, we wish success. Those who are here for the first time, we welcome.

In reading about the opening of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges and the University, we often see how pleased they are to report any increase in the number of students in attendance. Such a state of affairs is said to be highly encouraging to the friends of these institutions. This is certainly true, and Feller Institute would be very much pleased if she were able to offer to her many friends this same encouraging feature of her work. At present she is unable to do so, not because of the lack of applications, but because of the need of a

larger building in which to be able to accommodate those who are at present refused. May the time not be far distant when we shall be able to enrol as students all those who will apply for a place in the Institute. When this is possible, our many friends will be surprised at the large number of students who desire to attend.

Wheeling, although a very pleasant pastime, has its perils, and we often see its effects. Boys who persist in showing off before the ladies are apt to get light in the head, and losing their equilibrium are sure to come to disgrace; while teachers are sometimes compelled to lay aside their responsibilities for indulging in this supposed harmless sport. Thus the musical part of the school misses Mrs. Massé very much, and hope that she will soon be able to take up her responsibilities and be with us as of old.

In the staff of teachers there have been several changes this year. The place of Miss L. Wilton, of Hamilton, Ont., for the past two years our assistant teacher of music, has been taken by Miss Rusteadt, of Richford, Vt. Dr. Rainville, also, who has been with so so long as resident physician and teacher, has gone to New York for further study and practice. His place as teacher has been taken by Mr. E. S. Roy, one of our old students, and a fourth year undergraduate of McMaster University. The medical oversight of the school will be shared by the neighboring physicians. Mr. Fred Therrien, another old student, has also been engaged this year to give additional help in the teaching and management of the school. Though we regret to lose our old teachers, we heartily welcome the new ones, and wish them a prosperous and happy sojourn with us.

It is always a pleasure to know that others are interested in our work. May we not consider the large number of visitors that we have had since school opened, as a proof that the Grande Ligne Mission holds a warm place in many hearts. The Institute gates are always open, and a cordial welcome awaits all comers, for we feel that a visit must increase the interest in the school and all the work connected with it. The visit usually includes an inspection of the sleeping-rooms, class-rooms, library, pantry and linen-room; a stroll through the grounds, and a visit to the little cemetery where the graves of Madame Feller and others recall to mind the noble sacrifices of the founders of the Mission.

The Women's Convention in Montreal was not without meaning to us, for eight ladies, several from Ontario, took advantage of being in Montreal, to come and to see Feller Institute. They expressed themselves as pleased with what they saw, and as feeling better able to lay the needs of the mission before the various societies in their own cities. Mrs. Lillie, who attended the Convention in the interest of Moulton College, made many special inquiries about such students, as might, after graduating here, enter the University to continue their studies. We were also favored with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who, for many years, have contributed very generously to the support of the Grande Ligne Mission.

THE

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AARON SLAGHT.

When on the 3rd of June last the subject of this sketch passed away from the scenes of earth, the County of Norfolk lost by all odds its best known citizen, and one who for more than fifty years had been a distinct force in the religious, social, and political affairs of the community in which he lived. Aaron Slaght belonged to U. E. Loyalist stock, his grandfather having come from the State of New Jersey shortly after the close of the American war of Independence. The family settled on a farm about a mile east of the now village of Waterford; and there on August 22nd, 1822, Aaron was born; near the spot where his earthly remains now repose.

Both the religious and educational advantages of those distant days were very scant as compared with the present; but Aaron attended the common school, such as it was; and also the public services, which were held more or less regularly, in a union building which stood not far from the present Baptist church. When seventeen years of age he was converted, and baptized by Elder Goble, joining the Free-will Baptist church at Windham. It is worth mentioning in passing, that many of the early Baptist churches in this part of the country were at first Free-will; and that in every case they have become extinct, and have been succeeded by regular Baptist churches.

Almost immediately after his conversion young Aaron felt a call to preach. And here we discover the first indication of that self-reliance and independence of thought that marked his whole life. It is needless to tell any one familiar with early Canadian Baptist history, that ministerial education was not so highly thought of then as now. In fact there was a strong prejudice against an educated ministry; "man-made ministers" as they were called by some. And we must not judge too severely this feeling. There were many noble men who had been eminently successful in preaching the gospel in these parts, who never had any college training. These men were greatly beloved, and held in high honor; and it required no little strength of mind and will to run counter to this prejudice. But Mr. Slaght at once determined to seek a preparation for his life work by taking a theological course.

The only college the Baptists then had in Canada was at Montreal. Dr. Davis and Dr. Cramp were the instructors. The late Dr. Fyfe was also for a short time a teacher there. In this college Bro. Slaght remained three years. After his graduation he preached for a time in the city of Quebec; but under what circumstances, or with what results, I am unable to say. It was at any rate but a temporary service; and he soon returned to his home here, to enter, with all the energy and enthusiasm of his young manhood, on the great work he was destined to accomplish.

Soon after his return, in the year 1846, he gathered together a little band of eight brethren and sisters, one of whom was his brother, and all of whom were his neighbors, and formed them into a Baptist church. This, like most of the neighboring churches, was Free-will. He was the last of that little company to pass over the River. Soon after this Mr. Slaght was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. The council was a large one; and among those who took part in the exercises of that now distant day were Rev. J. VanLoon, and Rev. W. H. Haviland, who are still with us. At this time much of the County of Norfolk was a wilderness; and Mr. Slaght soon after his ordination, was called upon to bury the first actual settler in the Township of Townsend.

The little church planted thus in the woods was blessed

from the first with additions to its membership. The first year of its history it increased to thirteen; three years after it had reached the number of forty. Up to this date the Waterford church was not connected with the denomination; but in the year 1850, through the influence of its pastor, it was received into the Grand River Association, as a regular Baptist church. From this time the progress made was steady and gratifying; and when at the end of over thirty-five years the pastorate closed by the resignation of Mr. Slaght, the membership numbered three hundered and sixty. At the same time he had been the leading spirit in the erection of our pleasant and commodious house of worship, which was dedicated free from debt. This certainly was a remarkable work; especially when we remember that the young student, fresh from the Seminary, had nothing to begin with in the way of church or congregation; and that the work was done at his own home, and among his own neighbors.

In looking over the career of our departed brother, and in seeking to account for his success, the following points will, I think, impress themselves on those acquainted with him.

Mr. Slaght was, in the first place, endowed with intellectual powers of a high order. He had a mental grasp, an alertness of mind that would have borne him to the front anywhere. He was a clear and forcible speaker; and used, both in public discourse and in private conversation, exceptionally good English. Mr. Slaght possessed also a pleasing personality. He was friendly without that offensive familiarity which we sometimes see, and which only "breeds contempt." He never forgot that quiet dignity, that self-poise which befits a Christian gentleman, and is especially becoming in a minister of the gospel. And yet he was every body's friend; and sought every opportunity to show his sympathy for, and interest in young and old, rich and poor alike.

Mr. Slaght had wonderful faculty for getting hold of men, and bringing them into the church. He worked along this line: Every person in the community ought to be a Christian, and ought to belong to that particular Baptist church of which he was pastor; and he left no stone unturned to bring about these results. Here is one illustration. A young man came to the

village and entered into business. He was not a Christian ; and his leanings were not towards the Baptists. Mr. Slaght was holding revival meetings. The young man kept aloof. One day he received a letter from the pastor to this effect : " Dear Friend, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? Close your store and come to the meeting to-night." He came, was converted, and has been for many years an earnest Christian and a deacon in the church.

Mr. Slaght, while a faithful pastor, was also a strong believer in special evangelistic efforts. Besides holding revival meetings in his own church every winter, he reached out into the regions around ; and that the Baptist cause is so strong in the Township of Townsend is in no small degree due to these labors. Some one has said that " a pastor's influence increases in geometrical ratio to the length of his pastorate." The influence which " Elder Slaght," as he was familiarly called, exercised in this community is an illustration of the truth of this saying. He had grown up from childhood among the people here ; he knew every body, and every body knew him. I believe that Mr. Slaght officiated at more weddings and funerals than any other Canadian Baptist minister. He was sent for from far and near, by people of all denominations and of no religious belief. In the sick room and in the house darkened by death he knew what to say, and what not to say. I think more carefully than most of us, he prepared himself for a funeral service ; and in conducting these services he showed great tact, as well as faithfulness to the living.

But the influence and work of Mr. Slaght extended beyond his official duties as a pastor and preacher. He could say : "*Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" He threw himself with energy into every question of public moment, and always on the right side.

Perhaps few of the younger generation of Canadians fully realize the crisis through which their country passed about the year 1850 on the question of the Clergy Reserves. In the year 1791 the British Parliament had set apart every seventh lot of land in what was then known as Upper Canada, for the " support of the Protestant Clergy." These lands were afterwards claimed by the Church of England, to the exclusion of all other

religious bodies. In the conflict that ensued Mr. Slaght took a prominent part, along with such men as Dr. Ryerson, afterwards Chief Superintendent of Education, and our own beloved Dr. Fyfe. A remarkable meeting to discuss this burning question was held in Simcoe in July, 1851. The cost of publishing the report of this discussion, which Mr. Slaght was chiefly instrumental in arranging for, was $500; and of this sum Mr. Slaght assumed the one-half, payable by the friends of voluntaryism.

Mr. Slaght has been criticised, and I think unfairly criticised on two grounds. One is that he took an active part in politics, even in party politics. As a general principle I think it is wise for a minister to keep himself aloof from active participation in politics. True he has a right to his political views; and a right to express these views on all suitable occasions. In becoming a minister he does not cease to be a citizen. But to take sides publicly on merely party questions will, in most communities, and with most men, be destructive of a minister's peace and to his usefulness. But Elder Slaght could do what he did do because the circumstances were peculiar. The community in which he lived from boyhood, and the congregation to which he ministered were almost to a man of one political party. He grew up with his congregation, and naturally there were attracted to that congregation only those whose political sympathies were with the pastor. It was therefore safe for him to do what in any other locality in Ontario would have led to friction and disaster.*

The other point that has been criticised is that Mr. Slaght engaged in secular pursuits while also engaged in the work of the ministry. This is an important question, and one that might well be discussed in view of the ever broadening field calling, and often calling in vain, for gospel labor. Here, I believe,

* An interesting illustration of the influence that Mr. Slaght exerted in political matters is afforded by the following incident in his eventful life. About the year 1872 the leaders of the Liberal Party in Canada were looking for a man who would be likely to gain a victory in Norfolk County, which, I understand, was at that time represented in the Dominion Parliament by a Conservative. The late Hon. George Brown wrote to Mr. Slaght strongly urging upon him to allow himself to be nominated. Mr. Slaght at once declined. He however suggested the name of John Charlton, headed a deputation which waited upon him, secured his consent to run, and so exerted himself that Mr. Charlton was elected, and has worthily represented the County of Norfolk in the Dominion house ever since.

there should be no hard and fast rule. It may be admitted that under ordinary circumstances Paul's rule is a good one: "this one thing I do." But that there is anything wrong in a pastor engaging also in business if he finds it necessary, cannot be proved by Scripture. Paul we know had a trade; and for a time worked at it, "laboring with his hands that he might not be chargeable to them." Certain it is if the young Aaron Slaght had waited on his graduation from the Seminary at Montreal, until he had been assured of a salary, or had been appointed by a Mission Board, the history of the Baptist cause in this vicinity would have been sadly different. And might not the method pursued by Mr. Slaght help the solution of the Home Misson problem as it confronts us in the vast regions of New Ontario that are opening up for settlement, as well as in Manitoba and the North-West? I believe that the principles that led to the foundation of Prairie College by the late Dr. Crawford, never received from the denomination the consideration that their importance demands.

In his relation to his brethren in the ministry Mr. Slaght was cordial, sympathetic, and honorable. Never did I hear him make an unkind or disparaging remark about any of his brethren. To every young pastor coming into the association he proved himself a friend and counsellor. I received recently a letter from Rev. Dr. Carey of St. John, N.B., in which he testified to the help he had derived from the sympathetic friendship of Elder Slaght, when he, in his student days, spent a summer in Norfolk County; and which, he says 'has colored and influenced my whole life." His home, too, was ever open to his brethren; he was "given to hospitality;" and among those who enjoyed that hospitality was his friend and fellow-laborer, the late Dr. Fyfe, who, during his closing years spent more than one vacation in Waterford as the guest of Mr. Slaght.

It was the privilege of our departed friend to be permitted to labor on almost to the last. He had just arranged for a series of revival services at the Round Plains church when he was laid aside by sickness. There did not seem to be present any special disease, but a general breaking up of his, until now, vigorous constitution. His end was peace. He passed away June 3rd last, to enter, as we confidently believe, into that "rest which remains for the people of God."

ANDREW MURDOCH.

AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

The forest leaves are flushed with gold,
And scarlet hues, and crimson dyes,
And colors rich and manifold,
As sea shells boast, or sun set skies.

There's glory now on every hill,
And wooded dell, and glen, and vale,
And beauty margins lake and rill,
With green, and red, and yellow pale.

Come with keen eye, and dextrous hand,
With poet's genius, painter's skill,
And fix these scenes that cannot stand
The coming gusts, and rain, and chill.

E'en now the wind's low moan and sigh,
Seem sorrowings over dead ones near—
And lo! those gleams in Nature's eye,
Are portents of the dying year.

Away with eager steps I haste,
From stir and strife, to scenes of calm,
To view the landscapes fair, and taste
The breeze that brings the woodland balm.

Here I may breathe a holier air,
And feel life's pulses stronger rise;
And nerve renew to bide and bear,
By noting how the foliage dies.

With such inspiring scenes in view,
Faith, hope, and courage sturdier grow:
And patience learns to wait or do,
From nature's glorious dying glow.

W. H. Porter.

Brantford.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF BAPTISTS IN PRESENT RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.*

The topic on which I have been asked to speak seems to me to imply (1) that there is at the present time what may properly be called religious progress, and (2) that there are opportunities for Baptists in connection with this religious progress that up to the date of the Sixteenth Baptist Congress they are neglecting to utilize or to utilize in full measure.

It stands to reason that if we as Baptists would avail ourselves, as is meet, of the opportunities that present themselves to us because of current religious progress we must have some definite conception of what constitutes religious progress. I venture to suggest, that religious progress is not necessarily involved in the growing influence of the latest forms of speculative philosophy on the theological thinking of the time. Everything here depends upon the determination of the question, whether the current philosophy is fundamentally true. If modern philosophy, or any particular phase of it, is unquestionably true in its methods and in its results, then we must conclude that it is the correct human expression of the divine thought, and the more our theology is dominated by it the better. To say that there cannot possibly be any contradiction between true philosophy or science and true theology is to utter an axiom. Each within its sphere must express the thought of God himself, and where their spheres touch there must be perfect harmony.

It may be said with equal confidence, that for the Christian the grounds of assurance regarding the reality and the finality of the divine revelation that led up to, was embodied in, and proceeded from Jesus the Christ are vastly superior to any that are possible regarding the maxims of any merely human philosophy. So far as modern theologizing represents a weakening of the influence of the eternal verities of divine revelation and a substitution therefor of the products of the unaided human intellect, it would be a misnomer to speak of it as an exemplification of religious progress.

*Read before the recent session of the Baptist Congress in Buffalo, N. Y.

All honor to the men who, while holding fast to the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures as a divine revelation, devote themselves assidulously to the study of science and philosophy and seek to harmonize the teachings of God in revelation and the teachings of God in his creation. Christian philosophy must not only take into account the teachings of revelation, but must give to these teachings the foremost place. For a Christian of any kind, and above all for a Baptist Christian, to subordinate revelation to uninspired human modes of thought is an anomaly; and to point to such a proceeding as a proof of religious progress would be wholly inadmissible.

When in the second century a tidal wave of pagan theosophy swept over the struggling churches of Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Greece, Italy, Northern Africa, and Gaul, and transformed the simple teachings of the New Testament into the dogmatic theology of the subsequent time, do we find that religious progress in any proper sense accompanied or was involved in the process? The assimilation of Christian thought to pagan thought carried with it the assimilation of Christian ordinances to heathen mysteries, the assimilation of Christian worship to heathen liturgical services, the assimilation of Christian methods of interpreting the Scriptures to heathen methods of interpreting the ancient mythological literature, the assimilation of Christian religious life to pagan, the multiplication of religious festivals after the example of those current among the pagans, the substitution of the veneration of saints and martyrs for the worship of heathen deities. It brought into the churches a vast body of imperfectly Christianized heathen and prepared the way for the union of Church and State, with a host of attendant evils.

But let me not be understood to depreciate philosophical thinking in the realm of theology. The problems that thrust themselves upon the attention of the theologian call for the profoundest thought of which the human mind is capable, and the divinely illuminated intellect of the devout Christian thinker may and should draw to its aid all that is true and good in the realm of philosophy; but it will instinctively reject whatever is out of accord with divine revelation.

Again, devout loyalty to divine revelation forbids that we

should regard as indicative of religious progress anything in the way of organization that is out of harmony with New Testament precept or example, or that in any way interferes with such fundamental Christian principles as the universal priesthood of believers, involving equality of rights and privileges, and the autonomy of the organized congregation of baptized believers. The history of Christianity is full of warnings against any encroachment on these principles. Every stage in the process of the transformation from the congregational polity of the apostolic age to the papal absolutism of Innocent III. was made, perhaps, with good intentions, or almost unconsciously in response to influences that were well-nigh irresistible and to meet what seemed to be urgent Christian needs. Baptists may and should use everything in the way of organization that commends itself by seeming utility and does not involve the annulling or the weakening of the principles of church order that underlie New Testament precept and example.

Religion in the individual denotes, I suppose, those activities of the soul that are concerned with the ascertaining and the doing of the will of God. Religious progress in the case of any individual would consist in his learning more and more fully what God is and what he requires, and in bringing his inner and outer life into more and more complete accord with the divine nature and requirements. The highest possible attainment in religion for any person would be to have his emotions, his intellect, and his will in complete harmony with the divine emotions, intellect and will, and to have his physical nature minister to and not contradict and thwart the promptings of the divinely swayed higher nature. Religious progress in a land or an age would consist in the multiplication of the numbers of individuals in whom advancement in religious life, thought and activity had been accomplished or was going on. Quantity and quality in religious life must go hand in hand, and must be unmistakeably crescent at the present time, if the term "present religious progress" be an applicable one.

A good deal could be said for or against the real religious progressiveness of the present age. The Christianity of any age can be judged only by its works, and it is difficult for a contemporary to judge correctly of the Christian achievements of his

own times in comparison with those of other times. But I am optimist enough to believe, that with all its short-comings, our time is a time of religious progress, however much I may feel compelled to differ from some of my esteemed brethren as to wherein this progress consists.

Now if present religious progress be a reality and Baptists are not already in its current, and do not constitute with their individual and organized lives and activities a chief factor therein, it is assuredly high time that they were awaking to their responsibilities and grasping the flying opportunities to participate fully in the onward march of the kingdom of Christ.

My study of history and my knowledge of present-day religious life and thought have convinced me that Baptists and their spiritual ancestors have been ever in the very forefront of religious progress, and that they still hold this honorable position among the religious parties of the world. As I conceive the matter, Baptists have been, under God, the creators, to a great extent, of the opportunities for further religious progress that present themselves to the Christian world to-day. This very fact furnishes the strongest possible argument in favor of Baptists grasping and making the most of such opportunities as exist. If they have done nobly and achieved great things during the past centuries by very imperfectly putting into practice the high principles for which they have stood, it behooves them, inspired by success with ever greater confidence that their principles are God-given and that God will still own and use them as instruments in the extension of his kingdom, to go forward with united and well organized forces to still greater achievements for Christ and humanity.

At the risk of being common-place, I will enumerate some of the more important elements of present progress that may without impropriety be designated "religious," indicate my conception of the part Baptists have had in promoting this progress, and suggest some ways in which Baptists may avail themselves of the opportunities that present themselves of still further and more largely participating in current religious progress and in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom.

1. If I were asked wherein the Christianity of the present day is most noticeably in advance of the Christianity of a

hundred years ago, I should answer, In the *thoroughness and the intelligence with which the Bible is being studied.* Never before was there so fixed and wide-spread a determination to know everything that can be known about the sacred books. Never before were the Biblical languages and all other languages, whose philology or literature can be expected to throw the least ray of additional light on the sacred page, studied so diligently, so scientifically, so minutely, or by so vast a number of scholars. The literatures of ancient Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt have been unearthed and deciphered, and are being studied, largely because of the light they may throw upon Biblical history. The geography and the archæology of the Bible lands are being studied as minutely and enthusiastically as the languages. Learned societies are organized for the promotion of the various departments of Biblical research. Periodicals almost without number are published in this interest. The press sends forth a constant and copious stream of learned and popular works on the Bible, and more copies of the book itself, it is probable, are circulated at present in one year than were circulated during the first sixteen hundred years of Christian history. Then the popular study of the Bible in the Sunday Schools of the world, in connection with the various young people's organizations, in Bible clubs, etc., to say nothing of the multitudes of earnest private students among the learned and the unlearned, is inconceivable in its extent, and its beneficent results are beyond computation. It is true that the critical study of the Bible has not always been conducted with the reverence that is meet, and that conjectural criticism has often gone far beyond the limits that sound science would prescribe; but this is a mere incident in the world-wide and enthusiastic study of the Bible, and irreverent and unsound criticism is sure to be corrected by criticism that is reverent and sound. I think we may rest in the firm assurance that the word of God can endure all the criticism to which it may be subjected, however unreasonable and even hostile it may be, and that it will come forth from the testing process better understood and more highly appreciated than ever. Baptists and their medieval and sixteenth century ancestors have always magnified Bible study, and insisted on getting at the exact meaning of God's word, and making its

teachings the rule of faith and practice. The modern critical study of the Bible is reaching practically the same results as have underlain Baptist practice from the beginning. Baptists are to-day doing a vast work in the practice and promotion of Bible study. They have a magnificent opportunity through their multitudinous educational institutions, through their Sunday School and Publication Societies, through their Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, through the Baptist Young People's Union, through the Baptist press, through their educated ministry, through improved methods of teaching in the Sunday Schools, through the encouragement of regular Bible study in the homes, through the endowment of Biblical research, and in a hundred other ways, to promote the scientific and popular study of the Bible, and thus to propagate the truth and advance the kingdom of Christ on earth. If Baptists are right in their distinctive views, the profounder study of the Scriptures will confirm them in their views, and the general promotion of such study will bring others nearer and nearer to the Baptist position. If Baptists are wrong in anything, such study will tend to correct their errors, which would be equally advantageous.

2. Next to the wide-spread enthusiasm for scientific and popular Bible study the feature of the age that most impresses me is *the zeal with which historical investigation is being carried forward.* Everything that pertains to the past life of man is to-day a matter of interest, and occupies the attention of a host of earnest and painstaking investigators. The determination to know all the knowable with respect to man's life on earth, expresses itself in anthropological research, in archaeological investigations, in the study of history proper. Church history is coming to be recognized by historical students, apart from their personal interest in Christianity, as one of the most important departments of the history of man as a social being. Church history is being studied more and more with a view to getting at the exact facts, and not so much as heretofore with a view to supporting preconceived theories. Baptists have not had anything like so large a share in the advancement of the science of church history as their numbers and their intelligence would lead one to expect. We have left it to others very largely to bring to light much that is most honorable in our own his-

tory. The rich literature of the Anabaptist movement and of the evangelical movements of the Middle Ages have been brought to light almost wholly by non-Baptist scholars, Catholics and Protestants vying with each other in this useful work. Within the last few months, an Oxford scholar* has edited with an introduction, translation and notes, an ancient Armenian Paulician work, which completely revolutionizes the current conceptions of the party based upon the slanderous narratives of Photius and Peter Siculus, and which shows these much persecuted Christians to have been neither dualists nor rejecters of external ordinances, but, in nearly every particular, Baptists of a very staunch and strict type; and he argues with considerable plausibility that they were historically connected with primitive Christianity, that not they, but the Greek and Armenian churches were the innovators. He maintains that they were primitive even in their adoptionist view of the person of Christ, to which most modern Baptists would object.

Baptists have everything to gain and nothing to lose from historical studies, and the time is at hand when they cannot afford to leave to others the work of research, but must take a position in the forefront. The department of church history in our theological seminaries should be strengthened so that professors may have more time for research. Chairs of church history should be established in our colleges and universities, and at least as much time should be given to this subject as to secular history. Our religious periodicals must cultivate and minister to the taste for church history among the masses. Our pastors must study and teach church history. Our Publication Society is, I am sure, disposed to go as far in publishing the results of research as the demands for such literature will justify. Research cannot be conducted effectively without learning, leisure, and enthusiasm. Our men of means should be induced to provide endowments for research, and for the publication of its results. Were such provision made, I doubt not competent men would soon appear to carry forward the work.

3. Few features of modern Anglo Saxon life are more in evidence than the *love of liberty*. Baptists, we are never weary

*F. C. Conybeare, "The Key of Truth," Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1898.

of saying, have been the pioneers in the advocacy of soul liberty, and to the heroic struggles of our spiritual ancestors is due very largely the measure of civil and religious liberty that exists in the world to-day. The vantage ground occupied by Baptists because of their consistent and heroic record gives them the right and the opportunity to lead in carrying forward the struggle to the end. We should be far astray if we should suppose that the victory is won. England still has a State Church, hedged about by immunities and privileges, and exerting a social and moral influence far beyond what its numbers and its character warrant. The very existence of such an establishment, apart from any direct exercise of tyranny, involves the bloodless but no less real persecution of every dissenter or non-conformist. These very terms are themselves the embodiment of grave injustice and insult. In the Canadian province of Quebec the Romish Church has constitutional rights that enable it to use the machinery of the State in taxing the people for religious purposes, and it possesses such privileges and immunities as make it seemingly impregnable to the attacks of advocates of civil and religious liberty. In the United States an aggressive hierarchy is constantly watching for opportunities to carry on its work at public expense, and the utmost watchfulness on the part of Baptists and those who have come to agree with them will long be a necessity. Baptists should have a large share in the work of completing the emancipation of the Spain-cursed and priest-ridden populations of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and should give their heartiest support to every political measure that tends to the spread of Anglo-Saxon civilization. We should seek to make Anglo-Saxon civilization what it should be and to diffuse this perfected Anglo-Saxondom throughout the world.

4. In the *great cause of world-evangelization* Baptists have been pioneers, and have been successful beyond all others. This fact carries with it the duty and the obligation of Baptists to keep at the very forefront of this glorious movement. A beginning only has been made. The doors of the heathen world have now been opened. The opportunity is simply unlimited. And yet our Boards plead in vain for a sufficiency of funds to carry on the work already in hand. Instead of marching

triumphantly forward under the banner of King Jesus, blessing the world with the light of the Gospel, we are constantly planning some means of retrenchment. We cannot plan too carefully for the wise expenditure of the funds that are committed to us; but we cannot afford not to go forward.

5. I have already suggested opportunities for Baptists in certain lines of *Christian education.* Baptists have had an honorable part in bringing education in general, and Christian education in particular to the present high state of advancement. But the opportunity for Baptists in Christian education is at present magnificent. I think you will all agree with me when I say that any branch of learning can be better taught by a Christian than by a non-Christian. Baptists do, or should, represent the very best type of Christian. The teaching of many subjects by unbelievers inevitably fosters unbelief. The teaching of any subject whatever by a believer, just as inevitably fosters faith in the disciple. The more Baptist professors in all departments, the more Baptist lawyers, the more Baptist physicians, the more Baptist statesmen, the more Baptist public school teachers, the more educated Baptist business men, the more intelligent Baptists in any influential calling, the better it should be, not for our denomination alone, but for the country and the world. We have plenty of Baptist schools and colleges, perhaps, but few of these are adequately equipped. There is no more profitable investment for a Baptist business man than the endowment of a Christian college. We are already pretty well supplied with teachers, and the supply will easily keep pace in quality and in numbers with the demand that arises from better endowment and equipment.

In conclusion I would say, that Baptists have grown and prospered and achieved, not by seeking to adapt themselves to the ways of the world, but by seeking in all things to be faithful to Christ. Latitudinarianism is contrary to Baptist traditions and is in its very nature ineffective. Staunch fidelity to principle is still, I humbly believe, the way to success.

Albert Henry Newman.

NATURE'S PERPETUAL HYMN.

Ever since Creation's birth,
Up, and down, and round the earth,—
Here, and there, and everywhere,—
Deep in caverns, high in air,
Loneliest, loveliest scenes among,
Hath that old sweet song been sung!

Where the rustling pine tree sighs
Mid the frosts of Alpine skies,—
Where the gloomy fir tree grows
Mid the North's perpetual snows,—
Where the tall palm towers high
Toward a glowing tropic sky,—
Where the sad yew droops its head
O'er the slumbers of the dead,—
Where, in brotherhood serene,
Stand the forest patriarchs green,—
Sweet or solemn, grave or gay,
Swells that olden hymn alway!

Evermore the wand'ring wind
Harps of wondrous power doth find—
Harps of ever-varying tone
Where to revel, where to moan;
Now, with blast of triumph high
Waking notes of victory,—
Now with moanings low and dread
Wailing the unburied dead,—
Song of rapture, bridal strain,
Sigh of anguish, sob of pain,
Song of gladness, wail of woe,—
All, all tones the wind doth know!

Restless waters in their play
Sing that old, old hymn alway;
Ever chimes the little rill

Round the green foot of the hill,
Answering every note of love
From the wind-harps hung above;
Evermore the river lone
Sings in deeper, sterner tone;
While the cataract's wild hymn
Echoes thro' the forest dim;—
Round the lonely, Northern lakes,
Music, sad and solemn, wakes,
Answering to the tempest's moan
'Mid the cypress branches lone,
And, from ocean's rock-girt shore,
Troubled tones rise evermore!

Pleasantly the summer rain
Sings it 'gainst your window pane;
'Mong the roof-tree's rustling leaves,—
Round the vine-wreathed cottage eaves,—
And the warb'ling birds prolong
In the grove the same old song,
While soft echoes down the glen
Wake the joyous strains again!

Listen! Daylight's golden ray
Fadeth from the hills away,
And the sun's last loving beam
Trembles on the glassy stream;—
Listen! every waving tree
Vocal is with melody;
Listen! every echoing vale
Flings its tribute on the gale;—
What a world of song and mirth
Seemeth now this peopled earth,
Yet there's not a single note,
Save of those old strains that float
Round the earth, and thro' the air,
Richly swelling everywhere!

List again—'tis midnight deep!
Silence reigns o'er vale and steep—

Silence, solemn and profound,
Broods above, beneath, around.
Hush, what soft, sweet strain is there?
'Tis the wind-harp in the air;
Viewless minstrels hover nigh
'Neath the star-gemmed, midnight sky,
And in low, sweet strains prolong
Softest music all night long!

It is Nature's ceaseless hymn
Going up 'mid shadows dim,
Storm and sunshine, night and day,
To the ear of God alway!

Pamelia S. Vining Yule.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

II.

Archibald Lampman, of the Civil Service, Ottawa, is another leader of Canadian verse-making. He, like Roberts, is essentially a nature poet.

While Roberts and Lampman are both nature poets, their attitudes are very different. Roberts is the disciple of a great teacher, whose hidden truths he seeks with earnest patience to apprehend. Lampman is the simple child, loving, with an instinctive sense of kinship, a universal mother. Out of his sense of discipleship, Roberts writes with conscious purpose—to give others his inspiring view of idealized nature. Out of his perfect sympathy, almost by involuntary compulsion, Lampman reflects to us pictures of mirror-like accuracy and loveliness. The latter has the faculty of broadly suggesting scenes, which is very effective. He has greater control over poetic expression in regard to ease and smoothness; but his range of thought is narrower; nor can the greater accuracy and beauty compensate the lack of spiritual insight. The duty of the poet is to bring nature into relation with man, and thus show the great unity.

Lampman excels in his sonnets. The perfection of finish and gem-like brilliancy necessary to the sonnet is his characteristic. For dramatic effects he is not qualified. He excels in the description of placidity and calm. His word is one of reflection and dreams. "An Athenian Reverie" is a subject which gives his talents full play. It is an exquisite creation. The poet loves his theme. The words flow on in restful lingering rhythm. A soft content glows through the lines.

> "How joyously
> These hours have gone with all their pictured scenes,
> A string of golden beads for memory
> To finger over in his moods, or stay
> The hunger of some wakeful hour like this."

The descriptions have that indescribable charm and poignancy which comes from feeling, and his poems have one quality which is generally lacking in Canadian poetry: they are full of expressions to carry away and ponder over.

The ruling characteristic through all Lampman's poetry is his passion for beauty. His descriptions are so fine, sympathetic and true, yet so infused with an artistic idealization, that in reading them there come those lines of Browning—for the poet and artist are very near akin—

> "For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

If Lampman were to be criticised, it would be for his indulgent surrender to mere external beauty. This being "content to watch and dream," leaves him weak to pierce into the heart of things, or even fully to analyze and express his own feelings. But the poet realizes his own failing, for in "An Athenian Reverie," he says:—

> "There are so many things to think upon,
> So many deeds, so many thoughts to weigh.
> Yet in that thought I do rebuke myself,
> Too little given to probe the inner heart,
> But rather wont with the luxurious eye,
> To catch from Life its outer loveliness."

And so criticism is disarmed, though it never could be severe with one whose faults are negative, and whose virtues are those of purity and gentleness.

Bliss Carman is an author who is attracting considerable attention. He is a Nova Scotian and a cousin of Roberts. He has published five volumes of poetry, "Low Tide at Grand Pré," "Behind the Arras," "Songs from Vagabondia," and "More Songs from Vagabondia," written in collaboration with an American, and latest, "Ballads of Lost Haven."

Carman, unlike Lampman, leaves a strong impress of his individuality upon his work. He is original to a high degree. So strong is this originality that his descriptions often impress one more as being Bliss Carman's way of looking at a scene than the scene itself. His subjects bear great similarity to each other, for his inspiration seems to be born mainly of the sea. One feature of his work we hail with appreciation is the appearance of the personal element. It is vague and limited as yet: but it brings with it more or less of that great power in literature—human interest. Vagueness is the great defect in this poet. It is such, that in reading the effort to supply necessary

details often becomes wearying. One writer, mentioning his characters, calls them, "personified outlines, stalking shadows, which suggest vague and threatening presences." But this statement is somewhat tinged with effective exaggeration. Carman is more imaginative than either Roberts or Lampman. He has also greater power over the music of language, though at times he is surprisingly faulty, which is made the more harsh as breaking the usual rhythmic flow. This musical quality is always in fine harmony with the motive of the poem. It is equally good in the rollicking swing of a sea song such as "The Grave Digger," or the tender murmuring cadences of a beautiful and pathetic tale like "The Yule Guest."

It is very interesting to note the dominant thought of Carman's five books, and see how they grew out of one another: not because this growth is so direct, but because of an interesting lapse which occurs about midway. "Low Tide at Grand Pré," is a decorous little volume of considerable ability, and rather negative faults. "Behind the Arras," shows increase of power, but at the same time, more apparent faults. Coming to the third book, "Songs from Vagabondia," opening with,—

> "Off with the fetters that chafe and restrain.
> Here is the real.
> Here the ideal,
> World's bloom and world's blot.
> Houpha!
> We are free."

we seem to have fallen on a very sudden and inexplicable change. But reading back in the light of this we find the forecasted shadows. In "Behind the Arras," we notice a sense of chafing and unrest; while back again in "Low Tide at Grand Pré," such titles predominate as, "Afoot," "Mayfaring," "The Vagabonds," etc., and in "Afoot" we find,—

> "I would wander all the hills,
> On the Frontier of Desire
> I would drink the last regret."

So we are somewhat prepared for the breaking out in the third and fourth books, where the hills of Vagabondia are being thoroughly explored. While there is too much freedom in the songs which were sent us from there, for them ever to receive

much honor, there are some rare snatches to be culled. As both "Songs from Vagabondia," and "More Songs from Vagabondia," were written in conjunction with another poet, levies can scarcely be made on such doubtful territory. Yet it is with reluctant pen that such piquant originality as "A More Ancient Mariner," such irresistible drollery as "Hem and Haw," or the liquid flow and dreamy luxuriance of "A Spring Night in Washington," are passed over without some notice. The writers of these books have verily hearts like the throstle, and are free to rejoice in blisses and beauties.

Carman, however, has come back from Vagabondia, and returned to writing what we secretly wonder if at one time, he would not have termed,—

> "Commodities,
> Wholly available,
> Stupid and saleable,"

and "Ballads of Lost Haven," have recently appeared. The book is marked by the same characteristics noticed at first. Never lacking in feeling, there is more vigor here; there is greater ease and freedom, the musical quality is more marked; and there is an increase of strength generally. His work is quick to respond, musical to a high degree, and pulsing with racy energy, but we feel that he will have to adopt a clearer and less fantastic style before he can produce a masterpiece.

William Wilfred Campbell is another poet of the Civil Service at Ottawa. He has the nature element of the three preceding poets, and the personal element of the last, intensified; yet he stands in marked contrast to them all.

"Lake Lyrics," the earlier of his two books, is the more expressive of the nature element; and of nature he deals with but one phase. "Blue, limpid, restless lakes, God's mirrors underneath the sky," is the one ever recurring theme. He loves the lakes with Lampman's intuitive sympathy for mother earth. They are to him a joy, a peace, a rest. Few pens could write a more graceful lyric than "Vapor" and "Blue"; or make description more vivid than in the careless little sonnet on "An August Night on Georgian Bay."

> "The day dreams out, the night is brooding in,
> Across this world of vapor, wood and wave,

Things blur and dim. Cool silvery ripples lave
The sands and rustling reed beds. Now begin
Night's dreamy choruses, the murmurous din
Of sleepy voices. Tremulous, one by one
The stars blink on. The dusk drives out the sun. . . "

On such passages the reader of Campbell's poetry would fain linger; for it is the happiest part of his work. In the second book, "The Dread Voyage," this nature element has grown less, and the dramatic greater. The tendency that crept out only too clearly in "Lake Lyrics" is intensified. A gloomy melancholy pervades the book. Strange gruesome subjects are chosen, which are not robbed of any of their sombreness in their treatment. "Lancelot" is a long poem, having dramatic vigor and a fine Tennysonian rhythm; but its strength lies in the depiction of a once great man, now fallen, the passions which rend his dispairing, remorse-stricken soul, and his wild death. "Lazarus" is beautiful in its pathetic human appeal, but its teaching is perverse. Surely no purpose lies in the obscurity and passion of "The Last Ride." And as for "The Mother," so much talked of, in it the gruesome reaches its climax, and poetic refinement and delicacy are transgressed both as to phase of subject and mode of treatment.

The masterpiece of the book is "Unabsolved." It is founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to rescue Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice refused to tell, and so left them to perish. The power of this poem is superb. We creep out on the bare ledge of ice with that lone man. The "hellish, lonely solitude," that "ringed his reason round," creeps over us. We hear him whispering "Madness, madness to the dark." We look over with him and see,—

"But night, and awful gulfs of dark,
And weird ice-mountains, looming desolate there.
And far beyond the vastness of that sea,
And then,—O God, why died I not that hour? . . . .
The certain tapering outline of a mast,
And one small patch of rag: and then I felt
No man could ever live to reach that place,
And horror seized me of that haunted world. . . . .
Then crept I back, the weak ghost of a life,
A miserable, coffined, shaking fear,
And spake, 'I saw but ice and winds and dark,
And the dread vastness of that desolate sea.' . . . .

> And then once more I crept out on the ledge . . . . .
> And as I lay those moments seemed to grow
> As men have felt in looking down long years.
> And then I chose ''twixt evil and the good,'
> And took the evil ; then began my hell.
> And back I crept with that black lie on lips,
> And spake again, 'I only saw the night,
> And those weird mountains and the awful dark.'
>
> And came a wondrous shock across the world,
> Like sounds of far-off battle where hosts die,
> As if God thundered back my awful lie.
> And I fell in a heap where all was black."

And after all the horror and dread of the revelation of this poor haunted creature's soul, what have we? Only this,—

> "But I have felt in some dim shapeless way
> That back of all there is some mighty will,
> Beyond the measure of our days and years,
> A wondrous mercy that is working still."

There are such sad terrible things in life we know, but does true art show us the dark, the sad, the awful, except as it is reconciled with the everlastingly strong, hopeful, and true? Would 'In Memoriam' bear that stamp of immortality if the sorrowing friend had been left in mere blind resignation? Would Faust be Faust if we were left at the death of Marguerite?

Campbell is one of the strongest of our Canadian poets. He has a wonderful talent for dramatic and tragic writing. In this regard he holds undisputed sway in Canada, and would be, I think, a fair rival to his contemporaries in a wider field. His sympathy with nature, his feeling, and power of expression are strong. His work is stamped with the sterling mark, and yet it is sadly marred. The cause of this failure would seem to me to lie in one thing, but this how vital—the ethical nature is amiss. It is as though a highly-wrought, generous nature had received some mortal hurt. When the spiritual nature is wrong it makes all the rest wrong. Was it of such a nature Ruskin wrote:—"There is a tendency in the minds of many men, when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of this life, to feel and to declare that life itself is vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think of its nature as of disappointment always, or, at best, of pleasure which can be grasped by the

imagination only"? Yet, this may be but the dark before the dawn,—the 'mysterious, indescribable process of *getting to know*.' May he some time finish the sentence with Ruskin—'I saw that my own failure came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the *whole* law and meaning of existence, and bring it to its noble and due end. And as I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in arts had come from a ruling of lower purposes, not from the ruling conviction of its nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

NOTES BY AN AMATEUR ORNITHOLOGIST.

Spring in our northern climate may be said to extend from the middle of March to the middle of June. It is during this period that our birds return: some of the more hardy species, such as the robin, song sparrow or bluebird, arriving in March. The rarer and more brilliant appear at varying dates, from the first of April till the middle of June.

Considered in all its relations this annual journey of the birds is one of the most wonderful facts in nature. Coming such an immense distance, many from the tropics to the far north, often one or two thousand miles, how can they regulate the time and distance so well? Condition of weather and character of season make little difference, for we can tell within a few days when to expect the arrival of each species. The time of arrival as also of departure, though so exact in each case, varies greatly with different species. Those birds which arrive first stay latest, and the latest visitants are the first to depart. The robin, the bluebird and various blackbirds, the killdur, the meadow lark and the song sparrow arrive before winter is over, and are thus the harbingers of spring. But the thrushes, warblers, cuckoos and flycatchers come with the spring flowers and tender foliage.

The methods of the birds in making these passages are varied and interesting. Many birds make their journey by night, while

during the day they may be found resting and feeding in favorite haunts. The wild goose and duck cover great distance during the dark hours of night, and when day approaches they seek the marsh-land or other places of resort where food and rest may be found. It has also been noticed that many birds passing near the ground and thus experiencing special dangers, move under cover of the night. Some aquatic birds as the loons and grebes make their passage by following the great water courses, and have been known to cover many hundred miles without leaving the water, while many running birds, such as the rails, accomplish a great part of their journey on foot.

Who has failed to notice the sudden appearance of the feathered songsters in our midst? To-day we may look and listen for them in vain, but to-morrow as the sun begins to tint the eastern horizon we are greeted by the tender warble of the bluebird and the loud clear notes of the robin. Ornithologists have noticed that many species, and perhaps birds in general, from year to year, return for nidification to the same locality, if not the same spot. Birds of prey have been known to occupy the same old eyrie year after year; the bluebird and martin return regularly to their old abode; the barn swallow resorts to the old home on the rafter with great exhibitions of joy at each return; and even the song-bird of the forest, which makes the longest migration, is known to rebuild near its former site.

The bluebird shows this disposition to rebuild in its old tenement perhaps more than any other bird. I remember an old post at the corner of the orchard where for several successive seasons a pair of bluebirds used to nest. The male usually arrived some time earlier than the female, and he seemed to have come to reconnoitre the old haunts. Upon the arrival of the female there took place a modest courtship, after which followed the preparation for mating. This preparation was very interesting. They would pay little attention to the old home in the post, but took great precaution to inspect every other nook and corner. They used to examine boxes, cavities in trees, last year swallow nests, and cornices about the outbuildings, and all with the greatest care. During these explorations they usually got into serious complications with the sparrow, but the little plebeian usually succeeded in driving the timid bluebirds from

their quarters. But the place of greatest interest to this little pair seemed to be the cavity in the top of an old pump. They would return to this many times and seriously deliberate upon its attractions as a home; but at last they would return to the old abode and settle down to housekeeping with very little ceremony.

It is very interesting to notice the manner of birds in their migratory movements. Many species make the journey singly or in pairs. Often the male precedes the female several days as in the case of the bluebird. Other species travel in families, or flocks, these moving communities sometimes being enormous. The vast assemblages of the several kinds of blackbirds, such as the purple grackle, will fairly darken the cornfields and meadows, and their musical clatter may be heard at great distances. The swallows will gather in immense flocks, perching in dense lines on the ridge of the old barn or along the telegraph wires, and laugh and chatter as though their formidable journey were to be the merriest thing possible.

Few persons realize the great number of birds that come to Ontario during the period of the spring migration. From April till the last of May appear in succession the different kinds of blackbirds, grosbeak, sparrow, woodpecker, wren, swallow, flycatcher and warbler. Ornithologists have noted eleven different kinds of thrushes, more than fifteen kinds of sparrows, and at least twenty-four kinds of warblers. By the first of June, the woods and meadows throb with life. Through close observation with the aid of a glass, we may see numerous feathered songsters which the common observer never notices, but which have even tropical richness of plumage and often pleasing musical power.

These migratory movements are accompanied by many dangers which certainly destroy countless multitudes. Overcome by adverse winds and storms, immense hosts become exhausted and perish, as is shown by the great numbers of small land-birds drifting to the shores of the great lakes after very severe storms. A very striking proof of the way in which strong winds may drive the migrants out of their course is the fact that often species of our North American birds have been found in Great Britain. This is explained in the fact that these birds,

usually bred in northern latitudes, encounter very strong westerly winds, which are frequent about the time of their southward flight. By these winds they are driven to the coast of Norway, and then proceed on their southward flight, soon reaching Britain. After heavy storms during their migration hundreds of ducks have been picked up dead, on a single morning, below the Falls on Niagara River; they having flown into the great cataract and perished.

It has also been noticed that powerful lights often bewilder and mislead the migrants in their flight. Some of the great lighthouses stationed in the paths of migratory movements attract and daze thousands of birds so that they dash their lives out against the strong beacons. Cases are frequent where the great light produced by the illuminating power of a city or town, has caused much disturbance to the feathered travellers. I remember one instance of my own observation. The silence and darkness of the evening was very noticeable when suddenly I heard the distant gabbling of geese. At first I thought little of it, but soon noticed that these sounds remained just above the town. The cries seemed to denote distress, and increased till it seemed as though countless numbers of birds were sweeping through the air. These sounds of agitation continued for almost three hours. I have always believed that in the darkness the geese were flying low and were confused by the electric light. This confusion and panic spread till great numbers of migrants were bewildered, thus causing the great aerial disturbance.

What strange and mighty impulse is this which fills the breasts of such countless multitudes and carries them on through bitter storms and numberless perils to such great distances? This impulse, this great tidal wave of feathered life which sweeps over our land, has long been a subject of interest to poet and philosopher. The hawk that spreads her wings toward the south is no more familiar to the latest observer than it was to the author of the book of Job. The modern sportsman in autumn, by the rivers in Asia, sees the water-fowl thronging as did those old hunters of the days of Homer. The modern poets welcome the swallow as did Anacreon of old; and even the American Indians named the changes of the moon by the movements of the birds of passage.

While at this period of great scientific research we might expect explanations which would be satisfactory to all minds, yet little is known of the real causes of this mystery. In only one great point are we wiser than our ancestors. They believed that the disappearance of the birds was due to hibernation, thus not having to give any account for this strange impulse. Students of the subject to-day give many reasons for the migratory movement, its certainty and its regularity. Some account for this by force of circumstances arising from the habit common to all animals of wandering in search of food; others would like to give the bird almost human reasoning power, whilst many claim the bird is guided by a power commonly known as instinct. It would appear that this, like so many other regular habits in animate nature, must be caused by the laws of instinct guided by Infinite Intelligence. Here is a mystery which science thus far can only enhance. In that mystery who does not exclaim?

> "There is a Power whose care
> Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
> The desert and illimitable air—
> Lone wandering, but not lost.

E. J. Zavitz, '02.

INTER-COLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

The twelfth biennial convention of the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance recently held in Queen's University, Kingston, was a pronounced success, and reflected great credit on the members of the Executive. The convention certainly felt their deep obligation to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Jas. Wallace, M.A., for his untiring efforts on their behalf.

Our introduction to Kingston as regards the weather was not of the most reassuring nature. Rain, sleet, wind and gloom did their worst to dampen our enthusiasm, but in vain. It proved, however, to be just the ingenuous device of a coy maiden tantalizing her lover by assuming for the nonce grave dis-

pleasure in order that her gracious smiles might afterward be all the more entrancing. So with Kingston. In the morning what a glorious vision met our enraptured gaze! The rosy-fingered sun shone across the rippling, sparkling waters, transformed the frosted windows into golden frescoes, the crystal-laden trees into opal-crowned diamond pillars, and in silver trumpet tones called for nature's pæan to her Maker.

The reception tendered the delegates on the evening of their arrival was in the highest degree cordial. Historic old Queen's gave us of her best. The kindly faces of former principals seemed to nod a warm greeting from their places on the wall, while professors and students vied with each other in gracious efforts to make the delegates feel at home. The programme was good, as also the refreshments, but best of all was the kindly, fraternal spirit manifested by all present. The manly dignity and quiet courtesy of the students of Queen's won our cordial good-will and grateful appreciation.

Whatever doubts may have existed as to the advisability of continuing the Alliance must surely have been dispelled by the delightful and helpful series of meetings of this last convention. Whatever proves conducive to the fraternal spirit among our Colleges and Universities ought to receive our hearty support and mutual self-sacrifice. Our inter-collegiate games and contests—in whose assured success we all rejoice—satisfy the fraternal longing in its physical aspect; the inter-collegiate debates fill this need on its intellectual side; and what could better minister to this craving for brotherhood in its highest aspect—the moral and spiritual—than the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance held in our various Colleges from year to year, and participated in by delegates from all these Colleges, thus meeting together to deepen the spiritual life and to quicken missionary zeal?

In these conventions the routine of business is reduced to a minimum, but what little was done proved very pleasing to McMaster delegates, and we trust to all the others, for the next convention meets in McMaster University, while Prof. Farmer is to be its President and Mr. Ralph Smith one of the Executive. We trust that the friends of our University will see to it that the new chapel already visible to the eye of faith may become

by that time a tangible reality, and prove the scene of many a gracious outpouring of pentecostal power.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail the different meetings. Suffice it to say that they were all good and proved cumulative in interest to the very last—the closing farewell service being one to be long remembered for its stirring enthusiasm and spiritual fervency. The addresses and papers were concise and to the point, showing for the most part careful preparation, and so proving of real benefit. In one word, the convention was *practical.* The speakers took us at once to the heart of their subjects, while the presence of so many missionaries gave zest and vividness to the racy discussions.

The following will indicate the terse suggestiveness of the various addresses.

Mr. J. Campbell White, laboring among the 10,000 university students of Calcutta, reports a great awakening. As many as from 600 to 1,000 attend his weekly prayer-meeting.

Japan's crying need is enthusiastic, evangelistic missionaries of intense spirituality. Under present conditions every Christian should hold himself responsible for reaching 30 heathen. Of every 78 theological graduates only one goes to the foreign field. Nine-tenths of the money for foreign missions is furnished by one-sixteenth of the Christian people, while only one-half give anything at all.

God has a plan for every man. Our best plan is to find His plan.

Medical missionaries are a crying need of the heathen world, 1—2,500,000; at the same rate there would be only three doctors in Canada.

The true study of human nature necessitates the broadest culture of both the mental and spiritual powers.

The students of India furnish the quickest road to the educated classes. All converts from the latter have been won between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

God is mobilizing. Think of 15,000 strategic centres, occupied by 10,000 missionaries, supported by 50,000 native workers.

God not only needs us, but ours. "The Lord hath need" of our consecrated wealth. On the day of the triumphal entry, the

shaggy colt of the morning had become by the evening the throne of the Almighty, for the Lord had sat thereon.

Know the religion you are to fight against.

What is needed to-day is not more men, but more man, for God weighs rather than numbers of men.

W. J. Pady.

Editorial Notes.

For the first time in its history The Monthly appears without the photogravure that has regularly accompanied our usual biographical sketch. Inasmuch as this will seem to all a noticeable break with the traditions of the past, we deem it advisable to state the reason that has led the Publishing Committee to omit what has been hitherto a distinctive feature of our magazine. It is needless to say that it was with great regret that we unanimously agreed to make the sacrifice: it is due to ourselves to assure our readers that it was only sheer necessity that forced us to do so. We do not suppose that many realize the financial responsibilities involved in the publication of The Monthly, but we may inform our friends that they are so large as to demand a large expenditure of time, thought and energy. These responsibilities are increased by the fact that we have never been free from a pretty considerable debt, and that not a few subscribers neglect to pay their subscriptions. With regard to our present burden of debt, we may say that, though it need not cause us anxiety, it is still large enough to make it necessary for us to exercise the utmost prudence in the financial management of The Monthly. This year we resolved to make a special effort to wipe out our deficit, and in the carrying out of that resolution, we regretfully but unanimously decided to deny ourselves the luxury of a photogravure. In doing this, however, we allowed ourselves to hope that the omission of it from our magazine would be only temporary. Just as soon as we are free from debt, and on a firm financial basis again, we hope to resume the publication of it. When that shall be will depend largely on the readiness and alacrity with which delinquent subscribers fulfil their obligations to us and themselves Had all of those who have taken The Monthly for the past five or six years paid their subscriptions, we should hardly have been forced to take our present step. We trust that this hint may not go unnoticed, but that it may lead many to do their obvious duty in the premises.

But while in pursuance of a careful financial policy we have felt compelled to sacrifice one of the best features of THE MONTHLY, we do not intend to omit a much more important feature, namely, the biographical sketch. We are more than ever convinced of the present and future value of the life sketches of the pioneers of our denomination, and shall continue to publish one such article a month. In this issue Dr. Murdoch gives our readers an excellent and highly interesting account of the life and character of the late Elder Slaght, of Waterford, and we are sure that a perusal of Dr. Murdoch's appreciation will lead everyone to share our opinion of the interest and importance of such articles.

Book Reviews

THE GREAT POETS AND THEIR THEOLOGY.*

THIS is a very attractive book in appearance. The publishers have done their best in paper and type. The book contains nine essays, — on Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson. One has not to read far before one is aware that the author has not in any vital sense come into direct touch with the works of these poets, but first and chiefly with the literature that has gathered about them. The light that is here is not that of native vision. Its colors and tones are caught from the overshadowing cloud of commentators and critics. We are frankly told in the preface, what every essay as fully tells for itself, "that most of the capital is borrowed." The "moderate interest," however, which the author says he hopes to repay, is forthcoming in the orderly and readable epitome presented. Each essay repays perusal, for the style is clear and interesting, and there is an atmosphere of summer recreation about it, which dispels the thought of too serious study. The best of the series is that on Homer. The history of the Homeric question is fairly rehearsed, and the considerations which, to the satisfaction of sane minds, have established the unity of the Iliad and the unity of the Odyssey, and the common authorship of both, lose nothing of their force in the admirable setting here given to them. The essays on

*The Great Poets and their Theology. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., LL.D., President of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Author of "Systematic Theology," and "Philosophy and Religion." Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Dante and Shakespeare are next in worth, we should say, while that on Wordsworth is not greatly inferior. The remaining ones are of less value. Goethe would not know himself as a poet, though some wholesome truth is spoken of him as a man. He is termed by the author "the poet of pantheism." Goethe himself has expressly told us: "As a poet, I am a polytheist." The passage in Wordsworth's famous Ode on Intimations of Immortality, beginning

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,

is taken seriously by our author, and interpreted to mean, "Not ideal pre-existence in God's foreknowledge, but substantial pre-existence in God's being!" But Wordsworth made it all simple enough for us long ago, when he wrote that he did not mean to inculcate the belief that man had known a prior state of existence. "I took hold," he says, "of the motion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet." The essays on Browning and Tennyson are misleading, many will think, in capital instances of interpretation. Perhaps it is too much to expect that one whose life long impact of thought has been in the realm of theology and philosophy, should surrender his mind so completely to the poet's way of looking at things as not to suffer from theological or philosophical motes and even beams in his organ of vision.

It is surely refreshing to know that a laborious and learned divine has for thirteen years enriched his life by spending his vacations in the study of the literature of some of the great poets. It is a hint for other busy men, whose daily toil has led them farther and farther away from the fresh world of nature and of divine thought as revealed to the imagination and quickened emotions of the poets. Dr. Strong's volume would have been of wider and truer service, we cannot but think, had the aim been to bring nearer to thoughtful men the heavenly fruitage of poetry itself, all ripe and mellow as it is in the gardens of these almost divine ones to whose gates he leads us. But this was rendered well-nigh impossible by a preconceived purpose—the "theology" of the poets, their direct teachings, or clear implications, in this realm of thought. His purpose has been a dominant one, and the formal results are of little value. If the great poets are seers while they are poets, the theology to be found in their poems will be an unconscious contribution to the science of sciences; and it will be in solution, too, beauty being the solvent. It will not admit of precipitation by any intellectual chemistry. It must be quaffed just as it is

offered in its golden goblet. Then, and only then, will the divine in it diffuse itself through the spirit, and be assimilated with that which is divine in us. Poetry knows little of formal propositions and refuses for the most to make appeal to the logical intellect.

The publication, however, of this book will do good. It cannot fail to provoke many minds in the ministry and in other walks of life to activity in a realm, in too many instances, practically disregarded. Dr. Strong's volume will be a suggestive and helpful hand book. It seems a dreadful thing that we should acquaint ourselves with science and philosophy as aids and side-lights in reading the thoughts of God, and all the while leave to the moles and the bats the more spiritual revelations given all down the course of history in unbroken succession through the insight of the poetic imagination. God Himself is the Great Poet, and we may be certain that in creating us in His own image, He meant to commune with us not alone through the logical and fact elements of our nature, but also through our emotions and imagination quickened to heavenly sightedness by His ceaseless appeal of beauty.

T. H. R.

College News.

F. J. Scott, '99, A. C. Watson, '01, Editors.

At the tug-of-war a ruthless Arts man was heard to exclaim—"You Theologs. can pull wires, but you can't pull a rope."

Student (to smooth-faced senior):—"Your face is as smooth as a lady's." "But my upper lip is like a wire fence." "Yes, with the wires all *down*.

Professor (in New Testament):—"Can you tell me the event next in order?" Confused Junior:—"He then got into a boat, pushed it from shore, and preached the "Sermon on the Mount."

Lecturer in Acoustics:—"Now by this formula we can find the value of all pipes, and——" Dull Student:—"What kind of pipes?"

Classical Master.—"You, there, give me the principal parts of the verb from which *positum* comes." Rattled student—"Pon—pon—e"— "Stop, stop, that's altogether too suggestive," interrupted the professor.

Foot-Ball.—Victory once more has perched upon the standard of McMaster's team. On the afternoon of Nov. 16th, McMaster defeated Trinity Meds. The game was very exciting, and was watched by a large contingent from McMaster. The score of 3 to 1 in favor of McMaster, shows the progress our men have been making in this department of athletics.

The students of the city are ever grateful to the Jarvis Street Baptist Church for their kindness, annually expressed in the form of a Reception to Students. Among the colleges represented on these occasions, McMaster sends perhaps the largest delegation. This year, on the evening of October 17th, the students turned out almost *en masse* and enjoyed as usual the entertainment and hospitality provided by the Young People of the Church.

Debating League.—Some of the leading colleges of the city have formed an Intercollegiate Debating League. The colleges represented in it are—McMaster, Varsity, Trinity, Victoria, Osgoode and Knox. The first conflict in which McMaster is to be a participant is to take place on Dec. 3rd against Osgoode. McMaster certainly would feel considerable anxiety as to the issue, were it not that she is to be represented by two of her ablest men, A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and Mr. S. E. Grigg, '00. The effect of this league, no doubt, will be to impart a kindlier and more helpful feeling still among the colleges.

Philosophical Club.—The second meeting of the Club was held Thursday, Nov. 3rd, with the President, Mr. A. G. Campbell, B.A., in the chair. The meeting was largely attended, a number of the ladies being present in spite of the traditional aversion of the fair sex to abstract reasoning. The interest in Prof. Ten Broeke's course of lectures seems to be keeping up. The study of sociology is at present engaging the minds of statesmen, preachers and thinkers, and McMaster is, as usual, up to the times.

Hallowe'en.—The celebration of Hallowe'en is now a distinct feature of McMaster University life. An orderly crowd of disorderly students assembled in the Hall, and marched to the houses of the nearest professors, seranading them and wishing them well in the preparation of their work for the following day. Moulton College was also visited, while lustily the gallants sang to their cloistered and bed-betucked deities. So enthusiastic were the heroes in their devotion, that some ominous-looking authorities appeared, lest such religious fervor should take a violent form. The boys then wrenched themselves away from the hallowed precincts, and sang with trembling and subdued voices—"We're off on the *tear*."

Tennysonian Society.—The first meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held on Friday evening, October 28th. The meeting was well attended, a goodly number of the seniors honoring the juniors with their presence. After the president, Mr. A. McNeil, had delivered

his inaugural address outlining the aims of the Society, the following programme was rendered: Instrumental, L. B. Riggs; oration, "Athletics," H. Coumans; oration, "Seneca," R. Guyatt; instrumental, H. W. Newman; oration, "Influence," A. Huddleston; oration, "The True Poet," W. Calvert; vocal selection, Miss McLaurin; Critic's Report, Mr. A. W. Vining, B.A.

THE second regular meeting of the Theological Society was held Nov. 10th. The speaker of the evening was Mr. H. J. Evans, B.A., of Knox College. His subject was "Voice Culture." He indicated the right use of the various organs connected with speaking, and impressed upon the listeners the good that would come from breathing properly. Some very helpful remarks were also given us concerning the kind of people who make up our audiences. Some were intellectual, others more emotional, and again some were more volitional, or in other words, physical. He closed his address by giving several recitations, which were well received.

FOOT-BALL.—The game the most exciting, and the most skilfully played in the Inter-collegiate Association this year, was that played on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, between McMaster and Varsity. Knowing that the teams were pretty evenly matched, McMaster's hopes ran high. From the very first the game promised to be fast and strong, and the promise was fulfilled. Varsity in the first half scored two goals. In the second half another goal was scored by Varsity, but McMaster towards the finish rose to the importance of the occasion, and gave the Varsity goal-keeper the unusual experience of seeing a ball go through his goal. On both sides there was splendid combination, and individual playing from start to finish. The personnel of our team was as follows: Goal, Baker; backs, Reid, Guyatt; halves, Cornish, Torrie, Pengelly; forwards, Dr. Hooper, Thompson, McDonald, Mr. McLay and Zavitz.

THE students of McMaster were certainly in very good spirits on the day of their Annual Field Day, but the following day witnessed even greater rejoicing and hilarity, if that were possible. And no wonder, for on that day McMaster's Football Team won a decided and brilliant victory over that of Osgoode Hall, in the inter-collegiate series. Although the score at the final sound of the whistle was 5—0 in McMaster's favor, the game was at no time slow or uninteresting. One noticeable feature was the large number of McMaster men and ladies who turned out to witness the game and encourage their team by their presence. This fact is very significant, inasmuch as it goes to show that a deeper appreciation of and interest in athletics is growing in McMaster, a spirit which is indeed essential to a well-rounded University.

THE second of the inter-year debates in the Literary and Scientific Society took place on Friday night, November 11th, between Messrs. G. R. Welch and E. A. Brownlee of "Century" and Messrs. J. R.

Coutts and A. J. Welch of "Naughty Two," on the resolution that "The present unhappy condition of the working class is due more to the employee than to the employer." Dr. Tracy, of University College, was present in the capacity of Judge and gave an exceedingly able summing up, showing that, although the respective number and value of points, after allowing for those which had been refuted on either side, were very nearly equal, the wording of the resolution "due *more* to the employee, etc.," gave the negative a decided advantage. Loud were the plaudits of the Freshmen as they hailed their victorious champions. The other numbers of the programme, viz, a solo by Mr. H. Bryant, a reading by Miss Gile, and a solo by Mr. C. Triggerson, were very much enjoyed by the large audience and proved a pleasant relaxation from the strain of following the intricacies and fathoming the depths of the debaters' logic.

THE Theological Society of McMaster University held its first regular meeting for the year on October 27th, 1898, when Rev. Elmore Harris delivered a very helpful and pointed address on "The Ideal Student." Mr. Harris chose for the foundation of his remarks the words of Paul to the Thessalonians, "May your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire." He emphasized God's order of manhood—spirit first, then soul, then body. He showed that there were three essentials necessary in order to have a healthy body, "pure air, wholesome food, and vigorous exercise." But there was a danger of giving undue prominence in the present day to the development of the physical, while the spiritual was neglected. Regarding intellectual culture he believed not only in a well-stored mind but also in a well-trained mind. The study to attain intellectual culture has its deadening influence, and to counteract this a special spiritual study should be pursued throughout one's course. Above all things he emphasized the necessity of attention to the spiritual life,—as a new man in Christ to breathe the pure air of fellowship with Christ; to feast upon the wholesome food of God's Word, and to impart to others the truth of the gospel. At the request of the President, Rev. W. W. Weeks, who was present, closed the meeting with prayer.

THE second regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, November 4th, and proved unusually successful. The main part of the programme was of a somewhat novel character, being the first of a series of debates between the different years in Arts. The resolution that "The Czar's proposal for disarmament is impracticable" was debated by representatives of the "Year One" and "Ninety nine" ably and closely. Messrs. M. D. Coltman, '01, and R. E. Sayles, '01, who upheld the affirmative side of the question, argued along practical lines, marshalling facts and figures and cold logical deductions in such formidable array that the close philosophical and ethical reasoning of Messrs. J. T. Jones and B. R. Simpson, who represented the seniors, was unable to break through their defence. The musical part of the programme consisted of a very acceptable rendering of "The Holy City," by Miss E. Z. M. Lick, and

a piano duet, by Misses Cohoon and McLay. Dr. Starr, who acted as judge of the debate, certainly climaxed the evening by an address replete with wit and humor, as well as a masterly summing up of the arguments, which gave the palm of victory to "Naughty One." As the president, before asking for a motion of adjournment, expressed his pleasure at seeing some members of the Faculty present, that well-known cry of "Speech!" "Speech!" was raised, which only ceased when Professor Farmer rose to his feet and made the desired "impromptu," which was highly appreciated.

Friday, Oct. 28th, was a red letter day in the history of McMaster Athletic Association. Under the careful management of President Matthews and his staff, our annual Field Day was a grand success. The attendance was good, considerable interest being taken in the sports by many of our city friends, including the ladies of Moulton College, who attended in a body. The enthusiasm of all in this college function was quite apparent. The contest for the championship was not as close as it was last year, this being due in part to the fact that, owing to a sprained ankle, Mr. E. J. Reid, one of our most efficient athletes, was prevented from taking part in the games. Mr. G. L. Sprague, '00, won the championship with 17 points, thus becoming the holder of the McNaught cup for the year 98-99, and the possessor of the Chancellor's gold medal. Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., came second with 9 points, and Mr. E. Sayles, '01, third, with 7 points, thus winning respectively the first and second silver medals given by the Association. Fast time was made in the 100 yards, won by Sprague in 10 4 5 seconds. Special mention should also be made of the college record established in the pole vault by Haydon, who cleared 9 feet with ease. The following is a list of the events and the winners: 100 yards—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, A. B. Cohoe. Time, 10 4-5 seconds. Putting the shot—1, A. McNeil, 30 feet 2 inches; 2, A. Lamont, 29 feet 11 inches. High jump—1, A. B. Cohoe, 4 feet 10 inches; 2, G. L. Sprague, 4 feet 9 1-2 inches. 220 yards—1, G L. Sprague; 2, A. Lamont. Time, 25 4-5 seconds. Half-mile run—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, J. Nicole. Time, 2 minutes 28 seconds. Running broad jump—1, Sinclair, 17 feet 10 inches; 2, A. B. Cohoe, 17 feet 9 inches. Pole vault—1, Haydon, 9 feet; 2, Sayles. Quarter-mile run—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, A. B. Cohoe. Time, 1 minute 5 seconds. Tug-of-war, Arts vs. Theology—Won by Arts team, two straights. Running hop, step and jump—1, Sinclair, 38 feet 9 inches; 2, G. L. Sprague, 38 feet 1 inch. Mile run—1, Guyatt; 2, J. Nicole. Time, 5 minutes 11 1-5 seconds. Fatigue race—1, A. McNeil and Mann, class '01; 2, Guyatt and Macdonald, class '01. Team race—1, team of class '01; 2, team of class '02. Class '01 team consisted of Messrs. Pengelley, Haydon, Mann, Sayles and Coumans. Ministers' race—P. C. McGregor.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss Putnam, Miss Duncan, Editors.

The second lecture of the "Course" for this year was given by Professor J. H. Farmer, B.A., of McMaster University, on "Advantages of Classical Study." The lecture was most interesting and has given fresh inspiration to the students of Classics.

The next lecture will be given on Friday evening, December 9th, by Professor W. H Fraser, B.A., of Toronto University, upon the subject, "Michael Angelo."

The most interesting social event of this term has been the Hallowe'en Tea, which was given Friday evening, November 18th. The merriment began early in the evening, when the girls, prettily attired, assembled in the reception rooms preparatory to marching, by classes, to the dining-room where "High Tea" was served. The dining-room wore a festive appearance with decorations of bunting, flags, evergreens and palms, and made an effective setting for the tables, upon which had been artistically arranged the colors and flowers of each class. Music furnished by D'Alessandro's orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

A feature of the evening's pleasure was the clever speeches made by several of the students in response to the toasts prepared by Miss Ethel Thomson who presided. Among them were "Our Queen," responded to by all singing the National Anthem; "Our Flag," to which Miss Bertha Cassidy of the second year gave a patriotic reply; "Our College," which called forth a witty response from Miss Vivien Hundy of the first year class, and the "Founder of their College," to which Miss Annie Weeks of the third year replied.

The fourth year was represented by Miss Nora Shenstone in reply to the toast "Grecian Heroes." Miss Grace Jefferson represented the special students by replying to a toast proposed to the "Ghost of Hallowe'en," while Miss Jean Jefferson of the Entrance Class replied to "Our Aims." The list was closed by a reply from our Principal, Miss Dicklow, to the toast "The Advantages of being a Woman." On returning to the reception rooms, the Spirit of Hallowe'en held full sway until a late hour, when all dispersed, feeling that such departures from the ordinary routine give fresh zest to work, and leave many happy memories.

On Friday evening, October 21st, the first meeting of the Heliconian was held. The following programme was acceptably rendered:—

Piano Solo ..... Miss Gertrude Carey
Roll Call.
Recitation ..... Miss Leila Logan.
Essay ..... "Longfellow" ..... Miss Edith MacGregor.
Recitation ..... Miss Elsie Orpen.
Reading ..... "Heliconian Paper" .... Miss Gertrude MacGregor.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

The socials in Baptist Churches and Mission have been largely attended by the College boys.

The recent visit of the Chancellor was a welcome one. His encouraging words in regard to athletics must surely prove an impetus along lines of College sport.

The Judson Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting in the Chapel on Thursday, Nov. 17th. Mr. Pearce gave an interesting report of his experience as delegate at the recent Student Volunteer Missionary Convention in Kingston.

A friendly game of football was played on the College campus on Nov. 4th between our team and one picked from the town. At the end of the game the official score stood 1 to 1.

The Literary Societies intend holding an open meeting on Friday, Dec. 2nd. The principal item on the programme will be a mock trial, when W. Wickett will appear before his Honor J. M. Howell on a charge of Breach of Promise.

Prof. Willmott's lecture of Friday, Nov. 4th, on "A trip through the gold regions of Ontario," was highly appreciated by students and a crowded town audience. We hope this is not the Professor's last visit to Woodstock.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

Mr. Norman has a gate that ought to be *hanged!*

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Spet acles seem to be the latest thing in Grande Ligne. Whether it is because they offer a good excuse for poor homesick boys to visit their mammas or whether it is on account of their weak eyes we cannot tell. But such is the case. Perhaps this weakness is due to the strain caused by the too constant and steady gaze at a window of the ladies' building, and to the fear lest some of Cupid's darts passing through it might fall to the ground without their desired effect. In hopes of pre-

venting a similar catastrophe to the ladies, the exterior of the window has been beautifully decorated with a coat of paint.

La musique de notre étage
Est fournie par Dutaud,
Monsieur Massé, le soir, s'engage
A lui ôter son "piccolo."

Le dortoir est dans le deuil,
Son amateur l'est aussi ;
En un moment, en un clin d'œil,
Le "banjo" était parti.

Garçons soyez donc prudents,
Dans vos moments de plaisir ;
Et gardez vos instruments,
Pour vos moments de loisir.

ALTHOUGH the "Prohibition Plebiscite" carried on the 29th of September last, there is still much work to be done for the cause of temperance in our fair Dominion. And perhaps in no place is this work more needed than in the Province of Quebec. Our Temperance Society is now aware of this fact, and it has once more begun active work among the students of the Institute. The first monthly meeting of the year was held on the 28th of October. After the election of the different officers, Mr. A. E. Massé read the constitution to the student body, thus showing them very clearly the object of our existence as a society. We then listened to a very profitable, as well as a highly interesting, programme prepared by Miss S. Piché and Mr. E. Hélie. We hope that much good may result from all our efforts in this work.

THE deepest sympathy has been felt for our pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, during the past few weeks. Death has entered his home and taken away the little son of two months, while at the same time Mrs. Parent was undergoing a serious and alarming illness, so that for days and even weeks it seemed that she too must go. But we are thankful now to know that there is improvement in her case and a reasonable hope of her recovery. During this trying time in Mr. Parent's home his pulpit has been supplied by the Revs. N. Gregoire and A. L. Therrien.

THE sports of the Institute seem to be flourishing as usual. Some change has been made from other years. Base-ball, without a doubt, has taken the place of foot-ball. All that is wanting to make the game a success is a good campus to play on. This we certainly have.

Here and There.

W. B. Tighe, '99, Editor.

"A PERFECT DAY."

"I will be glad to-day: the sun
Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
Serene on either hand,
The full-blown roses, red and white
In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
From some far pasture-mound;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing-cloud;
The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay
Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
And all the day is blest."

Ina Coolbrith, as quoted in The Outlook.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the school-master with the necessity of his having a thorough good education, finished up by saying: "And be sure he learns Latin." "But, my dear madam," said the school-master, "Latin is a dead language." "All right," said Mrs. Timkins; "he'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."—*Tit-Bits.*

VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
  Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
  An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
  Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
  Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead
  And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
  And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
  While in her place the School is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
  And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
  Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolt, in 'Admirals All.' London and New York: John Lane.

We have received a copy of a very neat little four page periodical, entitled, *Sword and Shield.* It is published in the interests of the Park Street Baptist Church at Peterboro, of which Rev. O. C. Elliot, formerly of '99 theology, is pastor. It is a bright sheet, reflecting the energy of church and pastor.

THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

As in the night when storms sweep past
  And hang their curtains o'er the sky,
Eternal stars their light yet cast
  From regions where no clouds dare lie;

So, when our mind in doubt or wrong
  Is led from truthful ways afar,
There lives a hidden faith more strong
  To guide us like the far off star.

—E. A. D. *in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Shouted Back.—An immaculate dude from the Scottish metropolis once took two young lady friends to a wood during their holiday sojourn in the country to hear "the echo," which, as he informed them, was really wondr'ous. When they reached the side of the wood the young man shouted at the top of his voice—"Hey, what are you doing there?" On the other side of a wall near by a man stood up and shouted back in an equally loud and somewhat angry voice—"I'm hoein' taties, ye daft idiot!"—*Ex.*

"What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest,
Inmost refreshment unexpressed;
Not only a beloved guide
To tread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before;—
Though these be much, there is yet more."

"The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that has no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart,
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive."

—*Young Women's Gazette.*

CAN YOU?

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and to grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose,
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flower again on the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase,
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins? say.

You think my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?

—*Young Women's Gazette.*

Better is he that taketh four studies and joineth a literary society, than he that taketh five and hath no time for lectures.—*Ex.*

Prof. Eliot of Harvard, recommends to students ten hours for study, eight hours for sleep, two for exercise, four for meals and social duties.—Ex.

A number of Baltimore women have formed themselves into an Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women and have raised the sum of $500 to offer a fellowship for foreign study during the year beginning next fall, says the Baltimore *Sun.*

Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, has been appointed to the position of teacher in classics at Woodstock College. We have no doubt he will be as earnest and painstaking in his work, and as popular personally as he was here.

That many of the leading Universities and Colleges are doing much to facilitate the means for deserving students to secure a liberal education will be seen from the following statistics: The University of Chicago gives eighty scholarships and fellowships, aggregating $20,000. Harvard gives 115 scholarships, of $225 each. Yale gives $30,000 to needy students. At Cornell, 125 students receive free education; and there are given, in addition to this, twenty-seven scholarships, of $200 each. Columbia gives twenty-nine scholarships, of an average value of $200.—*Ex.*

The usual number of exchanges have been coming in, some looking as usual while others have put on new dresses. We miss our old friend 'The Owl,' but in its place have a well edited journal called 'The Ottawa College Review.'

We have careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we loved our own the best.—*Ex.*

The Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences has decided that all students who were in the service of the United States army and navy last June, and for that reason were absent from final examinations, should receive full credit for the year's work and be graded where it is possible.—Ex.

THE FRESHETTE'S REPLY.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, just to the library, sir," she said;
"To study?" "Well, yes, I'll open my book, and then
Like the senior girls, I shall study—the men."

—*'Varsity.*

THOUGHTS.

The days filled with perfume of roses,
  The nights with their scent of the sea,
Are fading away from my memory,
  And leaving but shadows of thee.

The grief that we once dreamed was hopeless
  Departs ere we know it is gone ;
The tears of the darkening evening
  Are lost in the flush of the dawn ;

For time, who is slave of Oblivion,
  Unnoticed goes by every day,
And silently mends what is broken,
  And passes unseen on his way.

Thus life is away as we wonder
  And call to the hours that are past,
Till far in the distance, yet nearing,
  We see the white gates of "At Last."

Yet even Oblivion's servant
  Sometimes falls asleep at his post,
While the key to what-always-is-dearest
  Admits a fair, wandering host

Of dreams and of faces and longings,
  Of hope and of joy and of fear,
Till all the great train of remembrance
  Is gathered in readiness here.

Ah, days filled with perfume of roses,
  And nights with your scent of the sea,
I would you could fade into darkness
  And bury your image from me.

Alice Felicita Corey, in *Sibyl.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1898.

ROWLEY KILBORN.

The Baptist church in Beamsville is one of the oldest churches of the denomination in Canada. Throughout its history it has been an honored name among the sister churches of the body. Its pastors have been men of high character and ability. Its deacons have been men of intelligence, wisdom, and piety. The three who lately passed away were respected, honored, and loved during their long years of service, and are still remembered with deepest gratitude and admiration by those with whom they were associated and by those whom they served.

The subject of this sketch was one of the three, and was always treated by the rest as their leader and spokesman. Deacon Kilborn was born in the year 1800 and died in 1880.

Little is known about his childhood. When he was a young man he married and settled on a farm near London, in Canada. While living there he was visited by the Rev. Thomas Mordan, then pastor of the church in Beamsville, who preached a sermon in Mr. Kilborn's home in the bush, that was the means of his conversion. Soon after this event he returned to Beamsville, where he continued to reside until the time of his death.

During his long life in our village he was identified with every movement that had for its object the good of the community. At different periods of his life he held nearly every office

at the disposal of his fellow citizens. He was for many years clerk of the township, and when he retired he was presented with a handsome sum of money as a token of appreciation for his long and efficient services. The chief and most important office held by him was that of Justice of the Peace. The duties of that office he discharged with great wisdom, fidelity and success. By his counsel and advice many quarrels among neighbors were adjusted without a law suit. Where no injury was done to any one he advised the parties to arrange the matter between themselves. When that plan failed he would get them together and by explanations and kindly words often secured a settlement of difficulties that might have led to serious consequences. Mr. Kilborn was in the truest and highest sense a peacemaker. Since his death this fact has often been remembered and gratefully acknowledged by the people of Beamsville and the surrounding locality.

It was, however, as a Christian man, as a deacon of the Baptist church, and as an intelligent and warm friend of the Baptist denomination that Mr. Kilborn was best known and highly esteemed. His Christian life was consistent, uniform and exemplary. He was an honest, upright man in the business affairs of life. He was a man of warm sympathies and practical benevolence. Many a weary traveller obtained refreshment and found a comfortable resting place in his home. He had a room and a bed for the purpose.

The closing years of his life were singularly mellow and beautiful. He appeared to us all to be ripening for his heavenly home. There was a wonderful tenderness and sweetness in his words, and his very appearance impressed us that he would soon be taken from us. His end was peace. He discharged the duties of deacon with intelligence, faithfulness and wisdom. He loved the church and ever sought its purity and peace. He was always respectful toward his fellow officers, and ever insisted on consulting the church before taking any important step affecting the interests of the body.

He was the true friend of every pastor and supported him in every way in his power as long as he could approve of his course and believed it to be for the good of the church. In cases of difficulty he was calm and firm, but kind. He mourned over

a fallen brother, and would never loosen hold of such an one as long as there was any hope of his recovery. And when a fallen one was won and restored his joy was unbounded. By cherishing this spirit, and pursuing this policy, he rescued some who in their after life became distinguished for their piety and usefulness. Our friend was wise in warning souls. He felt and manifested the deepest and warmest interest in the anxious enquirers. The writer, on one occasion, introduced him to a young man in deep perplexity and distress of mind. He had a long conversation with him, unfolded to him God's way of peace, told him his own experience, and was the means of leading him to the Saviour. That young man is now a preacher of the Gospel, and in years past has been the means of winning many to Christ.

He greatly enjoyed the covenant meetings of the church, and usually added to their interest and usefulness by what he said and by the deep interest he manifested while listening to what was said by others. There was true fellowship, pleasure and profit in the old covenant meetings of the Baptist church in Beamsville thirty years ago. In ordinary circumstances they were largely attended. Members travelled five and six miles to be present. They told of their joys and sorrows, their trials and perplexities, their desires, their hopes and fears, and all felt it good to be there. New members were received then. Nothing could exceed the interest, the thankfulness, the gladness of God's people while hearing the experience of young converts. They often recognized in what they heard the accomplishment of desires long and ardently cherished, the answer to prayers that had oft ascended to the throne of grace for the members of their own families, for the scholars of their Sunday school classes, for their friend or relative for whose spiritual welfare they were deeply concerned. No wonder that every one felt it was good to be there. At times Deacon Kilborn would gather up, and give expression to the feelings of all on these occasions in a few closing words, which were always listened to with the deepest attention, interest, and appreciation by every one present. Those who mingled in these meetings can never forget them. They were seasons of refreshing and of rich spiritual blessing and enjoyment to all.

Deacon Kilborn had clear views of the distinguishing doc-

trines and practice of Baptist churches, and could state them with great force and precision. On one occasion, many years ago, he replied to a Methodist minister from the pulpit of the Baptist church. He prepared his reply, to a large extent, when following the plough, thinking out his arguments, and writing them in his note book at the end of every row when his horses were resting. Some years after his reply was given he revised it, and it was published in our denominational paper and was regarded by wise thoughtful men as an able, concise, and common sense statement of Bible truth. He felt a warm interest in our missionary work. When the Convention West was formed, he was chosen as the first President, and he manifested a deep and warm interest in the work of the society till the close of his life.

The last meeting of the Convention he was able to attend was held in the city of Brantford. His presence in the meeting was noticed by the president, who mentioned the fact, and expressed the pleasure all felt in once more seeing their *first* President with them in the annual meeting. He was asked to favor them with a short address. He addressed the Convention at an afternoon session. I assisted him to the platform and sat beside him while he was speaking. The impression upon the audience was astonishing. I have seldom seen an audience so moved. His venerable appearance, his earnestness, his words, being his last words to his brethren of the Convention, all made a profound impression.

During the closing years of his life his health was poor, and he was at times very feeble, but he attended the services of the church and the prayer meetings until nearly the last. His mind was clear and he often told of his joys and hopes in a most delightful way. He died on the 17th of October, 1880, and was interred on the day before the meeting of the Convention, which met that year in the City of Toronto.

An outline of his life, character and work was submitted to the Convention in the form of a resolution which was moved and seconded by two of the oldest pastors. Kind and appreciatory words were spoken, the resolution adopted and a copy of the same ordered to be sent to his family.

Thus closed an honorable, useful, and beautiful life. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

James Mackie.

Beamsville.

ON THE DOG RIVER.

"Bely bad clooked liver" said my Indian guide as he shouldered his pack for the twenty-first portage of that day. The course of this 'crooked river' you will find on no map, at least on no published one. Twenty miles west of Michipicoton Post the chart of the north shore of Lake Superior shows a stream "ten fathoms wide at the entrance." Fishermen we met knew it as Dog River, but none seemed to know whence it came. Indeed this section of Ontario is a veritable *terra incognita*. From the mouth of the Michipicoton north-westward to the mouth of the White, a distance of one hundred miles, nothing is shown on our maps but the immediate shore line. Northward forty to fifty miles the Canadian Pacific Railway has carved through the wilderness a line of travel.

This area of over three thousand square miles our party undertook to explore the past summer. We were sent out by the Bureau of Mines of Ontario, and were expected to report on the geology, mineralogy, timber and water-power of the district and to construct maps as far as possible.

A paddle of a quarter of a mile convinced Mr. George, '97, and myself that the river would be very hard to ascend. A walk of two miles more brought stronger currents and then rapids, and finally a succession of falls aggregating 150 feet. Away beyond were more flat rapids, beautiful places to glide down but most abominable ones to 'pole' up. One can portage round a fall, but for a long, flat rapid there is nothing to be done but to push yourself up foot by foot.

We quickly reached the conclusion that it would be easier to come down the Dog River than to go up it. Executing a flank movement of 150 miles we next appeared at White River, a station on the C. P. R. forty-five miles north of the mouth of Dog River. An Indian trader here, Mr. McDougall, was able to give us the desired information. One hard day's journey up the White River and over the height-of-land portage would bring us into the head waters of the Dog. Indeed, he could furnish us with Indian guides who knew the whole route. As we needed a man for each canoe, the proposal was gladly accepted and I set

out with the clerk for the Indian camps in the neighborhood. After considerable parleying, and much consultation between husbands and squaws, two men agreed to go. Though they had been on the head waters, neither had been down to the mouth of the stream. Nor had any other Indian in the place; all describing it as a bad river. So far as I could learn but one white man had ever been over the route—an engineer at the time of the construction of the C. P. R. Next we repaired to the store to order the 'grub' for a ten days' trip. Three-quarters of a pound of bacon a day for each man, one pound of flour, and so on through the list. Beans, sugar, baking-powder, a little dried fruit and tea were the other staples. To these were added a frying-pan, a few pails, some tin plates and cups, four iron knives and forks and a few etceteras. Every luxury was weeded out to reduce the weight to a minimum.

For two miles our route followed the railway which here crosses and recrosses the White River. Then we turned our faces southward and bade adieu to all traces of civilization for ten days. Except for one Indian, we saw no one but ourselves during the trip Aleck Matchinini, who spoke a little English, acted as steersman in Mr. George's canoe. With me in like office was Wm. Pausway who spoke neither English nor Indian. In camp Aleck would chatter like a chipmunk for five minutes and only provoke a grunt of assent from Pausway. Another harangue would be followed by the customary grunt, and so the conversation would go on between these two until we fell asleep.

From the railway to Lake Superior we made a track survey by means of the micrometer and compass. Mr. George went ahead and held the target. I followed with the instruments, the first giving me the distance, the second the direction. Owing to the crookedness of the stream scores of observations were made. The plot of all these distances and directions now lies before me —a map four feet long on the scale of one mile to the inch.

After five hours of hard work—paddling, portaging measuring and note-taking we stopped for lunch. As the Indians had a short rest at every observation, Mr. George and I decided to even matters up by leaving the cooking to them. Taking a towel and a piece of soap from my pack I presented them to my Indian and pointed to the river. Nothing was said and I had

no occasion to complain during the trip of lack of faithfulness to my wishes in the matter of washing. Indeed, I think these Indians surpassed many of the white voyageurs I have had with me. As cooks they were fair. Lack of utensils did not hamper them. Probably they did better work with the frying-pan during this trip than they would have done at home. In this they surpassed Mr. George, who assured us that he could make good bread in an oven, but when he tried a frying-pan and an open fire his success was doubtful.

All afternoon we travelled up a crooked, marshy stream with solid footing one quarter of a mile away. An occasional rock projected as an island through this waste, and on one we camped for the night, but not to sleep. We were attacked by the natives in great force, and would willingly have retreated had that been possible. We ate our dinners standing in the smoke of our camp fires, which blinded the enemy while it brought tears to our own eyes. Then we rushed to our tent with the hum and buzz of the innumerable bands of our foes close behind us. But scores of them had found a breach in our fortifications and were struggling in through the grass. We rolled in our blankets and smothered—we sat up and slew a few helpless insects—we tossed and pitched, eager to sleep and yet unable. At four a thunderstorm came to our relief and we rested for two hours.

The next night we were very careful in locating the camp. A smooth flat rock was chosen, and the sides of the tent closely fastened down with stones. No brush was brought in for a bed lest the little pests should be in it. Finally a smoke test was applied to the interior to insure perfect peace.

This country is pestered with flies. There is the deer-fly for the bright sunny day, who cheerfully pinches out a piece of your scalp. He is large but not numerous, that is relatively to the sand-fly. The latter, known also as the no-see-ems, is so small that it stands on its fore legs to be the better able to delve into your flesh. He loves the twilight and a sandy bay. The ubiquitous musquito is said by the Indians to have been created on the Michipicoten. Dull days and the early morning hours are his delight. The black fly fills all the remaining hours with his quiet but bloody work. It is an enigma to me why these insects

should have stings. I would willingly eat the extra pork and beans required to feed 1000 sand flies a day if they would take their food without poisoning me. What good purpose does the sting serve? Is it not rather a detriment to the species and on the theory of the survival of the fittest should there not be slowly evolved a stingless variety of musquito and black fly? Let us hope so.

The second day we crossed a large lake and began a toilsome portage over the height of land. The distance turned out to be less than a mile and a half though it seemed fully three as we struggled over with our loads. Mr. George carried, as the foundation of his load, a fifty-pound bag of flour, held in place by a strap across the forehead and over the shoulders. Lying on this as a top pack was a tent weighing twenty pounds. In his hands he carried the bean and tea pails, not so heavy as awkward. These caused great trouble when climbing over the numerous burnt logs that lay across the trail. A stony hill, 300 feet high, soon made the perspiration flow very freely, and the frequent jars from striking trees and jumping over boulders and logs caused the flour to shake through the bag. Flour and perspiration and charcoal dust make an unpleasant combination and the end of the portage was reached with the greatest satisfaction.

A beautiful little lake, a mile and a half long, lay at our feet. We were at the head waters of the Dog. The Indians call the lake Wawung, that is clear water: but there are so many with this name that I decided to change it. Acting on a suggestion of Mr. George's, it has been named McMaster Lake, and another of equal size, close at hand, appears on the map as University Lake.

For the next two days we had comparatively easy travelling along a number of beautiful lakes. The height of land is not mountainous, as usually supposed, but rather a plain of small rocky hills with swamps and lakes between. As we approached Lake Superior the country changed. For the last three days, I think, we were not in our canoes one-tenth of the time. In place of their carrying us we carried them and often more than half the distance. Here there were no portage paths of any kind, and we had to scramble over the roughest of boulders and through thick spruce woods with our packs. Then back over

the same rough road for a second load. Our canoes were launched at the foot of one rapid and we glided down one hundred yards or so to the head of the next. Possibly we could run it, more often not. Then the same wearisome strapping of our dunnage on our backs and scrambling along the rocks had to be repeated for a few hundred yards more.

Once I fell in the only misfortune of that kind that overtook our party. The place selected was 10 feet wide and twelve inches deep. I crossed it by walking in the canoe, but stepping onto a slimy rock fell forward and slipped back to the side from which I started. My pack kept my face under water for a moment and then I crawled out with top of my head and shoulder-blades still dry.

Five deer visited us during the trip, perhaps because we carried no guns. One, a red deer, swam between our canoes from the mainland to a small island where we could easily have surrounded him. A caribou and her calf gazed in wonder at Mr. George, trotted off a few yards and turned for another look. Another within fifty yards of me was hemmed between a vertical cliff and the river for several minutes. Game of this kind is certainly abundant, but on the whole the region is destitute of animal life.

There is some possibility of minerals of economic value being found, though Dog River itself does not run through much of the metalliferous Huronian formation. Agriculturally this valley is useless, as is indeed this part of the shore of Superior. The large spruce forests will shortly be its most valuable asset. After a wait of two days at the mouth of the river our Collingwood skiff picked us up and carried us on our way.

A. B. W.

THE OLDEST SCOTCH UNIVERSITY IN THE FORTIES.

On the east coast of Fife, bordering on the German Ocean, stands the ancient historic city of St. Andrews. It was once, under Papal authority, the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, and had a strong castle, a noble cathedral, and a university. And it was in this city, about the middle of the 16th century, chiefly under the teaching and preaching of George Wishart and the celebrated John Knox, that the Reformation in Scotland first obtained a solid footing. Wishart was apprehended and burnt in front of the castle, his bigoted persecutor, Cardinal Beaton, looking from one of its windows exultingly on—from which window, however, after his assassination in the castle, through revenge, his body shortly afterwards was thrown out, and left many hours lying on the ground as if it were but the body of a dead dog. The castle and cathedral are now only interesting ruins, but the university still remains—the oldest Scotch university—being founded in 1411, while that of Glasgow was in 1450, of Aberdeen in 1495, and of Edinburgh in 1585. And although, of these four, that of St. Andrews is the smallest in number of students attending; yet, as it has within this century reared such distinguished men as Rev. Dr. Chalmers, chief founder of the Free Church, and Principal Tulloch of St. Mary's Divinity Hall, it must be confessed that its record is still brilliant.

This oldest university consists of St. Salvator's College and St. Mary's Divinity Hall, the one on the east, and the other on the west side of the city. It was from the very first, and on at least to '52, designed chiefly for raising up an educated Christian ministry in connection with the Established Church. It has many advantages to draw students within its walls. The city itself is a most healty location. It enjoys the sea breeze, has no manufactories to create smoke and dust in it; and its few streets are wide and open. It is quiet and retired—having no theatres, political halls, or athletic clubs—given up almost wholly to educational institutions—and being removed far from the 'madding crowd's ignoble strife,' there is nothing, except his own heart, to lead a student's sober wishes astray, or hinder him from devoting his whole mind to his studies. It offers good society; the

majority apparently of its 5,000 inhabitants being educated, affable, and in comfortable circumstances. It is one of the cheapest places to live in—fish, lobsters, crabs, etc, newly caught, and sold at next to nothing. And there are few temptations to lead a student to squander away his money, if there be such a thing as a student having any money to squander.

Our name, if worth noticing, stands in the records of this university, as a student of St. Salvator's College from '48 to '52. Our fellow-students were principally from the immediate counties of Fife, Forfar, and Perth, especially from the Perthshire highlands, with a few from the remote north and south of Scotland, and one or two Hindus from India. Two-thirds of these students belonged to the Established Church, while the other third consisted of Frees, U. P.'s, Baptists, Congregationalists, Catholics, and Anglicans, who were all equitably treated by the professors, and who all lived on friendly terms with each other.

Some of those students were born with a golden spoon in their mouth—that is, they had wealthy parents, who liberally defrayed all their college expenses, leaving them without any care about that vital matter. Then a goodly number of the Established Church students enjoyed free bursaries, extending from $20 even to as much as $400 per annum, granted them by certain big landowners, who had, within their own parish or parishes, power over certain revenues to confer a bursary on whomsoever they pleased, and that was almost invariably a son of one of their own servants or tenants. There were, however, at the opening of every session, a few bursaries to be awarded upon competitive trial, in which all entrants might engage, and obtain one of them, if successful. There were in '48 five open for this purpose—four for Latin, and one for Greek. Not having been born with a golden spoon in our mouth, we, on the second day of our arrival in the city, entered into this competition, and found a day or two after that good luck had awarded us the Greek prize of $200, or $50 per year during our course. There were also ten bursaries of $50 each per year, founded a year or two before by Mr. Henderson, a wealthy Glasgow merchant; and open for competition to all students connected with the U. P. church, whether they studied at St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Glasgow or Edinburgh College. This competition, embracing some thir-

teen different papers, and lasting for three days, we tried also, and fortune again smiled upon us. And so in '49, '50, and 51, we still tried on more advanced papers for one of Mr. Henderson's bursaries, and were still successful, receiving in the last two years an increase to $75 per year, along with two other students of other colleges And, in our third year, we competed by an essay for the college Gray prize of about $42, offered every fourth year—the subject being that year "The Philosophical Character of Cicero," and fortune still did not desert us. It was said that, in these bursary matters we had broken the record. Well, a few others afterwards did much the same thing—a prominent divine, visiting Canada some six years ago, telling us that he had gone one better. Of course, we valued our record for the honor, but especially for its having enabled us, without any other monetary help, "to paddle our own canoe." *Juvat nos meminisse haec olim.* And it may not, in the founding of such bursaries, as helping to raise up preachers of the everlasting gospel, be inappropriate to remark here, that we have introduced it, so that some other wealthy gentleman, if he wishes to build up a good monument for himself more enduring than that of brass or marble, may imitate the example of a Mr. Henderson or a Mr. McMaster.

The regular literary course of study at St. Salvator's College extended to four years. The first year embraced the Latin, Greek, and Mathematical classes, the two first at least, and at an entrance fee for the first two years of $16 per year, and the last two years *gratis.* There was no entrance examination. Students, with little Latin and less Greek, found admittance upon presenting themselves, as easily as those who had attended some academy for even six years ; and yet some of these raw students, by superior diligence, came out in the end in the front rank of honors.

The Latin class was under the care of Professor Pyper, LL. D. In appearance, he was a short, thick-set, elderly man, but dressed with much scrupulousness. Before his elevation to the professorship, he had been for some years teacher in some town academy, and notwithstanding his elevation, he continued to be but such a teacher. He put emphasis upon the students being able to give the proper quantity of every Latin syllable, to con-

jugate a verb or decline a noun correctly, and to make no mistake in scanning a line in poetry; but, as for the peculiar beauty or force of any passage, there was little or no attention called to it. In his eyes, his class was peculiarly the *Humanity* class, the special class from which all higher civilization springs—an idea common some three or four centuries ago. He was faithful to his duty, and civil to every student; but it was such a cold distant civility, that the students as a body felt cold and distant towards him. With him we remained three years, reading in Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Tacitus, and Livy.

Professor Alexander, LL.D., had charge of the Greek class. He was a tall, aged man, of a gentlemanly appearance, and affable to his students, especially very attentive to their health, kindly speaking to any one who through sickness had been absent from his class, and sure to recommend him to wear flannels. Though not regarded as a highly accomplished scholar, yet, on account of his kindliness, he was not unloved. With him, some of us remained four years, reading Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Euripides, etc.

The professor who taught mathematics was Mr. Thomas Duncan, M.A., an intimate friend of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. He was a good mathematician, and much loved by the students, whom he treated not only as his scholars, but as if they were his own personal friends. Under him, some of us studied the three years, beginning with the axioms and definitions, and ending with the differential and integral calculus. He was an elderly, good-humoured gentleman, but somewhat absent minded, speaking his native Scotch Doric, and very careless about his dress, rendered all the worse by sometimes rubbing his hands, when besmeared with chalk, upon it. There were many stories current, about his naive eccentricities. Once, after solving a problem on the board, we were led from it to ask him, why the magnetic needle, so necessary to the mariner at sea, did not point due north and always do so, and so be a sure guide to the mariner? "Weel," he replied, "I can only gie you a woman's reason for it. It does it, juist because it does it; and, if ye want a better reason, ye had better ask the Maker o't." He was a bachelor, but perhaps not altogether to blame for being so. It was currently reported that one afternoon, after finishing his

day's work, he went out to the links—the famous golf links of St. Andrews—for a walk, his hands in his pockets, and his clothing more besmeared with chalk dust than usual, when a lady returning from hers drew near to him. He looked up, and, Cupid-struck at once, he blurted out "Mem, will ye marry me?" "Get out, ye impertinent fellow," was the answer, as she rushed indignantly past. When she reached the house of the ladies, with whom she was then staying, she told them how grossly she had been insulted, and described her insulter. "Why," they replied, "that is Professor Duncan, one of the most respected gentlemen in St. Andrews, and, besides, well-to-do. He would insult nobody." That evening, she sent a letter to him, expressing regret for her rudeness to him that afternoon, that she had changed her mind, and would be glad to hear from him again. And next morning came to her the answer—"Ma'am, I've changed my mind too."

The chief subjects of study during the second year were those of Logic, Rhetoric, etc., taught by Professor Spalding, M.A. His constitution, naturally weak, appeared to be much injured by over study. He was the author of a volume on Italian Literature, so full and well digested, that it must have cost him immense research and labor. From being an assistant to Sir Wm. Hamilton, the distinguished Professor of Metaphysics, in Edinburgh, he had been elected to fill the Logic chair in St. Andrews. He was so kindly and respectful to his students, and yet always kept his own place, that we all held him in much esteem and affection. In addition to his valuable lectures, he exercised us thoroughly in the various forms of the Aristotelian syllogism; and, in order to show how far we had profited by his prelections in Rhetoric, we had to give in to him seven pretty long essays on "Criticism of some popular poet, a speech supposed to be delivered before an assembly, a description of the town or village we came from, etc.,"—all of which papers he criticised most carefully, pointing out most faithfully their faults, but delighting to praise their excellences. In his vocation, he was, indeed, both efficient and pleasant.

In our third year, the chief subject was Moral Philosophy, taught by Professor J. F. Ferrier, M.A., a graduate of Oxford. He was in deportment, courtesy and appearance, every inch a

gentleman. He was distinguished by us as the thinker, and his lectures were delighted in, not only for their ingenuity and ability, but also for their eloquence. They were divided into two parts—the Metaphysical and the Ethical. In his ethical lectures, he adhered closely to Bishop Butler's theory—that neither Self-interest, nor Utilitarianism, nor Expediency, but Conscience was the supreme and sole King and Judge of what was right, and that it would reign in every man's soul, if man was not blinded by his own ignorance or evil passions. And, as to the moral precepts of the Great Teacher, Jesus Christ, he exalted them as immeasurably superior to those of Buddha, Seneca or Mahomet, and commended them to us in the warmest and most eloquent terms. Nevertheless, good as were his ethical lectures, it was evident that his metaphysical were those upon which he had expended his chief strength. His metaphysical system was his own, and yet closely allied to the idealism of Bishop Berkeley. He maintained that matter must have a *substratum* to make it exist independently, and that, as it has no *substratum* in itself, the *substratum* must be in the mind's perceiving it. *Esse* is *percipi*. Once we said to him, "Do you mean to say that that tree, which we now both perceive as existing, would cease to exist if neither we nor any other creature was perceiving it?" "No," he replied, but added, "it would continue existing, because perceived by the Divine mind. "In Him," not only "we," but all created things, "live, move, and have their being." He frankly told his class that his metaphysical system, like all that preceded it, would pass away. And why do they all pass away? Because God, man and the universe—the three subjects of metaphysics—are beyond man's comprehension. A little about them we may know, but man's finite mind cannot fully understand the infinite, the eternal, or the essential. And yet metaphysics is not only a noble study, but an excellent discipline for the mind. And if any reader of The McMaster Monthly is metaphysically inclined, we would commend to his notice "Ferrier's Institutes of Knowing and Being."

For the fourth and last year, there was the Natural Philosophy class, taught by Mr. Fischer, a German, a graduate of Cambridge, who had been elected to that position on account of

very high testimonials from his Alma Mater. He was a master of his subject; but, unfortunately for himself and the students, his speech in idiom and pronunciation was a kind of Germanized-English, and the signs which he used in working his problems were the Cambridge signs, different from the signs we had been trained up in. Moreover, in those days natural philosophy was something very different from what it is now represented to be, and was very much undervalued. At any rate, all the natural philosophy we were taught was statics, dynamics, and angles of refraction and reflexion, with some remarks about the mode in which the sun's rays reach our globe. The professor was, doubtless, master of his subject, but, from the disadvantages noted before, his students did not profit as much as they ought to have done.

And, to conclude our notice of the college course, we attended a class of chemistry taught by Dr. Day; and also a course of nine lectures on popular science by Sir David Brewster, rector of the college; but, as both chemistry and science were then but in a very primitive state, they, although gratis, attracted little interest, and were but thinly attended.

In those days also, we fear that the degree of B.A. and M.A. were, especially in the Scotch colleges, not as much prized as they ought to have been. In fact, they were generally regarded but as useless appendages to a student's name; and, as they cost extra labour and money, some, who had the leisure, grudged to give the labor, and others, having more pressing duties, thought it unwise to neglect these duties for the sake of obtaining a useless appendage. Moreover, the standing or reputation of a student then depended chiefly upon his position in the honour list—a copy of which was printed and given at least to every student whose name appeared upon the first, second or third rank of honour.

In regard to exercise and amusements, we had no gymnasium or organized clubs for lacrosse, hockey, or such like thing. Nevertheless, in winter we had skating and snow-balling; and, in autumn and spring, cricket and golfing upon the links, bathing in the sea, walking along the sandy beach, and racing around the beautiful oval green in front of our splendid sandstone college. And then, every Saturday we had the debating

club, where, like young roosters just trying to crow, we tried to soar as high as Cicero or Demosthenes, which, if not to the chicken-orator's own satisfaction, was certainly a great amusement to his audience. And yet, in due time, a fair average of these incipient orators rose to be in the front rank, especially in the Church.

With a few exceptions, the conduct of the students was quiet and orderly. Sometimes, on Hallowe'en, some disagreeable pranks were indulged in, and, of course, the blame was imputed to the students. Again, once we saw an incipient collision between two bands of the town and gown, which was just like the meeting of two strange dogs, that defiantly approach each other, stand gurring and snarling for a few minutes, and then slowly separate, each quite satisfied that, with the gurring, he had duly maintained his own dignity. In college, however, there was no insubordination against a professor; and, as for fagging, jostling, or tossing first-year students, it was totally unknown. On the Sabbath, the attendance of students at the collegiate church, in their own allotted seats, and wearing their red gowns, was good; while those of us who were Dissenters, were allowed each to attend his own church, with the simple order that each appear in his red gown. And a number of the students kept up a weekly prayer-meeting of their own, each in rotation taking charge of the exercises.

Just before dispersing for the year, there was the annual supper, to bid farewell to those who had finished their course, and probably would never appear again within the college walls. We draw a veil over the sad parting scene. And yet, so far as our experience goes, a student's life is one of the most pleasant and profitable. There is a singular fascination in study, in the acquisition of higher knowledge, and in the fellowship of kindred minds. And then, whatever or wherever may be his future lot, yet, in the higher knowledge, memories and activities of his own mind the true student has within himself, if we may apply the poet Keats' words to it, "a thing of beauty" that is "a joy forever."

THOS. WILSON.

P.S.—In a small volume entitled "Universities of Canada, Great Britain and the United States," under the editorship of

our present Minister of Education—which volume was handed in to us by the editor of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY—we find that, in '89, the University of St. Andrews, as well as the three other Scotch Universities, has been re-modelled and now possesses all modern improvements, embracing among others, entrance examinations, examiners, conferring of honors, gymnasiums, etc. Of all these we heartily approve. As regards the Christian ministry, we think that ambassadors for Christ should have the higher education. Does not Scripture tell us that a preacher of the gospel should be "apt to teach," and "not a novice?" Were not the Apostle Paul, Bishop Hooker, Knox, Wesley, Calvin and Luther all highly educated? This, as a law, however, should not be pushed to the extreme. Any law that would have excluded such men as Spurgeon or the Apostle Peter from the ministry, because they had no degree, or had not passed through the full course, would certainly have been a pernicious law, and doubtless there are still some incipient Spurgeons and Peters who, without a full course or degree, under a higher call, are capable of being "fishers of men."

T. W.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MODE, B.A. D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

III.

The recognized leaders of Canadian poetry at the present day are Roberts, Lampman, Carman, and Campbell. They are all young poets, yet their work has been before the public long enough to have won them this distinction. A little volume, however, has lately appeared which must add another to the names of first renown; though the public has scarcely yet had time to form its opinion concerning it, much less to rank it. It is a book which is instinct with a living, insistent message. It is marked by the broadest culture. It possesses the purest faith

and the finest optimism. Its characteristics are sweetness, dignity, earnestness and calm, and a founding on religious faith. As preface Poesy entreats this prayer,—

> "A body of beauty is mine.
> O poet, moulder of me,
> Inbreathe with breathings divine,
> Or body alone let it be."

The volume to which I refer is 'At Minas Basin and other Poems,' by Theodore H. Rand, of McMaster University, Toronto. There is something almost too sacred about these poems to be classed in a general review, or touched by a blunt, unskillful pen; and it is with a sense of all unworthiness that the work is attempted in this paper.

The 'divine' spirit inbreathed into this volume is to be found in its essence, in the little poem, 'I Am,' "I Am, and therefore these," which embodies a most wonderful conception of God, the eternal, beginning and end, author and soul of all; God, hidden in the mysteries of Nature: God, supreme above the activities of man.

> "I am the shimmer of dawn,
> The blush of the rose
> . . . . .
> Am end of the way men grope,
> I am man's bread of life."

This supreme conception has too aspects. There is the nature and the human side.

The sonnet on 'Hepaticas' beautifully expresses the nature aspect. The tiny, pure-faced flowers are likened to a 'troop of cherubs, just emit from the fresh fount of life,' who to all 'listening ears' repeat "Man shall not live by bread alone." They are 'evangelists,' bearing a message, which is to make men "know the beautiful, the good, the true." This sonnet not only expresses the great underlying principle of the spiritual significance of nature, but bears interwoven with it a narrower, but almost equally great thought,—the mission of beauty. It is the *beauty* of the 'child faces sweet' which brings the message, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' The idea of this line is to be found expanded in another poem called 'Beauty.'

> "'Had I two loaves of bread—ay, ay!
> One would I sell and hyacinths buy
> To feed my soul.' 'Or let me die!'"

And to get the full conception of this mission of beauty one passage more must be added. This is from 'The Moonglade,'—

> "This glimmer-dance of moon and wave in plight,
> Across the shifting floor of waters dim,
> Is more than pathway beacon unto him
> Who sails beneath the silvern eye of night;
> Its rays of beauty seek the inward sight,
> Dissolving from the sordid spirit grim,
> Utility's forged bonds, that it may swim
> Buoyant and free unshadowed seas of light."

These two extracts give us the desire of the soul for beauty, and beauty's effect on the soul. The poet's message is this,—Existence is but half of life: with the growth of the body and mind must be growth of the soul; to grow, the soul must be fed; and to this end was beauty put into the world.

Do we grasp the message? Do we realize in it's fulness the divine significance of nature, and the mission of beauty on earth? We know that man is three beings united in one soul,—the 'What Does,' 'What Knows,' and 'What Is,' of which greatest is the 'What Is.' We know that if there is one characteristic more deeply marked than another on this age, it is the spirit of utilitarianism, which holds us in a grip like frost, and the part of our natures which it affects most is the 'What is,' over which it exerts a paralyzing influence. The 'What Is' is the mysterious undefinable *something*, lying at the back of our natures, directing and controlling our activities for good or ill. The whole course of our lives depends on the rectification or perversion of this inner consciousness. Then, if the poet of to-day has one mission above another, it must be to strive to his uttermost to counteract this fatal tendency. It is essentially the poet's task; for the inner consciousness can be touched only through the sympathetic influence of another spirit; and this sympathetic power is the prime quality of poetry. This poet has grasped his mission. It is this ministering to the needs of the age of which Mrs. Browning writes in 'Aurora Leigh,'—

> "Every age appears to souls who live in't
> Most unheroic,—ours for instance,—
> . . . . Poets abound
> Who seem to touch it with their finger tip,
> An age of mere transition, meaning nought.

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world,
A little overgrown, (I think there is)
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age,—this live, throbbing age."

Taking only the significance of that one word 'represent' to be to strengthen, help, uplift, add yet one line to the quotation,—

"This live, throbbing age,
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires—."

and we are brought to the human side of the great conception. In "An Old Fisher's song," we find discussed those dark blots which scar our fair time,—

"Man's grim lust and greed,

Delusions wand . . .
And simpering guile that toys with capital,
And robs the workman of his honest wage,
While like the surgy murmurs of the sea
Sounds out the moan of willing labor's voice
For bread to fill it's famished children's mouths;
The lust of power to sit in place of God
And turn for selfish ends the wheels of fate
Of fellowman."

Man, in his puny human knowledge, grapples with these tremendous problems only to find himself baffled. But here the answer clearly comes,—

"Philosophy of schools, nor science wise,
Nor labor itself, life's secret finds;
'Tis love alone can sheathe the alien sword,
And crown mankind in his own kingdom lord."

And over, and through the discussion, ring like a chime of golden bells, the glad, strong choruses of the simple faith-taught fisherman, of which we bear away the last re-echoing note,—

"It is Love, King of men,
Alleluia, Amen!"

In this paper the thought alone has been touched to the exclusion of the form; which latter is too often the chief excellence of our Canadian poets. But form in its true function is but the lovely dress of a greater thought. And while it is possible to have beauty of form without depth of thought, it is not possible

to have depth of thought without beauty of form. Yet, in passing, a glimpse of this beauty of form may be given in the true, artistic perception and the rhythmic power of expression of the opening lines of "The Old Fisher's Song"—

> "From the broad-shouldered Cobequids we saw
> Prone Blomidon in lotos-eyed repose,
> The immemorial vigil lapst to dream.
> The Basin lay as if in calm of swoon.
> . . . . .
> We saw the sky within a silver pool,
> Like a great vase of lapis lazuli
> Veined with the feathery spray of cirrus cloud,
> While cumuli in spotless beauty bloomed
> Therein—a garden of the gods! And all
> The pool seemed fragrant with a myriad sweets."

Referring once more to the great message of the book, the divine significance of nature (always regarding it as a phase of a higher conception), read this extract from Carlyle:—"Literature, in so far as it is literature, is an Apocalypse of nature, a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named in Fichte's style, a continuous revelation of the godlike in the Terrestial and Common. All true, gifted singers are consciously or unconsciously doing so." This, then, is the rank of this singer. Whether or not this book will be received according to its true worth, remains for time to show. But

> "Whosoever writes good poetry
> Looks just to Art. . . .
> . . . . What the poet writes
> He writes. Mankind accepts it if it suits,
> And that's success; if not, the poem's passed
> From hand to hand, and yet from hand to hand
> Until the unborn snatch it, crying out
> In pity for their fathers' being so dull;
> And that's success too."

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

BLACK ROCK.*

"Because a man's life is all that he has, and because the only hope of the brave young West lies in its men, this story is told." Such is the *raison d'être* that the Rev. C. W. Gordon assigns to the book, recently published by the Westminster Press, under the *nom de plume* of Ralph Connor. "Black Rock, a Tale of the Selkirks," is not only a remarkable book, it is also a significant work. Apart from the intrinsic literary excellence and almost idyllic style of the book, it possesses an extrinsic value in that it is significant of the epoch-making time in which we are living. The political history of Canada, in which a nation is awaking, is paralleled by the stirring of a new-born literary activity, and, amid many other names, all worthy of mention, which of late have come before the reading public, the name of Ralph Connor is worthy of a foremost place.

The story was first published in The Westminster, and ran through the series of publications, gaining more readers and greater commendation as the series progressed. The only blemish that the series of sketches then possessed, for they were most truly characterized as such, was that they lacked a strong, cohesive unity. That defect has, in a large measure, been removed by a re-casting of the material, so that the neat book form in which it is now presented admits of its being regarded as a unified whole.

The book may, I think, be regarded, even by a conservative judgment, as the Canadian counterpart of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." It will be more interesting, I fancy, to the average Canadian reader, because not only is there the tender pathos and kindly humor of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," but there is a Canadian coloring and local warmth that add to the interest of the story.

The scene of the story is laid, as the title betokens, in the Selkirks. It is a story of rough, rude miners, and hardy lumbermen. The characters are drawn by one deeply in sympathy with the men, and aware of the conditions which face them.

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*Black Rock, by Ralph Connor: Toronto, The Westminster Pres .

There is first of all Ralph Connor, an artist, who goes west to paint pictures for a railway magnate. In the West he meets his friend and former class-mate Græme, and is thus introduced to the scenes of which he writes. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the character of Connor, and although in a sense incidental to the narrative, yet his passing from a somewhat apathetic to a strong, intent Christian character is a piece of spiritual evolution of much interest to the reader.

It would be a poor, inadequate presentation of life which did not contain a heroine. In this case the heroine is Mrs. Mavor. With deep wonderful eyes, and a voice that sways the rough hearts of the miners until there is none but is her slave, she is an instance of the good that a true-hearted woman may do. It is a sad story that tells of her loss, and no situation is more intense than where she is described as coming, singing a love song, to where Craig, the minister, stands amid a grief-stricken group around the dead body of her husband.

Craig is the minister, a strong, typal character. A human man he is, with great sympathy for, and faith in, the men who are fighting their hard fight against all the sins and vices of the redundant life of the West. It is under his guidance that the temperance movement in Black Rock culminates in "The League," and with the aid of Mrs. Mavor is set a-going. It is perhaps the natural sequence of events that Craig, the clean-souled, strong-handed, should love and wed Mrs. Mavor.

Then there is Græme, clever, brilliant Græme! He has come to the West from his home in the old manse far away in the East. He has left a dishonored name behind him, but as the story unfolds it tells of his fight with sin; the conquest of faith; the clearing of his name and the visit to the old home, to the mother and the father. Finally, in a chapter all aglow with quiet, intense conviction there is the record of a strong, true, manly confession of a personal faith in the Absolute and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Some of the characters of the miners are most admirably drawn. There is George Crawford, commonly called "Geordie," with his strong Scotch common sense, his narrow insistent orthodoxy, his keen eye to a bargain, and his love for good whiskey. Yet it is Geordie who is tender and loving as a

mother to Billy Breen. No picture is more pathetic or more tenderly beautiful than that where Billy Breen dies. Poor Billy with his poor misshapen body, warped mind and blighted life; Billy, who whilst fighting manfully against his besetting sin—drink—is trapped into his weakness and through it to his death. There is a tender suggestiveness of treatment about the dying scene. Billy says, "Oi hought t'a done better. Oi 'm hawful sorry oi went back on 'Im. Hit was the lemonaide. The boys didn't mean no 'arm, but it started the 'ell hinside." Then, when the last moment comes and the thought of the poor, destitute mother in England troubles the dying man, "My—poor—hold—mother," he whispered, "she's—hin—the—wukus." Mrs. Mavor promises to care for the far-distant, widowed mother. And "Tell 'er," he said with difficulty, "'E's took me 'ome." And all is silent.

Another character of great interest is that of "old man Nelson." His early life had been one of deep, dark sin. Through the efforts of Craig he becomes converted, and from that time is an ardent worker for reform. His is a simple experimental faith in the Christ who has forgiven him. One of the chapters strongest in dramatic interest and pathos is "How Nelson came Home," and relates the story of how Nelson gave his life for Græme and was brought home dead to the children who awaited his coming. After telling of the fight in the gaming house from which Nelson had vainly endeavored to get him away, Græme goes on to tell Nelson's children of their father's death in the hospital. "I can never forget his face as he turned it to Craig. One hears of such things; I had often, but had never put much faith in them; but joy, rapture, triumph, these are what were in his face, as he said, his breath coming short, "You said—He wouldn't—fail me—you were right—not once—not once—He stuck to me—I'm glad he told me—thank God—for you—you showed—me—I'll see Him—and—tell Him—"

I cannot stay to tell of Abe, nor of the rich humor of the situation where he breaks into a torrent of swearing at the defeat the Reform party have sustained at the hands of their opponents. Abe swears, a stream of oaths falling in perfect abandon from his lips, nor does he cease at the first entreaties of Craig, nor can he understand why, if they deserve it, he

should not swear at them. "Yes! yes!" urged Craig; "but that is not our business." "Well! so I reckon," replied Abe, recognizing the limitations of the cloth. "You aint used to it and you can't be expected to do it; but it just makes me feel good—let out of school like—to properly do 'em up, the blank, blank," and off he went again.

Slavin is the innkeeper. Billy Breen's death, accentuated as it was by "Geordie's" stern denunciation, together with the death of his baby, were too much for the morbid conscience of Slavin. His gloomy fears were stirred by his Irish-Catholicism and indulgence in drink, so that ultimately Slavin discards his saloon, and one of the surprises of the book is that he becomes the coffee-house keeper of the League.

There are some typical pictures of Western life; such as a horse-race in which Sandy and Baptiste figure conspicuously; the fight between Slavin and Græme; and the eventful night in which Græme and Connor make a raid on the store of liquor and spill it on the ground. But deep through all the story, and amid all its action and changing scenes there is a pure ethical strain. The book presents a picture of healthy Christian life. Neither Craig nor Mrs. Mavor, nor indeed any of the Christian characters, are prudes; they are strong, whole-souled human beings. They have to fight sin, and they fight it in a strong, brave spirit. Such passages as "I do know that good is good and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same. And I know a man's a fool to follow the one, and a wise man to follow the other," and, lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad," and, "There are great compensations for all losses; but for the loss of a good conscience towards God, what can make up?" are full of strong, healthy sentiment.

After all it is a good book to read, and Mr. Gordon is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his effort. We trust that other works from his pen may yet appear which will do much to depict the conditions and life of this country of ours in which so fast a nation is a-making.

BETA.

A VISIT TO RANGOON.

As the steamer slowly glides up to the Rangoon wharf, whither we are bound, what a strange sight confronts us! A crowd of the dark sons of the Orient throng the landing, awaiting the arrival of the incoming boat. A nearer view shows us that some are very different from others, both in appearance and dress. Here is the haughty Burman, decked in his brilliant turban and gorgeous costly silk skirt wound round his body, while there stands the poor coolie very scantily clad, if clad at all, basket in hand, eagerly watching every movement of the passengers, hoping to have the good fortune of being of some service to some one, and thus earn a few *pice*. Hailing one of the last mentioned class, we will hand him our luggage to place on a *gharry* (closed carriage), in which we will drive to the house.

How quickly night has set in! We shall not be able to see any sights along the way. Ah! here we are turning into our own compound, and there are my mother and father waiting to welcome us. The house naturally looks peculiar to you as we drive underneath it. The houses are built on posts to avoid the dampness during the rainy season, which lasts six months. By coming here this time of year we have just escaped the rains. Here are the stairs leading up to the house. Naturally the house seems rather open and bare at first, for we need to admit all the air available, and the bare feeling is accounted for by the fact that there is no carpet on the floor. A carpet would only be a hiding place for centipedes and scorpions. We have just arrived in time for dinner. I am glad the boy has made some rice and curry to-night, for now you will have a chance to taste the real article. Dear me! the bread is full of ants—and the sugar. Oh! I see! the boy forgot to fill the *chatties* (earthenware saucers in which the legs of the table stand) with water to-day, which of course is necessary to keep the insects away. We eat a good deal of fruit at our meals, for we have a great abundance, and a great variety the year round. No! you need not look so suspiciously at those little lizards overhead, for they are perfectly harmless; in fact we find them very useful in

ridding us of all the small animal life, which we would find very troublesome if left to accumulate.

After our long journey we had better go to bed early in order to have a good rest and be better fitted to enjoy the sight seeing on the morrow. The room to the right is the one you will occupy to-night; perhaps I had better arrange the mosquito curtain for you, as you are not accustomed to it. See! I have tucked the bottom edges under the mattress all around, leaving just this little place clear for you to crawl in, which you can fix afterwards, thus keeping you free from being molested by mosquitos or any reptile or insect which may chance to pass that way during the night. If you should happen to be disturbed through the night by a strange sound, *Tou—tai—rrrrrh*, you need not feel alarmed, it is only a *toutai*, which has made its home in the rafters somewhere, and comes out at night in search of food. I will call you about six o'clock if you do not waken before then. Ah! I thought it would not be necessary, for the incessant caw of the many crows that rise with the first streak of dawn, will almost always waken one until accustomed to the sound. We always have *chota-hazra* (little breakfast) the first thing in the morning, consisting of a cup of tea, some toast and a banana or two, which are exceedingly plentiful all the year round, and then wait till ten o'clock for breakfast proper.

There goes our boy to the bazaar, to purchase the necessaries for breakfast. Let us follow him. For a new comer, at least, the bazaar is a most interesting sight. As the sun is not yet high, I think it would be pleasant to walk there, if you wear your *topie* and take your umbrella. These quarters all around the bazaar are inhabited by Chinese, as you can see by the signs on the doors. Before these, morning and evening, adoration is paid to the departed ancestors whose names are written on the boards. These dead they think are dependent on them for food, clothing, servants, etc., so, cutting out these articles in paper, they burn them before the tablet, thinking their ancestors will receive them in reality in the other world.

But here is the bazaar! What a hubbub! Stalls everywhere. Here is the cloth department. The dealers you see are sitting on the stall, cross-legged, waiting to show you anything

you may desire. Notice the thin texture of the materials, and the gay colouring, for the natives are very fond of colour. Here are beads, jewelry, chatties, anything and everything for sale. The woman just in front of us is a Telegu; her dress is composed of one piece of cloth some eight yards long, wrapped in graceful folds over her body, hanging loosely at some points and tucked in at others to keep it in place, without the use of button, hook or pin. Notice the amount of jewelry she wears, necklaces, earrings (some two or three on each ear), nose rings, bracelets and anklets. The Telegus are really natives of India, but as India is very over-crowded, of late years a great many have come over to this country to find work. That man, buying an umbrella yonder, is a Karen. He is Mongolian in feature, you see, like the Burman; in fact, you would find it hard to distinguish between them at first. Perhaps he has come quite a distance, and will purchase several articles for his fellow villagers before he returns, as they live for the most part in the dense jungle. He cannot make himself understood, and so has called an interpreter to assist him. Near him stands a Bengali woman, somewhat resembling the Telegu we saw. Notice the huge anklets and toe rings.

Now we come to the vegetable and fruit department. There is our boy making his purchases. The Tamil youth at his side is a coolie whom he has hired to carry his parcels, as it is against the custom for him to carry them himself. The man nearing us in yellow garb is a *pohn-gyee* or priest; with his *chatty* which you see him holding, he goes through the bazaar receiving alms from the people. It is needless to say he lives on the very fat of the land, for they deem a gift to the priest a meritorious act. The meat is sold almost altogether by Mahommedans as the Hindu will not touch meat. I have seen these meat sellers try to cheat the people by fixing a sheep's tail to goat's mutton in order to try and assure you it was the genuine article. But it is getting late and we must hasten for we have many things to see yet.

Hi gharry wallah! That large white building to the right, with large dome and small towers, is a Mohammedan mosque; the pool at the side is where they bathe their feet before entering. That pyramidal cone-looking structure, looming up ahead

of us, is the Soolay Pagoda or Burman temple. Numbers of these are erected all over the country, by different individuals for merit's sake. Some relic of Gautema as a tooth or nail, etc. is usually enclosed, which adds to the sacredness of the shrine. Notice how it gradually diminishes toward the summit, and is surmounted by an umbrella spire, which, you see, is covered with precious stones. These *pagodas* are always solid and usually covered with gold leaf, which is presented by the people.

But it is quite time we were returning home. In this pond you will notice the *dhobies* (washermen) are endeavouring to wash our clothes. From the way they are slashing and beating them against the rock, which is placed there for the purpose, you would think they would never be fit to be seen again. But these men never seem satisfied until they can wear a hole in the clothes, which to them seems to insure cleanliness.

Now I know you are quite ready for the breakfast which the boy has prepared for us. Take this fan; no wonder you feel warm, for you are not accustomed to this great heat. We had to place that thin netting all around the verandah, as you see, to keep the crows away, for the minute our back is turned, they fly on to the table, and carry away anything they fancy. After breakfast we always call the servants to worship. We have to have several in this country as you cannot get one man to do anything outside of his own work, for he would then break caste; for instance, you could not induce the boy to draw some water for you from the well, but a *pani wallah* must be hired for that special purpose, as the name implies (water carrier).

Having had a rather late breakfast on account of staying out longer than we had first intended, we shall hardly feel the necessity for *tiffin* (little lunch), which we usually have about 2 p.m. Doubtless you feel like resting now for a little while during the hottest part of the day, but when it gets a little cooler perhaps you would feel like visiting the mills to see the elephants at work. It is a marvellous sight to watch them go down into the water, to procure a log which has been floated there from up the stream, and on bringing it to shore, to see with what accurateness they place them in different piles according to their various lengths. Then after dinner some of the native Christians are going to the *dhobie* quarters by moonlight to hold an

open air service. I am sure you would enjoy going with them if you are not too tired. For the Christians, singing hymns to their weird tunes, in order that the inhabitants may know of their arrival; a black, scantily clad audience quickly gathering around them, squatting down on the ground before them in the moonlight, as they endeavour to tell them the "old, old story" which, alas! to so many is entirely new; all this presents, at least, a very quaint scene. To-morrow I hope to show you some of the mission work that is being carried on in Rangoon among the different peoples.

KATIE W. ARMSTRONG, '01.

(To be continued.)

Editorial Notes.

Various circumstances have hitherto prevented us from making more than passing mention of the changes in our teaching staff and the additions thereto. We take this first opportunity, therefore, to extend a cordial welcome to the gentlemen who have lately joined us, and to express the hope that their work in the University may be not only profitable to us, their co-adjutors, and to the students, but also in the highest degree a source of satisfaction to themselves. Those of us who have been longer on the staff of McMaster University are more and more convinced of the high privilege we enjoy in being permitted to help mould the fresh young life that comes up to the University each year, and to direct it to the pursuit of high and noble ends. Some of the younger members of the staff are not unconscious of the inspiration of daily association with the older members, men whose every-day lives are to us refreshing examples of sweetness and light. Perhaps, too, these find in the enthusiasm and abounding activity of the young men and women about them one source of their own buoyancy and energy of spirit. In any case, however, it is an enviable privilege that we all enjoy, and we can only hope that those who are now joining us as members of the teaching staff may experience the same joy in their work as we are continually finding in ours.

While extending our heartiest welcome to these gentlemen, we may be permitted to make a few personal references to them. Rev.

Elmore Harris is too well known to require any introduction at our hands, but we should be failing in our obvious duty, were we to omit a reference to the unique circumstances of his appointment. Mr. Harris joins our staff as Honorary Lecturer on Evangelistic Methods. In this instance the epithet, honorary, does not mean that Mr. Harris merely graces our staff with his name, or that his lectures are few in number and somewhat perfunctory in character: it is, rather, a recognition of the fact that Mr. Harris has generously placed his services at the disposal of the University without monetary remuneration, and that his work amongst us is wholly a labor of love. Such willing sacrifice of time and energy is quite in keeping with Mr. Harris's well-known reputation for generosity, and it will, we are sure, be its own reward. We are certain that his lectures will be of incalculable benefit to all our students in theology, and that his presence among us will be an inspiration to us all. Mr. Harris has done much for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in Canada, but we doubt if any other work of his will exert such large and ever-widening influence as his lectures in McMaster University.

The addition of Mr. William Houston, M.A., to our staff as Lecturer on History and Economics, will be likewise a source of strength to the University. Mr. Houston is well known in the educational world of Canada, and has been connected with our educational system of Ontario for many years. At the present time he is a member of the senate of the University of Toronto, to which important position he has been successively re-elected by the graduates of that institution. He is also Director of Teachers' Institutes for Ontario. Besides holding these and other positions in the educational world, he has a reputation as a student of History and Economics that proves his entire suitability for the important post he holds in our University. We are glad to welcome him.

We are equally glad to extend a hand of welcome to E. R. Hooper, B.A., M.B, the new Demonstrator in Biology, and to Messrs. Vining, Tapscott, and Menge, Fellows in Mathematics, Moderns and Classics, respectively. The last-mentioned three are all graduates of our own University. By the excellent character of their work as Fellows, they are every day proving the kind of training they received as undergraduates. Dr. Hooper joins us with a splendid equipment for successful service. A son of one of our Baptist pastors (Rev. Dr. Hooper, until lately pastor of Beverley St. Church, Toronto) and a former student of Woodstock College, he has been in touch with our work in McMaster for many years. He believes in our ideals, and is

prepared to work to attain them. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto in both Arts and Medicine, and has had considerable successful experience as a teacher in Collegiate Institutes and in the Toronto Technical School. We are certain that he will prove a worthy successor of Mr. W. H. Piersol, B.A., whose work as Demonstrator was so excellent, and whose resignation we all regretted. With regard to Mr. Piersol we but express the feelings of the Faculty and students when we wish him the highest success in his chosen calling, Medicine.

There have been several changes in the teaching staffs of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges. At Woodstock Mr. H. L. McNeil, B.A., has resigned to take post-graduate work in classics at the University of Chicago. We are particularly glad to observe the desire of so many of our graduates to devote themselves to post-graduate studies. Mr. McNeill's place has been taken by another of our graduates, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A. Mr. Teakles is a fine type of University man and student of classics, and has already made an excellent impression upon Faculty and students at Woodstock. Moulton College has suffered a loss in the resignation of Miss McKay (now Mrs. Harry Stark), but has found a capable successor in Miss Margaret Hutchinson, B.A., a graduate of McGill University and of the Normal College. The department of French and German is now under the charge of Miss Menhennick, B A., an honor graduate of the University of Toronto. Miss Menhennick's ability may be judged from the fact that she is known to have taken one of the heaviest and most brilliant courses in Moderns, and to have been the only one in first-class honors in the department of Moderns in her final year. Miss James, in the Preparatory department, and Mr. F. N. Goble, in Natural Science, are also new members of the staff. It seems a pity that there should be so many changes at Moulton College, but they seem unavoidable.

We are in receipt of two booklets from a friend in Lindsay, one being the list of lectures to be given under the auspices of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute, and the other the programme of the Twenty Club, for the season of 1898-99. By the inauguration of such a series of lectures, the teachers of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute show that they are alive to the responsibities of their position and to the possibilities within their reach of laying the foundation of a generous culture in their students. The citizens of Lindsay have cause for congratulation in the fact that they and their children have the opportunity of attending such an excellent lecture course

as their Collegiate Institute staff are able to present. The following topics and lecturers appear on the list: "The Agricultural Resources of Canada," by Prof. James W. Robertson; "Our Commercial Treaties," by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada; "The Canadian Outlook," by Hon. George E. Foster; "National Finance," by Byron E. Walker, Esq.; and "Some Thoughts on National Defence," by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Smith, lately D. O. C. To attend such a course of lectures is an opportunity which we wish every High School student in Canada might enjoy.

The existence of the Twenty Club is another evidence of the intellectual activity of the citizens of Lindsay. The club meets once a month to discuss questions of social, political, economic, and literary interest. If one may judge by the various topics discussed, one may certainly conclude that the Twenty Club is a source of large benefit to its members. It is encouraging to observe that so many taking an active part on the programmes are university men. By so doing they prove that they did not leave behind the university spirit when they graduated from their respective colleges. The MONTHLY takes pleasure in commending the spirit of the Twenty Club of Lindsay, and expresses the hope that other clubs of similar purpose may spring up all over our land.

Book Reviews.

CONVERSE WITH THE KING.*

One's first impulse in calling attention to this attractive volume of 386 pages is to congratulate the author on the fact that it has reached its fourth edition in so short a time. That fact is the best proof that the book meets a widely-felt want. Such hunger is heaven-sent. Blessed are they who feel it, and blessed, too, he who satisfies it. "Converse with the King" is all heavenly manna. *Converse* implies two persons at least—the King and the King's friend; and it is fitting that when the King is the King of kings, the words of the friend should be few. So we have it here. The King's words taken from the Book of books occupy five-sixths of every page, the other sixth being

*CONVERSE WITH THE KING.—By Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. William Briggs, Toronto. Cloth, $1.00, postpaid.

the soul's response in verse. If that idea of "converse with the King" is well carried out, the volume ought to be one precious to all children of the Kingdom, should it not?

A somewhat careful examination of the book enables us to say with much confidence that the idea is well worked out. A page is given to each topic of this heavenly conversation. The topics are arranged in alphabetical order. Under each are given Scriptures bearing on that topic. These Scriptures are judiciously chosen and logically arranged, so that each page is a brief but very well chosen and suggestive Bible reading. We venture to say that the most intelligent reader will see new beauty in many a familiar text, as he scans these pages. For this reason we can heartily commend the book for private devotion, for individual study, or for family worship. The verses that close each topic are for the most part Bro. Porter's own production, but the standard hymn writers are nearly all represented and not a few of our own Canadian Baptists contribute one or more stanzas. Some of these, such as Mrs. Yule, D. A. McGregor, J. Clark, and Dr. Rand, we are not surprised to see; but it is pleasant to meet the names of two of our missionaries in the list: John Craig, and Katie S. McLaurin. The volume closes with an appendix, consisting of eight poems by the author, full of Christian feeling and aspiration. We most cordially commend "Converse with the King." Wherever it finds a reader it will bring the Word of God, with its light and power. The Lord speed it on its holy mission.

J. H. F.

College News.

F. J. Scott, '99, Miss B. E. Gile, '00, A. C. Watson, '01, Editors.

Professor of Chemistry.—"Students should be able to take their oaths as to the accuracy of their experimental results." Student, with acid-eaten clothes, and amid broken apparatus—"Professor, I am prepared to swear."

Captain Sigsbee Welch, of the Rink squadron, has reported to headquarters another "blowing up of the Main."

For all supplemental wit and humor *vide* our contribution to "The Student."

Rev. T. A. Frost, of British Columbia, was a caller at the University during the first week of December. He left with Prof. Willmott for the mineralogical museum a fine collection of Rossland gold and five nuggets of Klondike gold worth about $10. Messrs. McKechnie, Grant, Welch and Newcomb have also made gifts of British Columbia minerals to the University this fall. Mr. Henry Newman has given a large collection of rare and beautiful insects to the University, and we understand that this valuable contribution is to be supplemented in the near future by a similar gift from the same donor.

Tennysonian.—A regular meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held Friday evening, Nov. 25th. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. E. J. Tarr, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with appropriate remarks. Some novel features were introduced, but these digressions were enjoyed by all whose taste is not over-fastidious. The programme included the following :—Instrumental, Miss L. M. McLay ; Declamation, A. B. Mann ; Song, A. J. Welch ; Declamation, J. A. McLean ; Selection, Harmony Quartette ; Declamation, D. E. Bagshaw ; Instrumental, Miss Throop. Mr. Scott kindly acted as critic, and gave some valuable advice to the Society.

Philosophical Club.—The third meeting of the Club was held November 17th. Short papers were read on the conditions of hope and of difficulty of the Social Problem, by Messrs. Simpson, Baker, Sprague, Nicole, Manthorne, Coltman, Wright and Reekie. A few remarks by Dr. Ten Broeke on the great complexity of the problem and the difficulty of fixing the responsibility for the evils existing, brought to a close an interesting and profitable meeting. At the meeting on December 1st, papers were read by Mr. J. I. Manthorne, B.A., on the organic view of society, and by Mr. J. Hannah, '99, on the application of the view to the actual conditions of society. The organic conception is one that is now dominant in every department of modern thought, and these papers proved very helpful in giving a clear exposition of this important principle. The attendance at the meetings has not been large, and it is to be hoped that more will avail themselves of this chance to pursue this most valuable course of study.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on the evening of Friday, November 18th; and the large and enthusiastic audience which crowded the University Chapel on that occasion showed how keenly are appreciated these occasional musical and literary treats. The most striking feature of the programme was a number of addresses on the lives, characters and achievements of some noted royal ladies. The President, Miss Newman, occupied the chair; and after extending a very cordial welcome to the friends of the League, she spoke in glowing terms of the virtues and works of that "queenliest of queens, womanliest of women," our beloved Queen Victoria. The first number on the programme was a piano duet, Lustspiel Overture, by Misses Hargrave and Gaylord, which was warmly applauded. Miss Nesbit's address on the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria-Hungary, Miss Blackadar's on Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Miss Armstrong's on Queen Esther, and Miss Cohoon's, on Queen Louise of Prussia, were both instructive and entertaining. Miss Gile's reading, "Mary Queen of Scots," was singularly in keeping with the thought of the meeting. A solo, by Miss Flanagan, which was much enjoyed by the audience, an instrumental solo by Miss Carey, and two violin solos, both of which were heartily "encored," by Miss Hilda Davis, completed the programme for the evening. "God Save our Queen" then brought a very successful and enjoyable evening to a close.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University held its second monthly meeting of this year in the chapel on the 15th inst. The attendance was large at each meeting and a deep interest was manifested in the several exercises. The morning session was opened, as the custom is, by a half-hour of prayer and praise, led by the president, Dr. Rand. Spiritual earnestness is always a marked characteristic of this devotional half-hour. The leaders of the various city missionary interests of the Society then gave their monthly reports. They were most encouraging. There seems to be increased attendance and deepening of interest in all the meetings, and at Taylor Street Mission there is an especially gracious work being done among a class of boys, mostly Catholic, who are otherwise destitute of religious instruction. The chief items on the morning programme were a paper, by Mr. J. H. Cameron, B.A., giving a review of the missionary progress of the past year, and reports of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance Convention at Kingston, by two of the delegates, Messrs. W. J. Pady, B.A., and R. Smith. Mr. Cameron ably presented to the meeting many interesting facts and incidents of missionary progress in India, China, Japan, Africa, South America, and the Islands of the Sea. He showed the relation of passing events to the world's evangelization. The Spanish-American war has opened up the hitherto closed doors of Cuba and the Philippine Islands to missionary effort, and the British conquests in the Soudan have done the same thing there. The reports of Messrs. Pady and Smith were full of interest. Dr. Rand said that the former's report of the proceedings was the best resumé he had ever heard. They spoke in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hands of the Kingston friends,

and the gatherings there must have been inspiring, if the enthusiasm of the returned delegates means anything. They informed us that we are to be honored with the presence of the Convention next year at McMaster. Prayer by Dr. Ten Broeke brought this very interesting session to a close, and everyone went away feeling that they had received a blessing.

VERY frequently the columns of the college news department contain reports from our Literary and Scientific Society, but special interest always attaches to the public meetings which are held twice in each college year. On Friday evening of Dec. 2nd, the public meeting of the first term was held. A large number of friends of the students and of the university gathered to enjoy the programme of music, reading and debate. The programme was of a high order. The male quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Riggs, Brownlee and Welch sang Emerson's "The Hunter's Call," as the opening selection, which was well received. The second number was a piano duet, "Overture," by Rossini, excellently rendered by Misses M. A. Bailey, B.A., and Miss Nellie Cohoon, '00. Miss Jessie Dryden, '00, then gave a reading from Longfellow, "The Legend Beautiful." Miss Dryden has frequently helped the Society on former occasions, and her excellent reading of the above selection was highly appreciated. The vocal duet by Messrs. Bryant and W. Welch received an encore, which was responded to by Mr. Welch singing a solo. The Society was very fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Lester Riggs, of Woodstock College, whose rendering of two clarionet solos was most exquisite. Of course the boys could not let Lester off without making him feel how much they were pleased with his handling of the instrument, and both times he was forced to return by the continued clapping and calling of "encore." The main event of the programme was the debate, subject, "Resolved that England is justified in proclaiming a protectorate over Egypt at the present time." The affirmative was led by E. W. Parsons, '99, supported by L. H. Thomas, '99. The negative was led by J. D. McLachlin, '99, supported by T. H. Cornish, '00. Notwithstanding the excellent speeches of the affirmative, the negative gave more excellent speeches from a debater's view point. Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C., who had kindly consented to act as judge, gave an able and interesting summing up of the arguments, and decided in favor of the negative. Mr. Thomson was then offered the thanks of the Society for his kind services. The President, Mr. A. M. McDonald, and his colleagues deserve great credit for the success of the evening's programme. "Thy Praises McMaster" brought the meeting to a close.

THE evening of Saturday, Dec. 3rd, was a joyful one for McMaster and her friends, for it was the occasion of a "glorious victory" in inter-college debating. "That the Permanent Retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States would be Advantageous both to the United States and the Philippines," was the resolution upon which this, the second of the series of inter-collegiate

debates, was contested, between Osgoode Hall and McMaster University. Messrs. H. R. Smith and Anson Spotton, B.A., of Osgoode, spoke on the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and S. E. Grigg, of McMaster; Dr. Badgeley, Provost Welch, and Mr. Emerson Coatsworth, Jr., were the referees; the field of battle was the platform of Osgoode Convocation Hall. McMaster men, and ladies, too, turned out *en masse* to hear the debate and cheer their champions on to victory. Some rousing college songs filled in the short delay before beginning the programme; the regular business of the Osgoode Society was then speedily transacted, after which Mr. Matchin favored the audience with a baritone solo.

The debate was then opened by Mr. Smith, who argued that the United States, because an Anglo-Saxon nation, would be a successful colonizer, and would also respect constitutional principles. After answering some anticipated arguments, he concluded by showing that by the retention of the Philippines the United States would enjoy the advantages of having an outlet for emigration, a basis of military supply, and a centre of commercial activity. Mr. Cohoe then opened the debate for the negative. After dealing with the previous speaker's arguments, he pointed out the enormous disadvantage to the United States in supplying an army to subdue, then another army and a civil service to control, the Philippines; in the ravages of disease upon American troops; and in the vulnerability of this added territory, entailing, as it would, the enormous expense of added armament and increased pension list. American merchants would reap no benefits, as trade with the Philippines could not be exclusive; cheap labor would be brought into the American market, which would at once be disastrous to the American employee; and finally, by mingling in European affairs, the United States would never be free from real or threatened war and its attendant evils.

Mr. Spotton dwelt upon the moral obligation which rested upon the United States to retain the islands, since, as he showed, it would be advantageous for the latter to be retained. It was the duty, he said, of America, as a strong and civilized nation, to uplift her degraded sisters. The Monroe Doctrine he considered petty and selfish. The Philippines would be peaceful under American rule, but would be torn by civil strife and become the prey of stronger nations, if left to themselves. The United States was the only power in a position to colonize the Philippines, and therefore, again, morally obligated to do so. The United States would be able, too, by retaining the Philippines, to control the trade of China. Mr. Grigg argued that the United States would lose prestige by departing from her stated determination to fight only for justice, not for territory. The Monroe Doctrine has proved a "mighty fortress" for the United States, and should not now be abandoned. By annexing the Philippines she would become very vulnerable, and would also suffer from being complicated in European politics. Annexation would have a baneful influence on the public, moral and social life of the nation; militarism would come to blight the national life. The assertion by the affirma-

tive of the United States' ability to successfully colonize was answered by Mr. Griggs' concluding reference to their signal failure in the case of Alaska. After the leader of the affirmative had made a brief reply, the referees withdrew to make their decision. In the interim Mr. Matchin gave another solo, which was heartily encored, and Mr. Brophey, of University College, gave a recitation, "The Spring Arm," which was enthusiastically applauded. The referees then gave their decision, which was in favor of the negative. The report was received in good part by the young lawyers, and with boundless enthusiasm on the part of the McMaster men. After a vote of thanks had been extended to the referees, the national anthem sung, the assembly broke up.

INTER-YEAR MATCHES.—

"Slush, rush, crush and
Again we're after the prizes."

Football enthusiasm, owing to the successful season of our football club, and the kind interest taken in us by the Board of Governors and Ryrie Bros., is no longer a past myth, but a present reality. Although late in beginning our inter-year matches this season, and though the weather was unfavorable, yet great interest was manifested by the students. Emulation, the mother of inter-year football enthusiasm, reigned with pristine power. When the games are scheduled, and the referees chosen, the shrill shriek of the whistle brings forth for the first game the doughty Theologs. and "Naughty One." The snow lies six inches deep, soft, and inviting, and well it does, for many a time it receives in close embrace a disciple of "Calvin" or "Canis." After an eventful and exciting hour, during which the theological forward line makes a very brilliant rush, the score stands 5-1 in favor of the sophomores. And now with the yell of "Wager your ducats on the Old Guard," ninety-nine and the freshmen line up. The hot blood and agility of the youngsters (?) is soon in evidence. First Walker and then Zavitz shoots a goal, next Thomson scores for '99. The game becomes more interesting. Immediately after half time the freshmen make a grand rush; another goal, score 3-1, against '99. "I'm afraid for their ducats," whispers a sympathizer from the grand stand. Positions are changed on the senior team, the tide turns. Hotter and faster grows the fray. Thomson takes a cramp, Hannah, bulwark of the team, is down,

"But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
Play up! play up! and play the game,
And they all play the game."

Another goal for the seniors, 3-2. Then Thomson scores 3-3. Zavitz prays for night and Blucher. Both come to help the enemy. Another noble rush, Simpson centres, Reid scores. The freshmen feelbly gasp, and the whistle blows. Score 4-3. Then cheers for the victorious, and the day is lost and won. The next match between '99 and '00 was long and interesting, at the end the score stood 2-2. To complete the series the winners of this match should have played off with '01,

but owing to the unprecedented fall of snow, the interesting competition had to cease pro. tem. However, it will, we hope, be brought to a satisfactory issue, in the near future.

THE social season of McMaster University opened this year by the Rally of Class '01, which was held on Dec. 6th, when Mrs. Bailey very kindly placed her pleasant home at the disposal of the Sophomores. A good programme interspersed with Topics added much to the pleasure of the evening. The Literary part consisted of a well-rendered recitation by Miss Nesbitt, an oration on "Courage," by Mr. Coumans, and a humorous account of the Class history by Mr. Mann. Instrumental music was rendered by Misses Bailey, Clemens, Cohoon and Blackadar, and vocal music by Miss Lick and Messrs. Coltman and Torrie. At the conclusion of the programme, dainty refreshments were served, and after a short time spent in pleasant conversation, the evening of our second Rally of Class '01, closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE regular meeting of the Theological Society was held on the evening of Dec. 8th, President Pady in the chair. The main feature of the evening was a report by Dr. Goodspeed, of the Baptist Congress recently held in Buffalo. In his opening remarks the Doctor indicated the purpose and province of the Congress. It exists for the discussion of religio-historical and religio-scientific problems. It is endowed with no authority in denominational matters, nor represents officially any baptistic organization. The speaker dealt with only three of the main topics that had been discussed at the Congress. I. "Man's Fall and Redemption in the Light of Modern Evolution." Special reference was made to Dr. Strong's paper, in which he found in evolution God's *method* of accomplishing certain ends; but his definition of evolution differed widely from the purely scientific one. Dr. Boardman sought to reconcile the scientific and Biblical accounts of the creation and the fall of man, but he evidently sacrificed too much of what God has said to make room for what man would say. Dr. Peabody subordinated everything to his theory of evolution, and this in spite of the logical conclusion therefrom that the fall of man was upward. II. "On What Ground do we Accept the Books of the Bible as our Bible?" was the next topic discussed. Papers were read by Profs. B. O. True, D D., of Rochester, Geo. E. Merrill, D.D, of Newton, and an address was given by Rev. Geo. Ferris, Tarrytown, N. Y. Dr. Merrill showed that the books of our Old Testament Canon constituted Christ's Bible, therefore received his divine imprimatur, and are to be accepted without hesitation. III. Among the speakers on the subject of "How Far Can the Truth of Christianity be Stated in Terms of Naturalism?" were Drs. Foster, of Chicago, and Clarke, of Hamilton, N. Y., both formerly professors of McMaster. In discussing this question much was found to depend upon the definition of "Naturalism." On the whole the Congress numbered very able and earnest men, and was highly profitable to all. Dr. Newman, who read a paper at the Congress, then stated that the Congress might have been better had the

more orthodox class been represented. Rev. Geo. Cross, B A., an old student of McMaster, and recently returned from his studies abroad, was listened to gladly as he spoke a few words.

'99 RALLY.—On Friday evening, Dec. 9th, Class '99 held its annual rally at the residence of Mr. D. E. Thomson, Queen's Park. This is the last time that the famous class will meet in this capacity, but notwithstanding the gloom which such a realization brought, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the entertainment and hospitality Mr. and Mrs. Thomson so graciously offered. The evening was favorable, and even the spacious home of our host and hostess was well filled with ladies and gentlemen. The President, Mr. Peter MacGregor, of Chilliwhack, British Columbia, spoke in eloquent periods of our Class' experience, and presented to Mrs. Thomson a bouquet of flowers as a slight token of our gratitude and esteem. The game of the evening was then indulged in, which was a photo. war between the Spaniards and Americans. Without explanation of the forces and tactics of this war, suffice it to say that the Spaniards were victorious. During the evening, the President called upon Chancellor Wallace to make a few remarks. The Chancellor, who is a member of Class '99, but who, we fear, will not be graduated with us, as he evidently intends to "skip exams.," spoke words of encouragement. Mr. Harold Grant, the Prophet, then prophesied. We have great regard for Mr. Grant's prophetic gifts. He did not soar into the realm of the wildly imaginative, but remained in the realm of the probable. Mr. Faulkner, as a representative of the other classes, conveyed good wishes to Class '99. Chatting, laughing and luncheon filled out the remaining part of the evening, and it was with a sense of gratitude to the parents of our own Arthur Thomson that we wended our way *homeward* (?).

MON! I was ower tae the Tennysonian Societie Friday nicht gone, an' we a' hed a braw time o't. "The Bruce," a Heilandman frae the North, was in the chair, an' ca'd aff the pieces ane aifter the ither. First four fellows were ca'd up, an' sang "The Jolliest Boys Alive," an' a cudna but think thet tha maun be the McMaster laddies. Next Wilson McDonald read a poem o' his own, an' eh mon! but it was *fine*. I've speired aboot the chield, an' a find he's a lad o' pairts. Then Mr. Bryant sang a' alane, "Brak the News tae Mither," an' losh he warbled like a bird. Noo came a debate, atween Watson an' Walker on the ane han', an' McKerricher an' Stewart on the ither. The first twa laddies claimed thet when ony mon gangs tae schule, he gangs to study only, an' the ither twa sed thet he's the better o' mixin' up wi' the Societies an' sic like. Weel tha went on, an' ilka ane got sae lang to speak, after which the Chairman sed thet Ian McNeill wad say which pair hed the best o't. Whiles he was making up his mind, Torrie an' Coltman sang tegither, "Lucky Jim," Coltman thrummin' on a box wi' his fingers the while. Then the judge sed, that takin' a' things into his conseederation, he wad gie the debate tae Meester McKerricher an' Meester Stewart.

At the close of the football season, brought about so abruptly by the early snow, the Atheletic Association, having in view the development of McMaster's genius for hockey, and the pleasure of those who love the king of winter sports, with characteristic energy set about the establishment of a rink. Through the efforts of Mr. R. C. Matthews, the indefatigable President of the Association, the University Grounds on Bloor Street were secured for that purpose. A general manager in the person of Mr. G. R. Welch was appointed, and with him a large and efficient Committee. Work was begun on the 9th inst., when a rink 175 feet long and 150 feet wide was staked out. This was covered with "the beautiful" to the depth of nearly a foot. The problem was how to dispose of it. This was solved by the sporting enthusiasm of the student-body of McMaster rising to the occasion. Armed with shovels the latest improved, brigade after brigade, led on by captains whose ambitions knew no defeat, they advanced upon the position, and ere many hours had elapsed, the field was clear. Then came the division of the spoils. The devotees of hockey were content to dwell in the south of the land, occupying all that territory contained within 80 x 150 feet. The remainder forms the rink general, of McMaster and her friends. As far as weather will permit, the rink will be kept in the best condition possible throughout the season. All modern appliances, such as cloak rooms, electric lights, etc., etc., will add to its convenience and popularity. We trust that on many occasions the music of the ringing steel, accompanied by the joyous laughter of happy youths and merry maidens, may tone up the monotony of student life until it becomes a pleasure never to be forgotten.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

Mr. "Tap" Frost paid us a flying visit a short time since.

Basket Ball is booming. Several matches have been played, and so far the Fourth Year hold the championship.

The Rink Committee are discharging their duties faithfully, and the rink will doubtless soon be in shape. Hockey prospects are good.

Dr. McLay now gives the College a clean bill of health. A short time ago many were suffering from colds, but now the physician's call-book is having a rest.

The shadows of Xmas exams. are hovering over the College Halls, bringing exceptional industry and application beneath their shade.

THE Mock Trial of a few weeks since resulted in the defendant, W. C. Wickett, being fined $5000, and being sentenced to deprivation of all feminine society except under the chaperonage of some married master.

WE feel justly proud of the prowess shown by our foot-ball team in their contest with McMaster IInd., on Thanksgiving Day. A score of 2-0 satisfied even the most ambitious. The college steward, Mr. Cray, was equal to celebrating the occasion adequately, and a fine oyster supper was served shortly after the team's home-coming.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

WE are glad to have with us this evening, (12th inst.) Dr. Dadson, the President of the Board of Directors of the Mission, and Rev. E. Bosworth, Field Secretary. When such men as they are interested in any object, it means that such an object is worthy of a permanent place in the thoughts of every Christian. May God send more such men who will take this work so much at heart as they do.

WHAT would we do without the "Gym"? Never before has it been so well patronized. Athletes are numerous, amateurs are zealous. We hope, however, that while they are developing muscles, none of them will ever leave us to go and join Barnum's circus, and thus try to make a mark in the world. We, also, hope that the punching bag will not kindle pugilistic fire in them, or stir up pugilistic blood in their veins, lest departing they should leave behind them fistprints on their comrade's nose.

ONCE more exams. are staring us in the face, and now is the season for "plugging." It cannot be said that many are looking forward to these with pleasure. But the comforting thought, that after a long week of hard toil, there follows nearly two weeks of perfect rest, is a source of encouragement in this difficult work. We are pleased to say that among our boys this year are many who see the necessity for hard work, and who will by no means come out last in their classes.

A BRIGHT entertainment was held at the Grande Ligne Church on December 6th. The programme, which was prepared for the benefit of the church, consisted of singing, lectures, and gramophone recitations, all of which were followed by a dainty supper. The whole affair was very interesting, and a large number of people were present. All the Institute students attended with few exceptions. Although these exceptions had made the necessary arrangements to attend, they thought it wise to substitute this pleasure by hard study. This they did in a truly stoical manner. After the programme came the long-looked-for social time, in which everyone made it a point to take part.

Here and There.

W. B. Tighe, '99, Editor.

Though the Bible is the most widely translated of all books, it is said that there are still 3,000 languages into which not even fragments of it have been done.—*Ex.*

Beginning with 1902 no one will be admitted to the law or medical departments of Western Reserve University who has not taken at least the junior year at college.—*Ex.*

Sixty per cent. of the brainiest men, Americans who have risen to prominence and success, are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside their States.—*Ex.*

We are glad to welcome back to our table, and to place once more upon our exchange list, the *King's College Record*, which by some means we have not seen for a considerable time. It is gotten up in its usual good style.

The Christian student stands on a lofty, proud eminence. ' He occupies the only position commanding the excellencies of earth and heaven. He occupies the only proper, the only enviable position in the sight of good men."—*Reveille.*

DREAMS.

Sweet dreams of the day
Come, bear me away
Where the mind roams unfettered and free ;
Where the blooms ever new
Are drooping with dew,
And the gossamer's aye on the tree !

Restore me once more
The scenes that of yore
Filled my soul with hope and with glee.
The faces of friends
That memory lends,
Bring a strength to life ere they flee.

The shades of the dead
With ethereal tread
Glide in from the dim misty sea ;
And with magical reed
Stay Time in its speed,
And force him to leave them with me.

—*University Monthly.*

DE ALUMNIS.

We who remain always follow with unabating interest the careers of those, who, having ended college preparations, go out from our halls to link arms henceforth with the serious realities of life. There are some incidents in these careers that we welcome with an interest born of expectancy, and which appeal to us as occasions of more than ordinary congratulation. Such an event was that of September 14th, 1898, when Rev. Llewellyn Brown, M.A., formerly editor of "Here and There" took as his bride Miss Hattie Jean McLay, eldest daughter of Dr. A. McLay, of Woodstock, and sister of our lecturer in English. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, where her pastor, Rev. R. R. McKay, assisted by Rev. J. G. Brown, officiated. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Bertha McLay, '00, as the bridal party took their places. The groom was supported by Rev. D. Brown and Mr. W. S. W. McLay, of McMaster University, while the bridesmaids were the two sisters of the bride. Almost eighty guests gathered to do honour to the occasion, and leave their blessings with bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are now settled in their own pleasant home in the parsonage of Grimsby, Ontario, where their work and worth will ensure them the truest success of life. We commit them to a life of usefulness and honorable service, with the blessing of The Monthly resting upon them.

It is with very great pleasure that we announce the marriage of Miss Annie M. McKay, B.A., sister of Professor McKay, to Mr. Harry L. Stark, of this city. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, London, on Wednesday, Oct. 19th, Rev. Charles A. Eaton, of Bloor St., Toronto, officiating, assisted by Rev. W. J. McKay, of Stratford, and Rev. R. R. McKay, of Woodstock, brothers of the bride. A large number of guests were present from Toronto and other places, including several from the University. Miss Mabel Stark acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. George Stewart, of Guelph, attended the groom. The bride belongs to the Class of '94, a class that has the distinction of being the first to graduate from McMaster. Since graduation she has been on the staff of Moulton College, as teacher of mathematics, and has thereby had many occasions to show her interest in her Alma Mater, which opportunities she has not failed to accept. She was very popular with both faculty and students, endearing herself to the latter, especially, not only by her ability and enthusiasm as a teacher, but also by her unaffected, cheery friendliness and ready sympathy and interest in all that concerned their welfare. They all unite with her hosts of friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stark a happy and useful wedded life.

On June the 22nd, the Rev. G. H. Sneyd, '97, was united in marriage to Miss Nellie H. Simpson at the residence of the bride's father, Drumbo, Ontario. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. M. Leehy, of Gobles. After a short trip to the West, Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd returned to their home in Fonthill, where Mr. Sneyd is pastor.

On September 20th, at the bride's home in Tayside, Ontario, Rev. A. J. Darroch, '96, pastor of the Baptist Church at Flesherton, was

married to Miss Jessie McDermid of Tayside, by the Rev. J. Robinson, of Dominionville. The newly married couple returned at once to their home in Flesherton.

On the 21st of August last, our old friend Rob Routledge of the class of '95, was married to Miss Sarah McConnel. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Brant Township, County of Bruce, Ontario, and was performed by the Rev. Jas. Grant, of Ingersoll, assisted by the Revs. J. A. Bantan and John McKinnon. The students of McMaster are particularly interested in this, not only because Mr. Routledge was very popular here, but because he with Rev. A. B. Reekie, another McMaster man, are the first Protestant missionaries to Bolivia, South America Mr. and Mrs. Routledge sailed from New York on September 24th, and late accounts report them at Oruro, where they were just beginning to grapple with the difficulties of the Spanish language. Our best wishes and earnest prayers follow Rob and his wife to their far away home.

At the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., a quiet wedding took place on July 18th. Mr. J. W. Russell, '95, was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Clarke, sister of one of our graduates, G. Herbert Clarke, M.A. Mr. and Mrs. Russell are now residing at Woodstock, where Mr. Russell is teacher in the College.

To all these the Monthly extends hearty congratulations, and the kindest wishes for future happiness.

A number of McMaster graduates are pursuing advanced courses across the border. Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, '96, who completed his M.A. course last year, and who was for some time teacher of science in Moulton Ladies' College, and Lecturer in chemistry in the Dental College, is taking post-graduate work at Harvard. The University of Chicago, however, claims the largest number. Mr. R. D. George, '97, another scientist who took M.A. work here last year, is studying in that University, as well as being Fellow in geology. Mr. H. H. Newman, '96, who last year was on the staff of DesMoines College, is at the same place taking post-graduate work. Mr. H. L. McNeill is taking classics there also.

The Mulberry Club Book.—Some time ago we received a little volume of verse from the Mulberry Club of the University of Chicago, but until the present have been unable to notice it in these columns. In its mechanical make-up it is a good example of the printer's craft. It is printed on antique type with decorated initials on hand-made, deckle-edged paper, with a tastefully decorated title-page. Its whole outward appearance is a credit to the taste of the young ladies and gentlemen forming the Club. The following note printed at the end of the volume will give our readers information regarding the Club and its aims :

The Mulberry Club is a group of verse-makers, nearly all of whom are students in the University of Chicago. When of a Saturday morning the spirit moves thereto, those that will, repair to the south side of the Pine-tree Isthmus, an idyllic spot in Arcady, which borders on Bohemia but is farthest from Philistia. Here no emporium

chimney can be seen—the pines take care of that!—the water is blue to north and to south, the forest is thick to east and west. The rules of the club are few but inexorable: 1. The club shall meet not regularly, but occasionally. 2. Each member shall read to the others his latest verses, and read them twice without reprieve. 3. The Sacrosanctum Yprocas Theologicum Mori shall be quaffed.

Concerning the poems contained in the book it would be trite to say that no one of them is a great poem: it is simple justice to say that the members of the Club have good reason to feel satisfaction at the excellent quality of their verses. Indeed, one may fairly go farther and say that the verses here printed are above the average of college verse, and would bear comparison with not a little of the verse appearing in more pretentious magazines than college publications. The verse of young writers is too often pessimistic and cynical, qualities generally mere affectations to youth, or it is mere humorous jingle. The verses in this volume do not contain a line of cynicism, and the one example of humorous verse is not out of keeping with the generally excellent tone of the volume. If we were to express our opinion concerning the members of the Mulberry Club as formed by a perusal of what they have written, we should be inclined to say that they are young men and women whose hearts are right, whose feelings are unsullied by the corroding cynicism of this *fin-de-siècle* age, and whose outlook on life is hopeful and wholesome. Their Club and its volume of verses are a credit to their Alma Mater. We shall take the liberty of quoting from time to time some of their poems.

Duelling has shown a new development in Germany. The university student is no longer content with disfiguring the noses, chins, and cheeks of his friends to avenge supposed insults, or with gaining the glory of scarification himself. He aspires to greater enterprises, and is determined no longer to stand the tyranny of his professors and examiners. The President of the Berlin University had the misfortune the other day to plough a student in an examination for the twelfth time. This candidate for academic honors resolved no longer to tolerate such repeated insults, and forthwith sent the President a challenge by a fellow-student. The President, however, refused to comply with the polite request of pistols for two and coffee for one, or of swords and bolsters in the park in the early morning. But he has not sent the bloodthirsty undergraduate for a change in the country, as he might well have done. The students of Berlin have dubbed the Professor a coward. But the German press thinks that his decision not to accept the challenge is, on the whole, justified. They argue it would never do for the undergraduate at a university to be able to appeal to arms if ploughed in an examination. And there is certainly something from the Professor's side to be said for this view.—*Westminster Gazette.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1899.

GIRDED LIVES.*

My greatest difficulty in view of appearing before you on this occasion was the choice of a subject that would be at once suitable and suggestive. Whether I have been happy or otherwise in my selection I leave you to prove. I swept the wide expanse for some time, as Noah's dove must have done, finding no room for the sole of my feet. For weeks I could discover nothing that was not soddened. As the day drew painfully near, I descried upon the bosom of the troubled waters a floating branch upon which some fruit remained, which, although not as fresh and luscious as I could wish, was the best that I could find.

I mean to speak to you on "Girded Lives." The imagery is not unfamiliar. It was the custom in Eastern lands to gather up loose robes and fix them firmly around the loins when any duties requiring agility of movement or physical exertion were in demand. The Apostle Peter in addressing the elect of the dispersion urges them "to gird up the loins of their mind." The mind is like a raw recruit until it is brought under rigid discipline. It is like a colt unbroken or an ox unaccustomed to the yoke. The first necessity with a view to efficient mental action is the girding up of the intellectual powers. The rarest natural

*Address delivered at McMaster Hall, on Founder's Day, Dec. 22nd, 1898.

endowments will prove of doubtful utility if this is not attended to. Even genius cannot do its best work without culture. The greatest masterpieces of art, of architecture, of literature, of mechanics, are not the productions of immaturity. Men and women may be born with remarkable gifts, with special and distinguishing aptitudes, but the best results are secured by taking what nature has affluently bestowed, and using every known means for its development. The sweetest voice needs to be trained, the keenest intellect needs to be disciplined, the most efflorescent imagination needs to be brought under careful culture before their best work is possible. The men and women who have swayed eager multitudes with their voice or pen have been, with very rare exceptions, those who diligently cultivated the gift that was in them. It was not a wild undisciplined genius that produced these creations of oratorical effectiveness or those soul-captivating harmonies that have commanded an undisputed place in the admiration of the ages. The speeches of Gladstone, by which the English-speaking world was often led to change its front on momentous issues; the addresses of Beecher delivered in England during the war of the rebellion, when mighty audiences first execrated, then patiently listened and finally wildly cheered; the mellifluous sweetness of Adeline Patti's matchless voice when singing some simple song of love or home, all bear witness not merely to the possession of splendid natural gifts, but to the importance of the very highest culture. The tongue could never accomplish such feats of persuasive eloquence, nor the voice produce such irresistible harmonies, nor the intellect play so distinguished a part were it not for the rigid and thorough discipline to which they had been subjected. Soil does not more truly need cultivation to insure its productiveness than does the human soul. The strings of an instrument do not more absolutely demand skilful fingers to screw them into concert pitch than does the soul educative ministries to fit it for high achievement.

I appreciate the inestimable value of a trained mind. I appreciate it all the more because the facilities were comparatively crude and meagre in my early days and in my little country. Blessed are ye young men and maidens of this land and century, for the fairest avenues of intellectual acquisition

and possibilities are open to you. In no age or country have the advantages been greater. A new world of inconceivable affluence is laying its treasures at your feet. It is a great thing to have a girded mind. The value of a liberal education cannot be easily estimated.

My subject, however, is not the girded mind, but the *girded life.* It does not pertain to the intellect in any exclusive sense, but to the whole man. The education that leaves out the heart is necessarily defective. The girded life means the man in the entirety of his being and in all the complexity of his endowments harmoniously developed. There is something of far greater value than genius or learning in determining the future. It is character. Mrs. Humphrey Ward puts this excellent criticism upon the lips of one of her personages, "No, we don't lack brains. All the same, I tell you in the whole of that room there are about half-a-dozen people, oh, not so many—not nearly so many, who will ever make a mark even for their own generation. Why? Because they have every sort of capacity, every sort of cleverness, and no character."

Character is the determining quality in manhood. You cannot be at your best in any line of achievement or pursuit without character. Education fails, genius fails, everything fails to produce the finest results without character.

What does a man need to become a great artiste? An æsthetic culture of the most finished kind—an eye trained to distinguish colors and to appreciate harmonies, and a hand able to transmit with exquisite accuracy all that is seen and felt to the responsive canvas. Is that your answer to the question? Surely it is incomplete. A man can never be a really great artiste upon whom the inspiration of the Almighty has not fallen.

What is necessary to the highest musical effectiveness? A voice naturally well toned, set to the key of sweetest melody, and trained to the last degree of perfection in articulation and expression? Nay, that is not enough. There must be soul—a something that neither art nor genius can command.

And what of preaching? In no sphere of human activity does the highest effectiveness necessitate character so absolutely. A man of narrow sympathies can never be a power in the pul-

pit. He may be a successful lawyer or physician, or college professor, but he cannot be a preacher whose influence is at all extensive. He can better afford to be deficient in head than deficient in heart. Less professionalism and more manhood is what is needed to make the pulpit a power. You may gold medal a man (says Joseph Parker) and certificate him, and double first-class him up to the fullest extent of the power of all the universities in creation, but if the people do not detect in his voice a tone other than earthly, they will reject him and his gold medals, and leave him in the barren company of his ornamental certificates. "The preacher must be a man—a full man, especially in those things which are farthest removed from selfishness and nearest in alliance with divine love." Whitefield's sermons have not sufficient merit in them to command a reading, and yet he held mighty audiences in rapt and eager interest listening to them. No one would dream of representing Mr. Moody as a great thinker. He says very little that is above the average, certainly nothing that is strikingly original, yet people will go by the thousand to listen to him. There is an element in all true preaching which is indefinable. I don't know that it could be expressed in words; all I know is that I feel it in the man who is a real minister of life to my soul. It generates power as a summer atmosphere does fragrance. A sermon, however excellent, is largely ineffective without it. It is a kind of spiritual afflatus in which the energies of the preacher are baptized. It is love melting into tenderness. It is sympathy sitting at the well-springs of the soul, making thought and expression come forth upon the audience with a subtle pathos that must be felt to be understood. Call it what you please, it is impossible to really preach effectively without it. It inheres in the utterances of the true preacher as the spirit of poetry does in nature or odor in a flower.

The girded life is impossible without a moral and spiritual quality. An Englishman once witnessing Daniel Webster's massive brow, remarked to a friend, "That man's brain is a cathedral." Paul says to the Corinthian Christians, "Ye are the temple of God." The cathedral must become a temple before there can glow upon the altars of its service the fires of an enthusiasm which will never go out. Genius must be touched

with divinity to become immortal. "Genius by herself always misses the mark on the door of destiny by just a little. Intelligence never touches the exact spot though she knows there is a secret spring." Character is the eternal thing—the glorifying quality in the girding of human life.

The girded lives of the past have been the potential factors in all social and national development. All that is of real value in our civilization has come to us from this source. The statesmen, the preachers, the philosophers and poets of other ages have entered into the life-blood of this, and they will continue to reproduce themselves in ages yet unborn. What are England and America to-day but the blossoming and fruitage of this marvellous sowing? There is a sense, and a very true sense, in which such men as Luther and Cromwell, Washington and Pitt, Wellington and Chatham, Milton and Shakespeare, Knox and Calvin, Whitefield and Wesley are living still. They so impressed themselves upon their age that the ages speak their praise. Their virtuous lives and noble deeds invested them with an immortality that defies oblivion. Amid the ravages of inexorable time they remain impervious to the touch that withers and the breath that blasts. They so grandly lived and wrought that generations catching the inspiration they awakened, rise up to call them blessed. They left such a legacy of enriching thought and still more enriching virtues to the world that they have become enshrined in the affections of succeeding ages. They caused a flood of stimulating and healing life to flow, of which we gladly drink, and in whose magic streams we refresh our energies for the higher experiences and activities which open before us. They sit on thrones more regal and wear upon their brows diadems more sparkling than the proudest kings. They are by universal recognition the uncrowned monarchs of the world, determining its character and swaying its destinies more truly than they did when they lived and wrought amid its sublunary conditions.

In the same way the girded lives of the present are to impress and influence the future. It is no small responsibility to be linked with such an ancestry. We must live worthy of the great souls that have been the creators of our civilization. We owe it to our age and to the ages to transmit the rich heritage

which we have acquired of character and influence unimpaired if not improved. What shall the coming centuries say of us whose privileges and opportunities have been so great? What shall the verdict of the future be upon our life and work? I am afraid sometimes to indulge even in conjecture. There are signs of degeneracy which awaken anxiety and apprehension. Alas, alas! if the coming ages shall be morally weakened by our example. The blood of the best life the world has ever known is flowing through our veins—the blood of the martyrs, of the Puritans, of the covenanters, of the reformers—see to it that it does not become tainted in its transmission. We are the consummate fruitage of a life in which God and truth and righteousness were the characterizing inspirations—see to it that it does not lose its quality and flavor through unauthorized experiments in moral and spiritual horticulture. We stand in a succession that is in many respects sublime. Let no ungirding of the bands of righteousness, no lowering of the standards of holy living, no minimizing of the ideals of integrity and honor, no depreciating of the great fundamentals of the true faith, cause us to transmit a despoiled heritage to those who are to come after us.

We are living we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling.

May we so appreciate the momentousness as well as the grandeur of our entrusted responsibility that it may be truthfully added,

To be living is sublime.

And what about ourselves as Baptists? We are the sons and daughters of a noble ancestry. There are names carved upon the historic records of the universal Church that have not been exceeded in lustre since apostolic times, in whom we recognize a sacred kinship. Splendidly girded lives were they in both England and America. Such names as those of Carey and Knibb, of Bunyan and Milton, of Robert Hall and Andrew Fuller, of Boardman and Judson have shed an undying replendence upon our history. Nor has the generation in which some of us have played an inconspicuous part been without men in our denominational fellowship who have achieved a world-wide

renown. No history of nineteenth century Christianity will be written in which Spurgeon and Maclaren will not have a foremost place.

Nor need we blush when we think of the brotherhood of our own faith in Canada. We owe them much. We have not done them the justice that they deserve. Many of them are worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance. Simple-hearted, unselfish, consumed with an ardent zeal for God and for the well-being of humanity, they went forth into the wilds of this land. Many of them were lacking in the culture of the schools, but they enjoyed the preceptorship of the Spirit. They communed with nature and made human life and the one great Book their study. They could not boast of university degrees, but they were not uneducated men. Not a few of them were magnificently girded. They were Shamgars who used the ox goad for the most part as the instrument of their spiritual warfare, but they did splendid execution, and their names though obscured on earth are emblazoned in the heavens. Blessings on their memory.

When the exigencies of the church required it, the Lord raised up another type of men in no sense more brave or true or mighty but who, by reason of their educational advantages, were better prepared to grapple with the changed condition that confronted them. Need I recall their venerated names? Conspicuous amongst them were Fyfe, Crawford, Castle, and the founder of this institution.

Solomon, when he came to build the Temple, found everything all but ready to his hand. The cedar wood and the wrought stones in great store were there waiting to be utilized. It was for Solomon to see that the temple should be worthy of the preparations which had been made for it. We stand to-day in a like position of privilege and responsibility. It is for us to make such use of the material that has been accumulating around us, that the denominational temple in the land shall be worthy of the splendid toil and sacrifice of the sainted past, and of the untold opportunities of the opening future, and most of all of the eternal principles of truth and righteousness which it is designed to perpetuate and glorify.

It was to facilitate the accomplishment of this most desira-

ble result that McMaster University was established. It was to aid, by all the appliances and ministries of a Christian culture equal to the best that can be found, in making "girded lives" for this supernal service. I remember the man in whose mind and heart it grew, first as a great thought and then as a great longing. I came sufficiently near to him during the years I was his pastor to catch glimpses of what he aimed to accomplish. It was no low or mean ambition that swayed his heart. He longed to see the denomination that he had watched in its struggling feebleness take a stand in the community and in the land that was worthy of the principles which he professed, and that would bring honor and glory to his Sovereign Lord. He had a profound conviction that what was most needed to insure such a result was an institution such as this. He knew that without educationally, as well as spiritually, girded lives the denomination amid the new conditions which were fast becoming imperiously assertive could have but a weak and struggling future. And have not the few years that have passed demonstrated both the wisdom and the philanthropy of his benefaction? We have almost forgotten that we were ever so feeble in the land that other bodies treated us with contumely. McMaster University has already placed us in the forefront. It has given us a status amongst the religious forces of the country that we could not otherwise have enjoyed.

And what about the future? I can hardly venture to depict, so alluring are the auguries of promise. The next generation is going to see that our sons and daughters are not a whit inferior to the sons and daughters of the highest in the land. They are going to be leaders of thought and moulders of character. They are going to work our lands and develop our mines and call forth in a thousand ways the resources of this God-favored country. They are going to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best representatives of Canadian manhood. They are not going to take second place in any of the walks of life. They are going to adorn the pulpit, dignify the province and add lustre to the halls of legislature. They are going to leaven society with an influence that shall help to purify and ennoble its ambitions and its aims. The girded lives which McMaster in the coming years shall send forth will carry in their hearts and in their hands the destiny of peoples yet unborn and the laurels of victories that shall hasten the coming of the brighter day.

SOME WINTER HOMES.

"And in the nights of winter,
When cold the north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard across the snow."

—*Horatius: Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Few people stop to think, at this inclement season of the year, what has become of their summer friends, that enlivened with their gambols or their songs the fields and woods during the past months. It is known that most of the birds leave for the south at the approach of winter. Still even among the birds now a few remain, like the small Downy Woodpecker, the Chickadee, and the Blue Jay, to remind us of summer days. The Ruffed Grouse, too, do not flinch from the rigors of our Canadian winter. They have rather an ingenious way of escaping the cold. After their evening meal of birch buds the grouse will plunge headlong from the tree top into the deep snow. The impetus of the downward flight carries the grouse deep into the snow, where it forms a snug burrow for itself, and there passes the night, and a good part of the day if the weather is severe. Many of the animals also remain in their usual haunts during the winter. The little "Cotton-tail" rabbit spends the winter days in a deserted woodchuck hole, coming out at night to feed. The large northern hares, now nearly extinct in southern Ontario, but still abundant all through the north, as far as Hudson's Bay, find shelter in the dense cedar swamps, where their paths hard beaten run every where, crossing and re-crossing each other.

The deer, once so abundant in Ontario, are now confined to a comparatively small section of Muskoka and the Parry Sound District. They manage to get along pretty well since their great enemy, the grey wolf, has become less numerous. It has been noticed that there is a distinct migration of the deer northward at the approach of winter. Those that have spent the summer in southern Muskoka, where the forest fires have burned away the green woods, move to the country north of the Magnetawan River, where dense swamps and large tracts of green forests still remain untouched by fire. In these green solitudes,

sheltered by the dense growth, the deer pass the winter, numbers living together in what are known as "yards." The food of the deer during the winter consists of the twigs from the cedar, hemlock and pine. When the lumberman cuts down the pine the deer follow him up and eat the pine needles. Deer must have this bitter food, or they will not thrive. A deer has no gall gland; and in some way the deficiency is made up by the evergreen brouse.

A great scientist has taught us the importance of "the scientific use of the imagination"; and if we could look beneath the still, white covering of snow, we would see that many of our summer friends are living in comfort, and some of them busy and no doubt very happy. A number of our Canadian animals pass the winter in a state of torpor. The woodchuck, after getting grotesquely fat on the farmer's clover field, retires to his burrow, and does not show himself till the sun is again high in the heavens. So does our merry little friend the chipmonk.

Our common black bears usually start on a roaming expedition early in November. They will turn up in the most unlikely places: often wandering into old settled parts of the country. I once met a very large bear near Ferguson's Falls, a part of Lanark County that has been settled for more than a century. He was shot a few days after by a man whose orchard he was robbing. Bears are partial to apples. I have known an old bear to take up her abode in a small swamp near an orchard. The owner did not know what was stripping his trees until one day he discovered the old bear seated at the foot of the tree, up which she had sent her cub to shake down the apples! When the bear finally concludes that it is time to stop his wanderings and to look for winter quarters, he usually selects an up-turned tree, under the roots of which he makes what Kipling would call "his well digged lair." This he does by pawing away the earth, lining the hole with leaves and moss, and excluding the cold by banking round with branches and leaves. When the heavy snow descends it forms a complete mantle of warmth and concealment. There the bear sleeps away the long winter, until the warm sun of March or April wakens him to life again.

Bears go into their dens very fat; and on this fat they live during the winter. The popular story of the bear subsisting by sucking his paw has no foundation in fact.

Another of our friends now enjoying a season of repose is the raccoon. A queer chap is the same raccoon! He is the clown and acrobat of our Canadian woods and swamps. He can climb like a squirrel. He is a vocalist too; though it is seldom one hears his wild, quavering note with which he sometimes celebrates his setting forth in the evening. He is almost entirely nocturnal in his habits. Only on two occasions have I seen a raccoon in the day time; and then the localities where the animals were seen were peculiarly remote and lonely. The raccoon is usually found near water; and his food consists of frogs and small fishes. He is an inveterate frog catcher. One moonlight night I was paddling my canoe up a stream in Central Canada, when I heard a commotion among the frogs along the shore. I turned the nose of the canoe towards the fringe of wild rice that grew along the margin of the river, and there I saw a large raccoon wading in the shallow water hunting for his supper. Most of the frogs, however, escaped by plunging into the stream. The raccoon is particularly partial to green corn; and a field located near to a woods or swamp is likely to be visited. If there should happen to be a fence running from the woods to the corn field so much the better. Along the top rail of this fence, even should it be a snake fence, the raccoons will travel back and forth, in preference to the ground. If there should be no fence, then the raccoons will soon have a well worn path made from their day retreat to the corn field; because they always enter and leave the field at exactly the same place. This is a source of danger to the raccoons, as the boys are pretty sure to discover the path and set a trap on it. Like his relative the bear, the raccoon grows very fat at the approach of winter. He retires even earlier than does the bear. Unlike the bear, several raccoons frequently occupy the same den. This is almost invariably the hollow trunk of a tree. I knew, however, of one family of raccoons that had their den in a rocky cave on the shore of a secluded lake. One day in the latter part of October I was seated on the shore of the lake watching for deer, when my companion, who was out on the lake in a canoe, saw two raccoons coming along the shore, no doubt returning from their night's adventure, for it was early in the morning. He shot one, and in a few minutes after the other one brushed close past me

and entered the rock almost at my feet. Probably the cave had been inhabited for long years by successive generations of raccoons. But the usual winter home of the raccoon is a hollow tree; very often a bass-wood. The entrance is often high up where a limb has been torn off, leaving a suitable opening. There as many as five or six of the animals take up their abode, and are safe and snug while the storms rage without. The raccoon too sleeps through the winter. If a thaw comes towards spring they will often make an excursion of several miles; but will invariably return to their den in the course of a few hours. When they finally come out in the spring they are but a mere shadow of their former plumpness. The fur though good in appearance is of little value, because the pelt has become so thin that it will tear like brown paper.

One would think that such animals as the otter, the beaver, mink and muskrat, would have a hard time of it during the winter. They do not hibernate, but are active and wide awake during the entire winter. They must have air, and they must have at the same time access to the water where they procure their food. But how can they pass from one element to the other when there is often a thickness of three feet of solid ice over the lakes and streams they inhabit? The otter likes to get near a rapid where the current prevents the water from freezing. But even where that cannot be found, he is not at a loss. There are always spots along the shore, around sunken logs, or where springs come into the stream, where the ice remains thin even in the severest whether; and these spots the otter finds. Here he comes up out of the water, making a round hole about six inches in diameter. When he has caught a fish he comes up on the ice to eat it. But he is very timid, and never goes more than a few feet from the hole. These holes are only temporary conveniences; the otter soon moves on; and one can trace the progress of a pair of otters up or down a river by these holes at more or less frequent intervals. Sometimes even in the depth of winter an otter will leave one stream, and strike boldly overland to some other stream or lake. The mink on the other hand does not wander till towards the first of March, when the males make surprisingly long journeys. The mink pass the winter in holes in the bank of some stream where fish can be had. The entrance to the den is always under water.

The animals that in our Canadian climate occupy the most comfortable quarters during the winter are the beaver and the muskrat. These interesting builders display a surprising degree of foresight; and are among the few of our Canadian animals that prepare for the winter. Along in September the muskrats begin to build their houses. These are constructed of water plants; often of wild rice, and the stalks of bulrushes, and the leaves of the water-lily. The house is often built upon the foundation of a bog, or decayed stump. It is always built where the water near it is of sufficient depth to insure its not freezing. Some of the houses are quite large, often five feet high and as many feet in diameter at the base. The interiors of these winter homes are always of one plan. There is a platform raised a foot above high water mark; and at one side of this a round hole which leads to the water. This platform or sleeping room is lined with soft moss, as is the whole interior of the dwelling. This room is not used for a dining room; the inmates go out to some store of food laid up in some safe place under the ice. Sometimes I have known, in very long winters, the outside supply to become exhausted; and then the rats have been compelled to eat the plants and roots which make up their dwelling so that by the first of April I have found the whole interior eaten away, and the house a mere shell. After the rivers and lakes freeze up the water usually falls; thus leaving long narrow stretches of the shore line dry under the ice. This makes a fine playground, as well as dining room for the muskrats. Here the rats bring their clam-shells, of which they are fond. They in some way manage to break the shells, and then devour the soft inmate. I once saw a muskrat dive in the center of the Severn River where I knew the water to be of great depth. The rat was down for some minutes. When it came up I saw that it had something in its mouth, and paddling carefully after it, I found the object to be a large clam-shell. The rat took it to the rocky shore and proceeded to eat it. All along the shore of the Severn, and many other rivers where aquatic vegetation is scant, the rats conform themselves to their environment, and change their natural food from vegetable to animal substances. This accounts for the piles of empty clam-shells that are to be met with on the margins of our rocky rivers and lakes.

Waterford. ANDREW MURDOCH.

(To be continued.)

KOREAN SKETCHES.*

Not the least of the benefits of the modern foreign mission movement, have been the many delightful books, descriptive of strange countries and manners, which the missionaries have written. Formerly the world's knowledge of the nations was derived largely through soldiers and traders, but now men of learning, specially adapted for such work, are bringing more accurate and sympathetic tidings from the regions beyond. Of such books is the one before us. Of itself, the work is interesting, but to the men who attended University College, Toronto, in the latter half of "the eighties" it is doubly so, because of its author, who belonged to that strong group of "Knox" men who were then so prominent in College Y. M. C. A. work. It was at that time that the Student Volunteer Movement first surged over the Toronto Colleges. University College, McMaster, Wycliffe, Knox, the two Medical Schools all felt its power. Among the first of the students who declared for the foreign field was Gale, and later, when the students of University College decided to send out a representative of their own, he was chosen and went to Korea which had just been opened up for immigration. Afterwards he accepted service under the Presbyterians, but his work for nine years has continued to be in the Hermit Kingdom.

The book he has written is justly described by the title. It is no elaborate treatise, but a bright, sparkling, more or less disconnected account of things Korean. The general impression, however, may be none the less exact. A charcoal sketch is often truer to life than a photograph.

Korea, like China, with which it is closely connected, had an ancient civilization of a high order, but one that was stopped centuries ago. "The people of Korea claim to be a race descended from the gods, slightly admixed with Chinese; no wonder they develop at times extraordinary traits. They have had a horror of foreigners, *yangin*, or men of the sea, from time immemorial. Weather-worn tablets still stand by the roadside, in essence marked thus: 'If you meet a foreigner, kill him; he who lets

*Korean Sketches, by Rev. James S. Gale, B.A., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Wōnsan, Korea. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

him go by is a traitor to his country,' yet in the ten years or more since the 'barbarian' entered, none of them have been treated other than kindly. "Missionary work has gone on unmolested, and there are a thousand and more Christians having many established places for regular worship."

When Mr. Gale went to Korea, little was known of the country. He naturally records some of his first impressions:—

"I recall being quite overwhelmed by the wide pantaloons and white dress of a Korean who came on board ship in Nagasaki Harbor, on my first arrival there. Why such a dress, and wherefore the topknot? Little did I dream that he valued his topknot so highly, or that in every seam of his wide pantaloons were stitched ancestral reverence, Confucian propriety, ancient traditions, and other tremendous considerations that certainly required all the width of garment and more too, could piece goods as wide as the wearer's aspirations be obtained." Of one of their cities he says, "Viewed as a whole, Seoul is said to be the most picturesque city in the East; viewed in detail, it contains much to make one shudder: but the people are kind, and entirely different from the cruel race I had thought them to be. I cannot, however, omit to mention this objectionable custom which prevails more or less in all the cities of the East, and which is so horrifying to the newcomer, namely, the constant presence of the dead. Kindly and sorrowfully we bury our dead out of sight . . . but not so the Korean, he ties his dead in a mat, and leaves him to bake and fester in the sun. The very atmosphere is tainted, and one becomes an expert in distinguishing the noxious odors of smallpox and cholera victims from the ordinary smells of the far East." This peculiar custom is due to the necessity and difficulty of finding a propitious spot for sepulture, and so saving the family from ruin.

On the whole, the people leave a favorable impression. "From the mandarin himself down to the coolies, I have seen enough to know there are gentlemen in every nation. They may wear a startling cut of dress, they may believe that the world is flat and that the sun revolves around Korea, they may in the sultry days in summer have a weakness for dog-flesh—and yet differ much less than we imagine from the average American."

As character studies, the chapters on the Coolie, the Boy,

and the Pony are delightful. The coolie "alone exhibits in his person those peculiarities that have been smothered out of his race by the fumes of Confucianism . . . From the first glimpse you have of him, you recognize that he is a creature of repose. Nothing should be more restful to a nervous, impatient foreigner than the sight of a coolie by the wayside, sitting on his heels . . . . motionless as sea-fowl, indifferent to the heat of the sun, to the flies that congregate upon him, or to the pestiferous gutters that ooze beneath his feet. . . . Undoubtedly he is the greatest living example of the absence of all excitement or animated interest of any kind whatever. . . . Nothing short of a bowl of vermicelli (ku-koa), or the crack of doom, can create the slightest interest in him, or prove that he has nerves at all." The foreigner "proud of his watchword—action,—runs full tilt into the coolie who sits heavy in repose. It is like a railroad train taking a header for a mud embankment—newspapers announce next day 'Smash Up'—not of the embankment, but of the railway train." . . . "Only once do I recollect seeing marked animation in a coolie's eyes. It was a stone fight such as they used to indulge in, in the brave old days of old. Several hundred of the best marksmen of the capital chose sides, and, armed with stones weighing one or two pounds each, assembled for the fray. . . . All were alive to the danger, and the rush and scramble to escape was like a stampede of wild beasts. The throwing was magnificent. It seemed in truth like a little war of giants. The fight grew fast and furious. Begrimed with dust and sweat, each side drew in closer, and sent rocks flying through the air in a way that was simply appalling." One was killed, and again "before evening closed, one had fallen on the other side and thus the score was even." This one ancient custom exhausts all the fury of the coolie; otherwise he is "peace itself." He is agile and strong, submissive yet dogged. Violence will not move him. A foreigner tried it but—

> "His nerve gave out, his brain went wild
> Completely off the level
> And, when he died, the Orient cried,
> A crazy foreign devil."

"No amount of money can tempt the coolie to break faith with custom. He regards money as a convenience but in no

case as a necessity . . . . He never descends to purely business relations, ... he comes simply with a desire for your convenience."

"The coolie's religion consists in a worship of ancestors and a hatred of all officialdom; not that he really loves the former or dislikes the latter, but custom requires that he attribute success to the virtue of his forefathers and failure to the depravity of the district Mandarin; hence expressions of reverence for the one and sworn hatred for the other." Nevertheless he is loyal. His home life is simple, and chaste.

The Korean pony, like our proverbial donkey, is a creature unique:—"Among the creatures that have crossed my path, the one that has had the most influence on my personal character is the Korean pony. It would be impossible to recount the varied experiences through which he has led me. Instead of lifting my hand and pointing to some noted professor or eminent divine, as the master spirit of my life, I stand a safe distance off, point to the Korean pony and say 'he has brought more out of me than all the others combined.' In his company, I have been surprised at the amount of concentrated evil I have found in my heart; again, as he has carried me safely along the dizziest edge, I could have turned angel and taken him upon my back."

Travelling in Korea is exceedingly tedious. The author is the only European or American who has had the "misfortune" to have crossed the continent an even dozen times. The roads are abominable, the hills frequent and precipitous, the rivers often swollen and unfordable, the means of conveyance inadequate. The houses are small, hot and filthy, and the wonder grows, how such white trousers can issue from such foul hovels. Vermin are terrible and the people often suspicious and always curious;—"There is a feeling of loneliness and indescribable depression, that comes over one's soul when being long gazed at as a wild beast. The paper doors and windows are poked full of finger holes and back of each a dark eye takes position and rivets one with unwinking gaze. A single eye without its companion orb or accompanying facial expression, to give it meaning, exerts an uncanny influence . . . . The eyes that beset one in Korea, before and behind, have proven one of the hardest trials of missionary life." One would think that the sociableness of

the people would be a parallel trial. "I sat day after day in one end of the room, crosslegged on the stone floor, until my ankles were calloused harder than the heel and my knee had grown accustomed to the new feat of bending outwards. Floor life is more sociable and conducive to conversation, than being perched upon chairs. I always had callers. They would come from earliest dawn and put me through the list of questions that are unconsciously asked of every traveller in the far East: What is your family name? Where do you reside? Have you come in peace? Are your parents alive? How old are you? How many brothers to you? Have you a son? What have you come to do? Do you know where the people live who have only one eye in their head? Where is the woman's kingdom? What's your salary? Can you pull your teeth out when you like, or your eyes? Have you medicine that will cure everything?"

At present Korea is in transition. Up till the last decade, not even the Chinese, who received her tribute, understood the inner condition of the hermit people. The opening of her ports has done what in the past war could not do:—"The present period threatens to destroy not only her established means of livelihood, but also her social systems, and unless Christianity be brought her, nothing but superstition, agnosticism and chaos will be her portion." She has no desire for independence, and considers China as her parent and her freedom a disaster. Because of foreign importations native industries have been destroyed with nothing to take their place, and the recent war has destroyed many of the cherished landmarks. "The poverty of Korea is extreme, the manner of life and habits of the people such as confirm one in the belief that they have reached the lowest condition possible."

Although it has been denied, Korea has a religious system, "her whole existence, from king to coolie, being one complicated system of ancestor worship." At New Year's there is to be found in every house a spread of ancestral food consisting of fruit, rice, meat, distilled drinks. Incense and candles are used in their worship:

"For three years after the death of parents, night and morning the children offer food, meat and tobacco, before the

tablet in the room where the dead once lived, making besides numerous offerings at the grave. From the palace to the lowest mud hut, the three years of mourning and daily sacrifice are observed with the utmost strictness. . . . . A native absent from his ancestral home will walk from the farthest end of the peninsula if necessary to be at the grave at the appointed day. . . To neglect this is to make oneself an outlaw in the land of one's fathers—'dogs that ought not to live.' A native called Kine, went according to custom to pay his respects to an elder relative. The first greeting was, 'you have failed of late to sacrifice.' 'Yes, says Kine, 'I cannot sacrifice again.' 'Then away with you; no relative of mine; a reprobate that would mix with dogs and forget his fathers.' It is quite as much as a man's life is worth to neglect this sacred custom."

From a missionary standpoint, the Koreans present a hopeful field of labor. Trustworthy, orderly, naturally moral, they are ready for the Gospel, without a preliminary educative course. Proof of this is found in the fact, that after a decade only of missionary work, there are already more than a thousand native Christians.

The book is everywhere full of information. Mr. Gale has travelled widely with his eyes open. His style is that of eager narrative. In observation he is quick to catch the salient features of things which in Korea are often humorous or pathetic. Mr. Gale has in large measure, what he himself describes as the highest of human virtues—sympathy and love for fellow mortals. Few who begin the book will fail to finish it. The binding and press work are tasty. Several illustrations embellish the work, and there are, as preludes, translations of a few native poems. One of these on filial piety illustrates the sentiment that ancestor worship begets:

> "That pond'rous weighted iron bar
> I'll spin out thin in threads so far
> To reach the sun and fasten on
> And tie him in before he's gone,
> That parents who are growing gray
> May not get old another day."

L. S. H.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

AND THERE WERE . . . . SHEPHERDS.

Scene: *A wooded hillside in Judæa, near Bethlehem.* Time: *The morning watch.* Persons: *Rhesa, Amos and Onam, three shepherds.*

Amos: How still and silent sheep and trees and brook!
The night seems holden, Rhesa, it is dark
As ever baffled these unsleeping eyes.

Rhesa: But soon the moon will rise, friend of my life,
And pour her radiance forth o'er many a hill,
Have patience!—There's a bleeting ewe—beware!
Her lamb may stray.

Onam: Brothers, I cannot tell,
But there is some expectancy I breathe,
A beating of the heart, and Amos, you
And Rhesa, by your voices, feel it too.

Amos: In very sooth I feel as I have dreamed
Upon a time, when the great moment came
And with its greatness woke me, so with sighs
I sought my flocks again, and, musing found
No solace;—I have hoped—

Rhesa: Hush! Moonlight breaks
Through yonder cloud with fleece that priceless were
To any herder. Ah! the light is streaming
Over the mighty boles and twisted shrubs
On, up the hillside, see—it bathes our feet
And hands and faces! . . . . . .
. . . . . O it is the light
Of heaven! Hide! Run! O be merciful,—
I cannot bear this.

(They fall on their faces.)

Who and what art thou,
Stranger and Lord, that gazest on us so?

Angel: Be not afraid, O Rhesa, men, fear not!
The woe of earth is compassed by a joy
Eternal. Ages shall this day revere
When, the light breaking, David's city blest
Beholds the dawning of the light of love.
Fear not, but joyful be! Swift messenger
Of God's good tidings, His command I heard:
'Go, tell the shepherds in the hillside grove
That Christ is born, their Saviour and their Lord.
Bid them arise and seek the Infant Child.
Him—evermore belovèd—they shall find
Among the kine in lowly fashion lying,
Wrapt in His swaddling clothes, and well-content,
Smiling upon the world He comes to save.

Onam: Never can we forget these words of life.

Multitude of angels (singing):

Praise the child,
For He is born,—
O blessèd morn!
O blessèd, blessèd morn!

Praise the child
For he is born,—
No longer is the earth forlorn.

His name shall callèd be
Counsellor, Wonderful!
Clouds, with your thunder full
Utter His praise!
The Prince of Peace is He,
Master of sky and sea,
On Him, eternally,
Heaven shall gaze!

Sin is conquered,
Death is conquered,
Satan put to shame.
O love so lowly lying,
O cross of Jesus dying,
Heaven sings to sinners crying:
Praise ye His name.

(The angels leave the earth, singing as they ascend.)

Angels: *He hath chosen, He hath come*
And of sin the awful sum
He will bear.
Peace be in the hearts of men!
Bells of heaven, ring again:
Glory to His name! Amen!
Ever, everywhere!

(The shepherds rise to their feet.)

Amos: Departed! Let us go to Bethlehem.

(The angel voices are heard from above.)

Angels: . . . . . *Amen!*
Ever, everywhere!

Rhesa: O surely let us go, that we may see
What wondrous things the Lord hath brought to pass.
Let us be quick!

Onam: Come, comrades, hither lies
The highway—canst thou, Rhesa, grasp it yet?
Messiah? O be eager to adore!

(Exeunt. The angel voices die away.)

Angels: . . . . . *Amen:*
Ever, everywhere.

G Herbert Clarke, '95.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

IV.

Not insignificant among the names of the makers of our verse-literature are those of several women. The distinguishing characteristic of their work is great depth of feeling; and sometimes, as seems to be the complement of depth of feeling in a woman, lack of unifying power.

The two names standing foremost, and it is a question to which should be given precedence, are Isabella Valency Crawford and Emily Pauline Johnson. The latter might be considered to deserve the higher praise, coming as she does from another race with immense difficulties in the way of language, custom and culture. But set against that the best educational advantages; an inheritance from a long line of valiant, eloquent chiefs and Iroquois women noted for their intelligence and public spirit: an inexhaustible resource of unwritten legends, nature romances, and tales of wars: and, most important of all perhaps, an English mother of highest culture, who is connected with some of the most prominent litterateurs of the day; and in view of all this Miss Johnson seems to possess the decided advantage.

Miss Crawford's life story is a sad one. Her father, a physician in one of our inland towns, died while she was quite young. The family suffered reverses and became sadly broken. At length Miss Crawford and her mother found themselves in Toronto, where Miss Crawford wrote for magazines and papers, having her poems accepted by different magazines from time to time. But the mother soon died, and Miss Crawford was left to struggle on alone. Her book came out. The poor little blue paper cover with its unattractive title of "Old Spookses' Pass and Malcolm's Katie" was passed over almost unnoticed by the public. It was a disappointment too heavy to be borne. Toil, loneliness and grief had been endured, but now the one hope of her life was crushed. She died suddenly at the early age of thirty-two. Heart failure they called it, and that is all that can be said when one dies of a broken heart. With the death of Isabella Valency Crawford the pen of a rare and brilliant genius was forever laid down, at the very dawn of its budding promise.

"Old Spookses' Pass," the poem from which the book takes its name, is a powerful, exciting piece of writing in a style one would scarcely expect a woman to adopt.

"Wal, pard, I reckin' thar's no sech time
For dwindlin' a chap in his own conceit,
Es when them mountains an' awful stars,
Jest hark to the tramp of his mustang's feet.
It 'pears to me that them solemn hills
Beckin' them stars so big an' calm,
An' whisper, "Make tracks this way, my friends,
We've ringed in here a specemin man;
He's here alone, so we'll take a look
Thro' his ganzy an' vest, an' his blood an' bone,
An post ourselves as to whether his heart
Is *flesh*, or a rotten made-up stone!

An them mountains talk tew a chap this way:
'Climb, if ye can, ye degenerate cus!'
An' the stars smile down on a man, an *say*,
'Come higher, poor critter, come up tew us!'"

Miss Crawford came into contact with the rough and ready forms of back-country life through her family's connection with the lumbering business. She possesses a wonderful sympathetic instinct for divining character and catching the turn of expression: as perfectly as she has laid before us the western cowboy, in the next moment the whole atmosphere changes and we have an equally good sketch of a plodding, conservative back-country farmer:

"He didn't when he sunk a well,
Inspect the stones and gravel;
To prove that Moses was a dunce,
Unfit for furrin' travel;
He marvell'd at them works of God—
An' broke 'em up to mend the road!"

Her dialect sketches are always interesting and well given and generally very humorous.

"Malcolm's Katie" is her longest poem. The story of the poem deals with the early days of the settlement of our country. The poem is full of beautiful thoughts: it has fine similes and exquisite gems of song, but it reveals the writer's immaturity and lack of training. The language is a little too glowing and not as easy and natural as is usual with her. The pictu-

resque situations are dwelt upon at too great length, and the plot is generally insufficient for the superstructure. The great fault in the poem is its lack of unity.

Miss Crawford can be powerful, as in "Old Spookses' Pass," humorous as in "Deacon Fry," skillful as in the classical richness of "Curtius" or the laughing rhythm of the Indian "Wooing of Gheezis," but for tender pathos and delicate grace, we must find her in her lyrics. Here is tenderness, sweetness, and charm. Each lyric is like a "perfumed sigh." One simple exquisite little song tells how a prisoned skylark loved a cloud.

"O soft, small cloud, the dim, sweet dawn adorning,
Swan-like a-sailing on its tender grey:
Why dost thou, dost thou float,
So high, the wing'd, wild note
Of silver lamentation from my dark and pulsing throat
May never never reach thee,
Tho' every note beseech thee [the morning,
To bend thy white wings downward thro' the smiling of
And by the black wires of my prison lightly stray?"
And day by day this song of pleading love goes up
From the poor caged bird, until at last he dies
In a last wild burst of song; and then the cloud
Leaving the 'summery bliss,'
'Slipped adown the air,'
And wan and fair,
Her light foot touched a purple mountain crest,
And touching, turn'd,
Into swift rain . . .
And while a rainbow spread
Its mighty arms above, she, singing, fled,
And murmuring to him said:
'O love, I come! O love, I come to cheer thee—
Love to be near thee.'

It is difficult to draw the line in mentioning poems from Miss Crawford's pen; a charm lies about each one that puts it temptingly forward. She has the power of taking possession of one's sympathy, so that while we are conscious of her defects, we make haste to cover them and dwell on the passages of exceeding beauty that occur throughout her work. One such passage would be a beautiful gem to store away in memory's keeping:

"Who curseth sorrow, knows her not at all,
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul

Has its last birth : whence with its misty thews
Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out
Strong for immortal toil up such great heights
As crown o'er crown rise through eternity,
Without the loud, deep clamor of her wail,
The iron of her hands, the brine
Of her black tears, the soul but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to chaos in soft gilded dreams
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun."

We read behind these lines her life ; the life of one whose soul, close-knitted in the dark matrix of sorrow, issued forth strong for immortal toil—and so immortality was given.

Miss Johnson comes to us with all the energy and fire of her race in their days of glory. She has at her pleasure a store of tradition, of native Indian songs and prayers, a gift for picturesque description, and a delicate, close sympathy with nature. She never lacks unity. Everything she writes is terse and vibrant with heartfelt passion, strong and well controlled. She glows with richness and color. Her love songs are unique in their simplicity and candor. They are so unconventional they might be called artistic. She is capable of intense feeling, and so strong and direct is her nature and so spontaneous and perfect is her art, there is never the slightest kind of confusion in the expression of deep passion.

When Miss Johnson writes on such subjects as 'At Sunset' and 'Brier' (Good Friday) she is on common ground with our other poets and we can judge of her relative ability. We have but to read one or two such poems to recognize her mastery of her art. But naturally, it is when dealing with themes peculiarly her own that we give our closest attention. 'Ojistoh' Dawendine and 'As Redmen Die' have a touch of primitive savagery about them which it would be impossible for one not of the race to produce. A very good representative extract of her work might be taken from the Indian woman's cry in the 'Cattle Thief.'

"Stand back, stand back, you white skins, touch that dead man to your shame,
You've stolen my father's spirit, but his body I only claim ;
You have cursed and called him cattle thief,—tho' you robbed him first of bread—
Robbed him and robbed my people—look there, at that shrunken face,
Starved with a hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.

What have you left to us of land,—what have you left of game ?
What have you brought but evil and curses since you came ?
How have you paid us for our game ? How paid us for our land ?
By a *book* to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand !

. . . . . .

Give back the peace and the plenty. Then come with your new belief ;
And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to be a thief."

After these most prominent names comes a long list of those who have done, and are doing, good work, and deserve more than passing mention. Among women writers are Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), Miss Wetherell, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Lawson, Jean Blewett, Pamelia Vining Yule, Mrs. Lephrophon, Miss Machar, and many others. Then there is Charles Sangster, who up to a few years ago was our national poet : William McLachlan, who loved to be called the 'Burns of Canada' : Charles Heavysege with his great drama, Saul, but he can scarcely be claimed as Canadian : Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. D'Arcy McGee. Mr. McGee wrote patriotic songs of a strong, healthy sort that would be well put in our public school readers. In view of his sudden and tragic death one snatch of verse he wrote is freighted with peculiar sorrow :—

"I would not die with my work undone,
My quest unfound, my goal unwon,
Though life were a load of lead.
Ah ! rather I'd bear it day by day
Till blood and bone were worn away
And Hope in Faith's lap lay dead."

Then there is John Reade—our sweetest poet. Mr. Reade is a Montreal editor and a literary critic of high standing. He has a keen intellect and fine literary taste so that he is always just, while he is quick to appreciate excellence. It is a matter of profound regret that he has published so little poetry for he has shown himself possessed of great talent. Dr. Drummond has lately appeared and become very popular through his 'habitant' stories. Dr. Jakeway, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Thomas Wentworth Eaton, Carroll Ryan, Barry Stratton, John Talon-Lesperance, William Wye Smith and Evan McColl are all more or less familiar names. Nor are these all.

The list continues with names of varying degrees of merit, but as we climb slowly down we are drawn sadly to lament with Mrs. Browning,—

> "Young men
> Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,
> Before they sit down under their own vine
> And live for use. Alas! near all the birds
> Will sing at dawn,—and yet, we do not take
> The chaffering swallow for the holy lark."

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

THE BENEFACTOR.

The leaves are faded now. Our wistful ken
Swells full with sad surmise as Autumn limns
Them with a sheen of gold and red; and harvest hymns
Sound strangely in the lips of other men.
Proudly they seem to don a martyr-red;
And every tree, though brief the leaves remain,
Bears witness that they did not come in vain;
And plaintive winds complain: "The leaves are dead."
O, Nature, what a lesson hast thou taught!
'Tis in the Autumn of this life our deeds
Pass leaf-like. Still, our summer time is fraught
With golden opportunities the needs
Of others to supply. Of these *he* thought;
And noble thinking nobler action brought.

HENRY PROCTER.

A VISIT TO RANGOON.

(*Concluded*).

To-day I promised to show you some of the Mission work that is being carried on in Rangoon, but as our school does not open until nine o'clock, I think we shall have time to visit the Shwe Dagon Pagoda first. This is the Burmans' greatest shrine, and it would never do for you to leave Rangoon without visiting this spot. Pilgrims come from all parts of the country to worship here. In structure it is like the Soolay Pagoda, which we saw yesterday, but it is more beautifully ornamented. Notice the two huge dragons that guard the entrance. On either side of the long stairway leading up to the shrine, the poor lepers, with a leg or an arm eaten away in some cases, beg from morning till night. Poor creatures! they are turned away from place to place and receive nothing but harsh words. What a blessing it would be to their lives if someone would take the trouble to tell them of that One, who was a friend to lepers when here on earth, never turning them away, and who is willing to be a friend to them too, if they will accept His love. Is not the carving exquisite which ornaments the idol houses surrounding the pagoda? See this Burman mother placing a flower in the hand of her infant as she teaches it to *shecu* (bow down) to the idol and present its gift. How different this cold reception on the part of the idol, from the days when Jesus took the little ones in His arms and blessed them.

But we must hasten for I want to show you the Post Office on the way to the school. It is a massive structure and one of which we in Rangoon are proud. Those men squatting down near the entrance are writers, who are paid by the poorer class to do their correspondence for them, as they cannot write themselves. A great crowd congregates to listen while the man tells the writer what he wishes him to put in his letter. To the right is our Baptist Church for the English and Eurasian people, of whom we have a goodly number.

But now we have reached our Telugu and Tamil school. Quite a nice building, is it not? Let us enter. We have over 450 pupils altogether. You see that they are divided into their

several classes. This teacher is talking to his class in Telugu, while that one has Tamil boys entirely. Then over in that corner we have some Bengali and Hindustani youths. If you will follow me upstairs, I will show you our Kindergarten carried on by two very efficient Tamil girls. In this room the children are congregated around the sand table tracing out the path of the Children of Israel, while their teacher tells them of the flight from Egypt, and wanderings through the wilderness to the Promised Land. If you come closer you can see the little paper tents they have pitched by this little sand heap called Sinai. Now let us visit the babies. How pretty they look with their hands folded, sitting around the table singing "*Santha Yesu yeni thandhi,*" or, "Pass me not O gentle Saviour." Their teacher has been taking up the life of Christ chronologically, and has been telling them of blind Bartimaeus. Look! they have built Jericho with the Kindergarten blocks, and there is the poor man sitting by the wayside. Our constant prayer is that the Lord may open their eyes too, and bring them from darkness into His marvellous light, as they have been singing. I wish we could stay longer but our time is limited.

That strange sound that grates on your ear ahead, which you can hardly call music, is the native band. From the banana leaves decorating the doorway we know that a wedding is taking place. But for this, you could not tell whether it was a wedding or a funeral, as the band plays exactly the same in either case. The girl's parents have had the whole affair entirely in their own hands, and very likely she has never seen or heard of her future husband until the marriage ceremony, which lasts about three days. In that open space yonder notice that holy man, as the Hindu terms him. Clad in a filthy, ragged garment, with unwashed hands and face, and hair that has never seen a comb, there he sits in the dust, spending most of his time in muttering over prayers which he has committed to memory, and receiving alms from any passer-by who wishes to receive merit and obtain favour of the gods.

Now as it is getting a little cooler and we are rested, perhaps it would be well to resume our travels as the *gharry* is awaiting us. Here is the Rangoon jail, one of the largest in the

British Empire. It can accommodate about three thousand prisoners and is self-supporting. If we had time it would be well worth our while to step inside and see some of the beautiful carving done by the prisoners. Those buildings to the left are *phungyi kyoungs* (monasteries) kept up by the priests. where the children come for instruction in the Bhuddist religion,

Now we are approaching the Baptist College. You see that, from an educational standpoint, we are not far behind the times in Rangoon. We have no college for our Telugus and Tamils here yet, but any Burman or Karen can have a college education here if he so desires. We are just in time I think to see them congregate in the Chapel for their closing exercises. To look over this Chapel, full of young manhood; Burmans who have been taught from earliest infancy to visit the Pagoda and bow down to Gautema; Karens who in their jungle homes have always lived in terror of the evil spirits called "nats" whom they worship through fear; Talaings, Shans, Chins, Kachins and Chinese, who have been able to master the Burman language sufficiently to study in it, altogether numbering four hundred and seventy-two; I say again to look over the Chapel and see all these young men stand up and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and know that twenty-one of them have been baptized from the college during the last year, helps us to realize in a small measure what mission work is doing for these people, and inspires us with fresh zeal to press on in spite of all obstacles, when we see such results; especially when we realize that Judson landed in this country only eighty-five years ago. I want you to see the laboratory where they perform their experiments in chemistry, etc. The Normal departments furnishes many teachers for the mission schools throughout Burma.

Near at hand two lady missionaries give a two years' course of Bible study to Burmese and Karen women, fitting them for the work of Bible women throughout Burma, after leaving that institution.

I wish I had the time to take you to Insein where we have a large Theological Seminary which sends out a continual supply of native pastors and evangelists, on whom the work in future years largely depends. Last year forty graduated from the

Karen department and eleven from the Burman, a great many of whom will be supported by their own people in their pastoral work. Then there is the large Karen school at Aplone, and the Burman girls school at Kemendine, all of which it will be impossible to visit, for by the time we reach home and have dinner we will need to go to bed, in order to be prepared for our long journey back to good old McMaster in the morning.

KATIE W. ARMSTRONG, '01.

Editorial Notes.

We print in this number the excellent address delivered by Dr. Thomas at our annual Founders' Day Exercises. Many of our readers will have read it in the *Canadian Baptist*, but they will welcome it in the more permanent form that a monthly magazine affords. It was admirably suited for the occasion and was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it. We commend it to all our readers. Chancellor Wallace's words on the same occasion were as follows :

We have assembled to honour the memory of the founder of this University. In founding it he builded better than he knew. Already it has taken a large place in the Baptist denomination and a worthy place in the educational life of Canada. Its future will be as great as the courage and devotion of its friends.

William McMaster though dead is speaking eloquently to-day by the lives of the men and women who already have received education and inspiration in this University. Greater works than he did, they will do. His greatest work was the founding of this school. He was a strong man of affairs, a leader in the business world. He was a Senator of Canada, and of approved sagacity in matters affecting the welfare of our country. But he is remembered to-day chiefly because of his munificent gift to the cause of learning. Much more will this be true in years to come. Long after men have forgotten all that he was in the social, commercial and political life of Canada they will remember him, on account of this great gift, as one of the greatest benefactors of his day. Millionaires die and are forgotten. Senators die and are forgotten. But a man who identifies his name with a University is never forgotten. William McMaster, the founder of McMaster University, will be remembered a hundred years hence, a thousand years hence.

And who can measure the influence of his great gift ? It was said in this room a few hours ago that already that influence was felt on three continents. That is a thought to make our hearts beat more quickly. It draws away a veil and shows us a vast horizon.

The work of this University has only begun. There now confronts us a great opportunity and a sacred responsibility. By the munificence of one princely giver the University was founded ; but that it may be adequately sustained, and that its expansion may be commensurate with the growth of its constituency, it must have still

the unwavering, unwearying, generous, self-sacrificing support of all who believe that it has a mission in the world.

To-night we mention the name of one benefactor. We hope that in years not far in the future we may be permitted to mention others.

In an article in the American Journal of Theology, on "Liberty and Creed" (an abstract of which we gave last year), Dr. Newman makes the following statement: "My own reading of history and my observation of psychological phenomena have left on me the impression that there is nothing too absurd or too atrocious to gain the intellectual and moral approval of certain types of mind under certain circumstances." Most of us will agree with the Doctor, and will readily call to mind examples of just such phenomena as he refers to. The Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's play is one of the absurdest theories ever propounded, and yet it seems to exert an irresistible fascination over the minds of certain persons. It has never won the assent of any Shakespearian scholar of any note or reputation, or in fact of any one whose opinion is worth listening to in the face of the general consensus of opinion. It may be worth while to give the opinion of the latest biographer of Shakespeare, Mr. Sidney Lee, one of the editors, if we remember rightly, of the Dictionary of National Biography and the writer of the life of Shakespeare in that monumental work. Having been applied to, in his capacity as Shakespearian expert, to give an inquirer directions how best to study the theory that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, he replied that "a serious treatment of the subject is difficult for one who has closely studied the authentic record of Shakespeare's life." He added:

I therefore desire as respectfully, but also as emphatically and as publicly as I can, to put on record the fact, as one admitting to my mind of no rational ground for dispute, that there exists every manner of contemporary evidence to prove that Shakespeare, the householder of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote, with his own hand, and exclusively by the light of his own genius—merely to paraphrase the contemporary inscription on his tomb in Stratford on-Avon Church—those dramatic works which form the supreme achievement in English literature. The defective knowledge and casuistical argumentation, which alone render another conclusion possible, seem to me to find their closest parallel in our own day in the ever popular delusion that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne. I once heard how a poor and ignorant champion of the well-known claimant declared that his unfortunate hero had been arbitrarily kept out of the baronetcy because he was a poor butcher's son. Very similar is the attitude of mind of those who assert that

Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, because Bacon was a great contemporary philosopher and prose-writer. The argument for the Baconian authorship, when stript of its irrevelances, amounts to nothing more than this.

The old Minute Book of the Haldimand Church, covering the years 1798–1830, has been put in charge of the library of McMaster University, "until required by the church." This is one of the most interesting records relating to early Baptist history in Ontario, and will be of great value in the future. We are grateful to the church and to Platt Hinman, Esq., who has been for so many years the custodian of the book. Referring to the transfer of these records from him to us he says: "I shall regret to part with the old book, but think it will be in safe keeping with you." Mr. Hinman has brought us under obligation by donating to the library a hymn book and three bound volumes of Associational Minutes. With the latter are bound up various documents of historical or of personal interest. The hymn book is one which Mr. Hinman has had in his possession sixty years. It was brought by his grandfather, Moses Hinman, from Vermont, in 1799, and was in use until supplanted by Watts' "Psalms and Hymns." A comparison of the hymns in this book with those, for example, in the "Canadian Baptist Hymnal," will show what a change has taken place in the hymnody of the Christian church in the last century. The honor of being the first to respond to our appeal for donations of historical material to the McMaster University library belongs to Mr. Hinman and the Haldimand Church.

Book Reviews.

"ROSE À CHARLITTE."*

"Rose à Charlitte" is the latest volume from the pen of the young Canadian writer, Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," "The King of the Park," and other stories. With one exception, Miss Saunders' works have been primarily for children, or have had a noticeable didactic purpose, but "Rose à Charlitte," like "The House of Armour," is an essay into the realm of fiction, pure and simple. And a very promising essay it is, too. As an Acadian romance, it is appro-

[* An Acadian romance. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated by H. de M. Young: Boston, L. C. Page & Co. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.]

priately dedicated "to one whose classic verse is rich in suggestion caught from the picturesque Evangeline land, to Theodore Harding Rand, D.C.L., of McMaster University, Toronto." There are many comparatively unexplored mines in our own romantic Canadian annals, and the story of the expulsion, wanderings, and return of the Acadians is surely one of the richest of these. Our Canadian poets have caught the inspiration of the Evangeline land, and in the pages of Roberts, Carman, and Rand are to be found exquisite pictures of its bewitching scenery. But Longfellow's successful use of the Acadian story in Evangeline, while proving its striking possibilities, has made it difficult for other poets to work the same vein. The novel-writer has the advantage of the poet in this respect, and Roberts has, as we know, made use of Acadian romance in "The Forge in the Forest." Now comes Miss Saunders with her story, and if for no other reason than that in it she shows the resources that await the touch of the master-hand, "Rose à Charlitte" is a welcome addition to Canadian literature.

But, apart from this, "Rose a Charlitte" has distinct merits of its own. Its main interest lies, we think, in the charming picture it gives of the Acadians of to-day. Their everyday life, their simplicity of nature, not unmixed with shrewdness, their gaiety of spirit, and generous, hospitable disposition, their devotion to their religion, and pride of race, in spite of the tendency to become English, these, and many other features of Acadian life stand out vividly on the canvas. But while depicting these in the course of her story, Miss Saunders lays most stress, perhaps, on their passionate remembrance of the cruelties inflicted on their ancestors, and on their burning sense of the injustice they deem still done them by modern opinion on the causes of that great tragedy. Acadian opinion on this subject (as indicated in such works as Richards' "Acadia: Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of History," and Herbin's "Grand Pre: a Sketch of the Acadien Occupation"), is inclined to acquit the English Government of blame, and to lay upon Governor Laurence, of Massachusetts, the responsibility for the expulsion and its attendant cruelties. This view is presented in "Rose à Charlitte," and one character in it, Agapit Le Noir, is the incarnation of the Acadian feeling and spirit. It is pleasing to observe that unequivocal loyalty to England and England's Queen is a distinguishing feature of Acadian sentiment.

From the purely artistic standpoint the clear-cut characterization is the best thing in the book. Rose à Charlitte, the heroine, Narcisse, her child, Agapit, the "fiery Frenchman," and Bidiane are

drawn as if from life. They stand out distinct from one another, and never once appear to be mere variations of the same type. Rose and Narcisse, in particular, are exquisite creations, and their presence gives a rare charm and distinction to the story. It is Miss Saunders' power to create such living and such delightful persons as these, rather than her ability to invent a plot, that leads us to expect greater things from her pen. All that can justly be said of Rosé à Charlitte, as a story, is that it is fairly interesting. For so long a book the substance of the story must be considered thin. Indeed, the one criticism to be made is on the score of length. After all it is the story that makes a romance and when it drags the interest of the reader is bound to wane. We confess that at times in reading "Rose à Charlitte" it required an effort to keep up the interest, and yet when we have said this we feel like adding that there is hardly a chapter in the book that, by itself, is not interesting. It is only because the connecting link between it and the main story is weak that one is inclined to lose interest. This is the artistic defect of the book. We are sure, however, that Miss Saunders' growing power will enable her soon to overcome this weakness. For the present we can commend "Rose à Charlitte" to Canadian readers.

M.

College News.

F. J. Scott, '99, Miss B. E. Gile, '00, A. C. Watson, '01, Editors.

We are pleased to welcome back to the Hall as residents Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall, after a prolonged absence.

To newly-returned student, surrounded by a throng of envious youths,—"Congratulations, old boy! Much joy!"—and he looked bewildered.

Professor in Geology, examining mineralogical specimens supposed to be procured by the students from Nature's open field,—"This is a rare stone. In what neighborhood was it found?" Student, fresh from the garret, where geological relics of other students, of other years, are stored,—"In the wilds of the desert of the garret."

Overheard on Founder's Night:—Charming Young Lady, promenading: Dr. Thomas uses very big words, does'nt he? Freshman: Yes, but you must remember he was talking to students. Charming Young Lady. Oh, I see!—and the Freshman wonders why the charming young lady smiled so curiously.

The Rink.—Thanks to the co-operation of our vigorous rink committee and frigid weather, the long-standing water has congealed with sufficient hardness to support many youths and maidens on its surface. Hockey is booming; McMaster students and friends are taking a lively interest in the success of the rink, and if cold weather only continues the success of this branch of athletics will be assured.

Christmas Dinner.—At 1.30 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, December 22nd, the McMaster students welcomed to their gaily decorated dining-hall the members of the Boards of Governors and Senators, the members of the Faculty, representatives from several of the other institutions of learning in our Province, with other specially invited guests. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, the chairman, Mr. F. J. Scott, gave the signal for the commencment of the toast-list. The first toast was to the Queen, proposed by the chairman, and responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. Alexander G. Campbell, B.A., spoke in behalf of McMaster, Professor Willmott, replying in an interesting speech containing some valuable suggestions. Mr. J. T. Jones, '99, proposed the toast to "Sister Institutions." Representatives from Varsity, Queen's, Victoria, Knox, Osgoode, The Dental College, and Woodstock College, responded in brief and happy

speeches. The Learned Professions were duly honored by Mr. W. P. Reekie, B.A., and were represented in reply by Dr. Porter in a few witty remarks. Then followed the toast to the ladies, who received their full share of honor, if that were possible, in an eloquent speech made by Mr. H. Procter, '99. The singing of "They are Jolly Good Fellows" terminated one of the most successful Christmas dinners ever held by McMaster students.

Founder's Day.—The fall term of 1898 was brought to a close by the annual services held in honor of the University's Founder, on the evening of Thursday, December 22nd. Despite the unpleasantness of the weather, a large number of guests were present, and did their part in making the occasion a successful one. The corridors were gaily decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens, some of the lecture-rooms were prettily decked in the several class-colors, as rendezvous; and a number of the student's rooms were thrown open for the same purpose. The program for the evening was quite varied, and well suited for the entertainment of such a large company. The more serious and strictly memorial part of the exercises took place at 8 o'clock in the Dining Hall. Chancellor Wallace occupied the chair, and Rev. E. T. Fox conducted the devotional exercises. Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., delivered a magnificent address on "The Girdèd Life." At 9 o'clock an exhibition of stereopticon views of Canada, the Klondike, and Child Studies was given in the Chapel, by Mr. H. E. Whittemore; and at 9.15, in the Dining Hall, a program of readings and vocal and instrumental music was rendered; a similar program was given in the Chapel at 10 o'clock. Those who furnished these parts of the entertainment were: Mr. Lester Riggs, clarionet; Miss Alice Nesbitt, reading; Mr. W. E. Bowyer, baritone; Miss Louie Fulton, violin; Mrs. Sara Spence, reading, Mr. Leo B. Riggs, piano; Miss Hattie R. Eckhardt, piano; and Messrs. Bryant, Riggs, Bowyer, Welch, quartette. At 9.30 a promenade concert began on the second flat, which, judging from the animated appearance which the halls presented, was not the least attractive feature of the evening. Two popular centres of interest during the evening must be mentioned. In Room 31 was to be found a very unique museum, containing a large and valuable collection of relics, such as the "hatchet which was used 'to break the news to mother'," and the "bullet that shot Gladstone." Room 27 was a veritable "Plugger's Den," after viewing which no one could escape the conviction that "much study is a weariness to the flesh." It was nearly mid-night when the guests left the Hall; and everyone, either in words or in thought, pronounced the "Founder's Night" of 1898 a decided success.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On Tuesday evening, December 13th, in the Bloor Street Baptist Church was held the seventeenth annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University. Dr. Rand occupied the chair. A portion of Scripture was read by Chancellor Wallace, after which Pastor Eaton led in prayer. The annual report was read by the Recording Secretary, Mr. S. E.

Grigg, which was very encouraging. The work done by the students during the summer had been abundantly blessed, almost every one reporting conversions and baptisms. New fields were opened up, churches were organized, and chapels built. The voluntary work is progressing rapidly. Taylor Street Mission was kept open during the summer, and splendid work done. The Society is represented in Bolivia by Bro. Reekie, and Bro. and Sister Routledge, who have opened up the first Protestant mission in that land.

The Rev. J. A. K. Walker, missionary lately returned from the Telugu field, gave a most inspiring address on India's attitude to Christ and Christianity. There is a great difference between the attitude toward Christ and that toward Christianity. Many who admire and venerate Christ will not accept the dogmas of Christianity. India is divided into many classes. The first class considered was the educated class, and of these there are three main sub-classes, the vernacular educated class, the English educated class, and the students in the Universities. The vernacular educated class is most intensely Hindu, and narrowly educated. Their attitude goes through the gradations of indifference, apathy and hatred. They do not discriminate between a true Christian and an average British official, who is a disgrace to Christianity and a stumbling-block to its spread. Where Christianity has been forcefully presented to this class their attitude is hopeful.

The English educated classes are the graduates of the universities, and fill the most important offices under the Government. There have been two religious movements among them. The first was an eclectic system established about 1774, and later on revived again. The advocates of this system look on Jesus as a prophet of God, but deny His deity. They admit the crucifixion, but deny the resurrection. This is destined to fall, and its ablest exponents see and admit that nothing short of the full acceptance of Christ as the divine Son of God and Saviour of the world can bring lasting benefit to India. There is besides a New-Hinduism which claims that India does not need a new religion. What is needed is to have popular Hinduism cleared of its corruptions. There are hopeful signs among these men. They are enquiring and discussing, and this thought is losing hold on them. Some of them say that if Christianity does not get a foothold in their day, their children or children's children will be Christians.

The University students are thoughtful young men, and more attention is beginning to be paid to them. The uneducated middle classes are made up of the farmers, tradesmen, etc. They are vast in numbers and are thoughtful men, as a rule. When Christ is presented to them clearly and in a spirit of love they are friendly. The reasons for this friendly attitude are mainly two. They are ashamed of Hinduism. Filthiness is at the very heart of it. Its priests and priestesses are immoral and corrupt to the highest degree. Then where they have seen the power of Christ and Christianity in the hearts of men and women they cannot deny it. Some of His own

people, converted in a most providential manner, stood firm in the midst of the bitterest persecution, ready to lay down their lives rather than deny Christ. The report of this thing went about the country and impressed all who heard of it. They know that there is nothing in any other religion which can wield like power over timid men and women. The meeting closed with prayer led by the Rev. Mr. Denovan.

On Wednesday morning the meeting was continued in the College chapel. After devotional exercises, led by Dr. Rand, reports were heard from various voluntary workers. This was followed by an address on the deepening of the spiritual life, by Mr. J. J. McNeil, B.A., and another on the same subject by the Rev. Mr. Walker. These addresses were very Scriptural and most intensely earnest, and such as might very profitably be put into print. This meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. J. G. Brown.

The Literary and Scientific Society. — The Literary and Scientific Society held its last meeting for the fall term on Friday night, Dec. 16th. The programme was very interesting from a literary as well as from an artistic point of view, for it marked the appearance of the Xmas number of a college paper well known in the University life of McMaster as *The Student.* To venture a criticism of this newsy sheet would be a presumption unpardonable when such men as G. R. Welch and P. C. McGregor are editors. Its pages were filled with a wide and varied collection of news, interesting to those Freshmen who are frequently seen scanning the "Want" column of the daily, to the Junior and Senior with their finely wrought philosophical and metaphysical brains so keenly appreciative of the sublime and the ridiculous. Chancellor Wallace gave a brief address, in which he manifested his deep interest in and appreciation of what is being done in athletics among the students. The Chancellor also presented the championship McNaught challenge cup and the gold medal to the winner of first place in the annual games for the year 98 99 to G. L. Sprague, the silver medal for second place to A. B. Cohoe, and the silver medal for third place to R. E. Sayles, and the badges to the winners of the different events. During the evening, Mr. A. C. Newcombe, '00, delighted the audience with a vocal solo; Mr. A. J. Thomson, '99, gave an instrumental solo, and Miss Nesbit recited acceptably.

Freshmen's Rally.—The evening of the 15th of December was spent in a most enjoyable manner by the Freshmen Class. It was the memorable occasion of the first Annual Rally, which all but four of the members were able to attend. Through the generous hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, their home was thrown open to the host of ninety young people, who were determined to spend a few pleasant hours. The first part of the evening was given up to a guessing contest, with the occasional interruptions, when the different numbers on the programme were given. Mr Coutts, the President, made a short address, welcoming the guests, and at the conclusion of his remarks,

presented to Mrs. Newman a bouquet of flowers, as a token of the Year's appreciation of her kindness. The Class History was admirably given by Mr. Walker, and a magnificent address was delivered by Mr. Stapleton, who holds the position of Orator in the Year. Mr. Leo Riggs and Mr. McDonald the Minstrel and Bard of the Class, contributed musical and poetical numbers to the programme. The continual buzz of conversation characterized the remaining part of the evening, and an enjoyable social hour was spent. This evening's entertainment initiated Class '02 into the pleasures of the Year Rally, and it is safe to say that the anticipations of none were disappointed.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss Putnam, Miss Duncan, Editors.

The College re-opened for the New Year on Wednesday, January 4th. The attendance is larger than that of last term, several new students have been enrolled.

The outlook for the next six months is most encouraging; the work has been entered upon with an earnestness and vigor that augurs well for the term. The best spirit possible in regard to the work prevails; an evidence that, more and more, the aim of the College to be one in which the work is of the very highest character, is being realized. A marked feature of this spirit is the earnest individual effort that is made by each student in her work, ample proof of which was given in the satisfactory results of the Christmas examinations. The spirit shown in the literary work is not lacking in the other departments, and in all phases of the life; the class organizations and the various societies are all successfully maintained.

The most interesting feature of this term has been the lecture given by Professor Clark, I.L.D., of Trinity College, on Kingsley's "Water Babies." The lecture sustained in a high degree the superior character of the course of lectures arranged for the year. It is a matter for congratulation that the students have enjoyed the privilege of hearing the most cultured men of the city lecture upon subjects of special interest and profit.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

There is talk of lodging a protest against the McMaster Hockey Team's infringement of our athletic color-rights.

We are glad to welcome to our midst many new boys of a splendid type, and all greet with pleasure the return of some of the old students who had endeared themselves to the school. The smiling face of W. Fox, who was out for a term, brings back pleasant recollections.

Under the management of a good live committee, the skating rink is proving the source of a deal of pleasure; before the winter is over we hope to see a match between the McMaster and Woodstock Hockey teams.

The Literary Societies are again under full swing. The officers for Philomathic Society are Pres., J. A Hilts; Vice Pres., Fyfe McDonald; Sec., C. Fraser; Marshall, O. W. Pound; Critic, Mr. Clarke. The affairs of the Excelsior are under the management of Pres., J. B. McArthur; Vice-Pres., R. Edwards; Sec., K. Clarke; Editors of "Maple Leaf," N. and L. Buchanan; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

The Hockey Club met for re-organization Jan. 10th, and elected the following officers: Hon. Pres., D. W. Karn; Pres., Mr. Teakles; Vice-Pres., S. S. McEwen; Sec., R. A. F. McDonald; Captain Senior team, M. S. McArthur; Junior team, G. H. Challies. The boys are playing a good game, and we expect them to win laurels for the school before spring, although the team is composed of entirely new material.

While in Woodstock on the 12th inst., for the purpose of delivering a University extension lecture on "Matthew Arnold," Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., of the University of Toronto, was a guest at the College. On the morning following his lecture in the Public Library Hall, Mr. Keys addressed the school, and gave a very interesting description of the English and German methods of secondary education. A unique feature of Mr. Keys visit was that in meeting the Faculty, he was renewing acquaintance in two cases with old college-mates, and in three others (including that of the Principal) with former students. The manual training department elicited strong praise from our Toronto visitor.

On Monday evening, December 19th, a match took place in the Canterbury Street Rink, between the College Hockey Team and the team of the Thistle Hockey Club, of the town. Shortly after 5 o'clock the uniformed teams lined up (the Thistles in the blue and the College

boys in green and white), and the puck was faced. From the first the game was swift. The Thistles, especially Nethercotte and Bickerton, showed skill and practice in their individual play, and did good work, running the number of goals up, so that at the end of half time the score stood 3 to 1 in their favor. After a short intermission, the players again took their positions on the ice. The play was fast and interesting, and the College forwards put up a better combination, but the Thistles brought the record to 6 to 1, and things looked blue for the boys in green. Hunter, of the Thistles, was disabled, and his place was taken by Caister. About 15 minutes then remained. The College boys began to warm up to work in earnest, and by their rushes, brilliant pass game and good shots succeeded in putting through four goals. The prospects were bright for another, which would have evened the score, when the whistle blew for time and play ceased. The game from start to finish was clean and gentlemanly, and the wearers of the green are in hopes of regaining their lost laurels before the close of the season. The following are the teams:— Thistles: Goal, H. Anderson; point, Hunter; cover point, Bickerton; forwards, Nethercotte (captain), Hay, Dunlap, Eden. College: Goal, E. Hunter; point, G. H. Challies; cover point, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, M. S. McArthur (captain), J. B. McArthur, E. A. Davis, C. Hursee. Referee, "Wee" Fuller, of the Parks Hockey Club.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

The winter term of school opened on the 3rd inst. The scholars, with few exceptions, returned faithfully after having enjoyed a good holiday. The work of the year began promptly. At present there are prospects of a good term's work.

Rev. W. S. Bullock, Pastor of Roxton Pond French Baptist Church, conducted our weekly prayer meeting on the 4th inst. He gave us a short visit while on his way to the West to represent our mission before the different churches of the Western Associations. We were pleased to hear him and listen to his helpful words. We trust that God may make his journey a blessing, and that the people may be led to respond to the needs of the great work of spreading the Gospel of Truth among those who have it not.

The Athletic enthusiasts have discharged their duties faithfully during the past few days, and they expected that the rink would have been in good shape for skating by this time. But this afternoon (14th inst.), instead of skating on the rink, they might have bathed in it, had they been so disposed. The hope is that "Jack Frost" may visit us before long.

"THE man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Let no such man be trusted—mark the music."—The following programme was well rendered on the 16th of December last at the Ninth Annual Musical Soirée, under the direction of our able teacher, Mrs. A. E. Massé.

Piano Duet	"Comedy Overture,"	Mrs. Massé and Miss Rustedt
Piano Solo	"Petit Bolero,"	Miss E. Cummings
Piano Solo	"Canzonetta,"	Miss A. Vessot
Cornet Solo	"Serenade,"	E. S. Roy
Piano Solo	"First Mazurka,"	Miss V. St. James
Vocal Solo	"L'Anneau d' Argent,"	Miss S. Piché
Piano Solo	"Flittergold,"	Miss C. Thétrault
Piano Trio	"Deux Gavottes Célèbres,"	Mr. Hayes, Miss Rustedt and Miss Briston
Vocal Duet	"Le Lac de Genève,"	Mrs. Massé and Miss Piché
Piano Solo	"L'Oiseau Captif,"	Miss E. Bowden
Piano Solo	"Fur Elise,"	Miss A. Therrien
Vocal Solo	(*a*) "Who Told?" (*b*) "Mignon,"	Mrs. Massé
Piano Solo	"Andaute Favori,"	Miss Rustedt
Vocal Duet	"O Lovely Night,"	Messrs. Roy and Therrien

PRINCIPAL MASSÉ attended the jubilee anniversary meeting of the "Brooklyn Ladies Association," in aid of the Grande Ligne Mission, held in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 7th of December last. He reports that, owing to the protracted illness of Mrs. C. H. Cutting, the President of the Association, Dr. Shempstone acted as moderator. The gathering was made up of representative members of all the Baptist churches of the city. Rev. T. Lafleur made an address on the work of the Mission in general, and Principal Massé on its educational features. Both are agreed that they never spake to a more sympathetic audience. The Association is in a most prosperous condition, and promises to second the efforts of the Mission for years to come.

Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

MISS ANNA M. SACKETT, of Waukesha, Wis., has revoked a legacy of $5,000 to Carroll College in that city, because the trustees permit the students to play football. Miss Sackett took this action after witnessing a game.—*Ex.*

WE note two very interesting articles in a recent number of the *Baptist Union*, written by two McMaster graduates, Messrs. O. G. Langford, B.A., and Stanbury R. Tarr, M.A.

A PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING.

For Thy love and strong compassion
We adore Thee, Saviour,
May Thy love, in tender fashion,
Better our behaviour!
Where Thou art, sin cannot be;
Make our hearts, Lord, bright with Thee,
Till in heaven's eternity
We sing: O mighty Saviour.

Angel voices sing Thy praises,
Sweetly sounds their trying,
But when man the chorus raises
He forgets his sighing,
Sings of One who left His bliss,
Meekly met the traitor's kiss,
Suffered pain of scourge and hiss,
On the cross lay dying.

Saviour, bounteous in blessing,
Guide our growing nation,
May we, weaknesses confessing,
Witness Thy salvation,—
With Thy spirit us endue,
Make us free and kind and true,
Each Thanksgiving Day anew
Kindling adoration.

—G. Herbert Clarke, in *Baptist Union.*

A FANCY BY THE SEA.

The lingering trace on the day's dead face
Of the sunset's parting smile,
Sheds an after-glow on the peaks of snow
And the gray sea, mile on mile.

The sea birds rest on her spacious breast,
Hearing her croon of sleep;
Oh, sweet and long is the slumber song
Of the ancient mother deep!

Perchance she dreams of the matchless themes
She sang when the world was young,
Ere wild winds woke and their sorrows spoke
And taught her an alien tongue.

But some glad day in the far away,
When the world's heart is retuned,
She will sing again in the old refrain
She in her childhood crooned.

—Bradford K. Daniels, in *Canadian Magazine.*

A mass-meeting of students of Princeton University, by an overwhelming majority passed resolutions for the abolition of hazing. The preamble of the resolutions recites that hazing in all forms is a demor-

alizing practice, which has been carried to a baneful extreme, so as to damage the interests and reputation of the university, and the resolutions, after declaring for abolition, say that the freshman class will be expected to observe established college customs, and provide for a committee of five persons, composed of the Vice-Presidents of the two upper classes, the editor-in-chief of the *Princetonian*, and the manager and assistant manager of the baseball team, to enforce the resolutions. —*New York Post.*

"You will observe," said the Professor, "that the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes." "But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class, whose father was in the hardware line. "Certainly not," replied the Professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?" "I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.—*Household Words.*

A CERTAIN layman in the diocese brought a complaint against the clergyman of the parish for various ritualistic practices. In making his indictment, he reserved the worst till last—"And would you believe it, my lord? Mr. —— kisses his stole." Whether the Bishop approved of the piece of ritual or not, history does not relate, but his sense of humor came to his rescue at the moment. "Well, Mr. ——, you will be the first to admit that that's a good deal better than if he stole a kiss."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ACTA VICTORIANA has published an excellent Christmas number both as to form and matter. It is representative of the best names in Canadian literature, among the contributors being such writers as, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Charles G. D. Roberts, Jean Blewett and others. We notice a pretty little poem by our own Dr. Rand, which we reproduce elsewhere in this column. There are portraits of most of the writers as well as other illustrations. Altogether the number reflects great credit upon the energy of the editors.

THE Bishop of—never mind where—being a new comer, and somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting out-of-the-way parishes and taking one himself.

On one of these occasions, having formed quite a good congregation, and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unimpressionable yokels, and put some leading questions to the old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they've been pleased with yer," said the old man, patronizingly, "and I'm sure we tuk it werry kind o' yer worship to come down and preach to us; but, yer knaw, a worser one would ha' done for the likes o' we, if so be," he added with becoming humility, "one could have bin found."—*Living Church.*

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

Companions of idle dreaming,
I wonder where do you go.
You leave me now in my weary way,
And the things you promised for me one day
Are gone forever, I know.

You said I'd live to be happy,
To find that your word was true;
But the Love, the Peace and the Fame to be,
Foundations of Hope, that you promised me,
Are treasures I never knew.

Yet, friends, I cherish no hatred,
But bear you all good-will;
You cheered me during my boyhood years,
You steadied my heart 'gainst growing fears,
And for this I love you still.

I know you were false and fickle,
But the world has much of this;
So I count you comrades among the rest,
And I wish you always may find the best
Of health and perfect bliss.

—Frank F. Dukette, *in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

The lithe wind races and sings
Over the grasses and wheat—
See the emerald floor as it springs
To the touch of invisible feet!

Ah, later, the fir and the pine
Shall stoop to its weightier tread,
As it tramps the thundering brine
Till it shudders and whitens in dread!

Breath of man! A glass of thine own
Is the wind on the land, on the sea,—
Joy of life at thy touch!—full grown,
Destruction and death may be!

—*Dr. Rand, in Acta Victoriana.*

Lord Crewe, at an educational meeting at Liverpool, told an amusing story of the little son of a friend of his who refused to say his lesson to his governess. He admitted that he knew it well, but, said he, "If I say my lesson, what's the use? you will only make me learn something else." That child will probably be heard of again.—*Westminster Gazette.*

The publishers of one of Kipling's recent books paid at the rate of a shilling a word. A would be wag of fleet street, London, upon hearing this, wrote to Mr. Kipling to the effect that as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices he would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling. The Londoner duly received his answer. Kipling retained the shilling and politely forwarded a large sheet of paper, upon which was inscribed the single word "thanks."—*Ex.*

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ALEXANDER LORIMER.

Modest worth always commands the respect of the best people. This is especially true among Baptists, who are characterized by the simplicity of their religious life, and cannot tolerate ecclesiastical pomp, or the exaltation of one man above another in the church of Jesus Christ. "One is your Master," they say, "even Christ, and all ye are brethren." This characteristic was prominent to a remarkable degree in the person of the late Rev. Alexander Lorimer, whose life we sketch in brief as one well deserving a place among the records of worthy Canadian Baptists.

Born of a small but sturdy Scotch clan in Portsoy, Banffshire, Scotland, October 20th, 1821, he inherited that pluck and perseverance so essential in one who has to overcome many formidable obstacles in attaining the objects of his ambition

His parents, John Lorimer and Isabel Brodie, were earnest Christians who so highly valued the services of the Lord's house that they never hesitated to travel on foot to a Baptist church a distance of fourteen miles each way, every communion Sunday: and seven miles to a Congregational church on intervening Sundays. The children walked with them and the time returning was profitably spent reviewing the sermon, and the scriptures

on which it was based. Thus, Alexander was early trained to know the Scriptures and to let no obstacle prevent his regular attendance at the services of the house of the Lord.

When the boy was nine years of age, his parents came to Canada and purchased two hundred acres of land near Beebee Plain, Stanstead, Quebec, where, in 1834, at the age of thirteen, he was converted under the preaching of Elder Newel. In his boy's journal he writes,—

"Oct. 4, 1834. This day I have found hope through the blood of Christ. I can now say like the Psalmist, I joy to go into the house of the Lord."

"Dec. 14. This day I have put on Christ visibly to the world by being buried with Him in baptism and raised to newness of life. It was very cold, 26° below zero."

His brother, Mr. James Lorimer, now living at Grimsby, well remembers the occasion, and says it was bitterly cold for an outdoor baptism; the ice had to be broken and the water kept constantly stirred for the ordinance, but the boy was determined and would not be put off.

The very next year he decided upon his life work, "A minister to preach the everlasting gospel." He immediately began Latin and such other studies as would prepare him for matriculation, studying with Mr. Elder at Stanstead, and afterwards taking Greek with Mr. Colby of Derby Centre, Vt. In 1839 he entered Dartmouth College, taking an honorable standing, and after four years received the degree of B.A., with gold medal for proficiency in the Greek language and literature.

His college diary has only an occasional entry and that more about the new thoughts given him in the lectures than about himself. But under date July 19th, 1840, he writes,—

"The summer term is now drawing to a close. At such a season as this, it is profitable to take a retrospective view of my college course, and from any experience and knowledge I have acquired to profit in the future. While my mind has been gradually expanding in intellectual knowledge, I am reluctantly obliged to confess that I have fallen behind in moral improvement. Many more omissions of religious duties, more hardness of conscience, and a continued disinclination to the exalted end of my being, than when I first entered college. My progress in

intellectual pursuits has been considerable when compared with that of many of my associates, but when I take a peep at the lives of the illustrious of the earth, I am abashed at my little advancement."

In the winter vacation he writes,—"During twelve weeks of this vacation I have been teaching the school at Derby in which my first attempts were made two years ago. Many of my evenings are spent in attending conference and preaching meetings, conducted by Mr. Kinsman, Mr. Davis and others; while the meetings of our own church give me no considerable exercise in composition and speaking."

"Feb. 23, 1841. To-day I left home again to proceed to Dartmouth. It is trying to part with my friends, and chiefly with my beloved father, whom I may never see again. He exhorted me, as far as his strength permitted, not to dig too deep into heathen philosophy, but rather into the Scriptures, for it was from the latter he now received his chief comfort."

That he delighted in his college course is evident. Writing of it April 2, 1841, he says,—"Seated by the cheerful blaze of my little fire, surrounded by the works of departed genius, and the privileges of college life, I may well say, 'My lines have fallen in pleasant places.'

"May 26, 1842. After finishing the study of Bakewell's "Geology," Professor Hulbard and about thirty members of the senior class made an excursion to Moose Mountain, at the east of the town. We saw some trap rock, found some small quartz crystals and red hematite and enjoyed some fine prospects. A pentagonal piece of trap and a rhomb of quartz were brought back and placed in the cabinet."

"July 28. I must bid adieu to my Alma Mater, and I cannot leave these halls without emotion. The world is before me —may He lead me on, who has conducted me thus far."

In September, 1842, he entered the Canadian Baptist College at Montreal, then in its palmiest days. Here he met such worthy men as Dr. Davis, Dr. Cramp, Dr. Fyfe, Dr. Davidson, and others whose lives have been an inspiration to Canadian Baptists.

His father having died during his college days, he determined not to be a burden to his widowed mother, and supported

himself during his course in theology by teaching in a private school and taking private pupils; and the overwork thus made necessary very much impaired his physical strength.

His first church was the one at Kingston, of which he was pastor from 1844 to 1852. He was satisfied to settle on a much smaller salary than our young men of to-day, for this church in those early days gave only $300 a year and furnished no parsonage. Yet in 1846, he married Miss Ruth Baines who still survives him, and whose sister, Grace, was well known as the wife of the Hon. Dr. John Rolph, founder of the Victoria School of Medicine, Toronto. Mr. Lorimer was highly esteemed by his church in Kingston, where many still remember his able and consecrated ministry.

In 1852 he was called to the church at Seaconk, near Boston, where he remained for a year and a half. It was during his pastorate in this place that he was offered the position of Librarian of the University of Toronto, an office for which he was eminently fitted, not only on account of his love of books and his extended scholarship, but also by reason of that system and order which characterized his every undertaking. This position he held about fourteen years, and here he could hold happy converse with those books which were the delight of his heart. It was while he was occupied in this office, that the writer first became acquainted with him and learned to value his friendship, and his wonderful knowledge of books, which made him the constant reference of the diligent student. He knew every book in that vast library and just where to lay his hand upon it. Frequently Dr. McCaul would send up a Latin quotation saying he had forgotten the author, and would the Librarian please send him the book, and Mr. Lorimer was always equal to the occasion. His indefatigable labors in cataloguing and classifying that immense library were represented by the ponderous volumes compiled by him, which lay on the tables of the reading-rooms until destroyed by that unfortunate University fire.

It was not in his nature to refrain from intellectual or religious work, and we find that during his years at the University Library, he was constant in the Master's service, either preaching the Gospel, or writing for the press, according to opportunity, and usually refused any money consideration, though it was

freely offered him. Many of our readers will remember seeing the old "Baptist Union," which was published in Toronto, and edited by Rev. A. Lorimer during the period between 1856 and 1863, and which was an excellent contribution to Canadian Baptist literature.

The subject of our sketch died on the 4th of September, 1868, leaving behind four children, Eliza Brodie, now Mrs. Robt. Cameron of Boston: Sarah Frances, now Mrs. L. Woolverton of Grimsby, Alexander R. and Benjamin D. of Toronto.

Just as he was passing away, a sister in Christ, Mrs. Childs, recently herself also departed, sang to him his favorite hymn which he had so often given out at religious gatherings,—

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word
'Tis immortality."

LINUS WOOLVERTON.

Grimsby, Ont.

SOME WINTER HOMES.

(Concluded.)

Beavers, too, are quite comfortably housed for the winter. They, like the muskrat, build houses. And they, like the rat, take care that they know of some safe hole in the bank of the pond or stream in case their house is disturbed.*

Beavers have a great fancy for wandering during the early summer months. They have been known to appear in localities where they have been extinct for many years. A few years ago the farmers near a small lake in the County of Lanark were astonished to find the waters of the lake suddenly rising and overflowing their meadows. When they came to seek the cause

*When beavers are found along rapid, spring-fed streams, such as the Saugeen, in the County of Bruce, they seldom build dams. Open water insures them access to timber along the margin of the streams even in winter. A supply of logs cut and laid up for winter is therefore unnecessary. Not having to do this laborious work the beavers (called bank beavers) become very lazy and very fat. A friend of mine caught an unusual y large bank beaver just where the Beaver River joins the Saugeen near what is now the town of Paisley.

they discovered that a single pair of beavers had built a dam across the small stream that formed the outlet to the lake, and so had raised the water! Where these beavers came from no one knows, as they had been extinct in that locality for nearly a century.

When, after his summer wanderings the beaver gets back to his old stand, he immediately sets to work to prepare for winter. The first thing is to repair the house and dam, if these should happen to have been injured by the spring floods. The house is always built near the head of the pond; and is a mass of sticks and mud. It is much larger than that of the muskrat; and differs from it in the absence of grass and acquatic plants in its construction. The internal arrangements are similar to those found in the rat-house. The large warm chamber is not used except for a living room. The eating is done outside as we shall see. As a number of beavers occupy one of these houses provision is made for ventilation, by leaving a small aperture in the thick roof giving communication with the atmosphere. This is absent in the rat-house.

The house having been seen to, the next point is the dam. These dams are often very old; but always kept in repair by successive generations of beavers. What are known as "beaver meadows" are found wherever small sluggish streams are found; but are more plentiful in the country east and north of Kingston than in any other part of Canada that I know of. I have visited one beaver meadow that is more than a mile long, and nearly half as wide; and the nature of the ground is such that in order to dam the small creek that formed their water supply, the structure must have been more than a mile in length! In every case these meadows were formed by the back water from the dam, which killed the trees in the valley through which the stream flowed. Through countless ages the deposits brought down by the stream formed a rich, black soil at the bottom of the pond. When the settlers came the beavers left; the dams fell into a state of ruin, or were purposely destroyed by the settlers. Then the stream subsided into its original channel, where we find it to-day, winding through the fringe of alders that have sprung up along its course. In a few years this black, level soil was covered with a very good quality of grass, which still fur-

nishes a large part of the winter's feed for cattle in some of the less thickly settled parts of eastern Ontario.

A beaver dam is one of the most interesting and instructive objects in nature. Solomon says, "Go to the ant"; he said that because he never saw a beaver dam! One of the best I ever saw is built on a small stream running into a lake which forms the head waters of Rainy River in the Nipissing district. The stream runs through a hardwood forest, beech, maple, and yellow birch. At the point selected for the dam the ravine through which the stream flowed is about sixty feet across. This is the narrowest place for some distance either way; and in the middle of the hollow grew a tamarack tree about a foot in diameter. That tree had a good deal to do with the selection of this particular spot at which to build the dam. Both banks are high; and that on the south side is steep, moss-grown rock. The dam was nearly eight feet in height, and the centre rested on this tree as a support; thus adding materially to the resisting power of the structure. The dam was constructed of sticks and mud; fully six feet through at the bottom, and three or four at the top. On the down stream side no pains had been taken to make a finished job; the sticks projected in all directions. But on the upper side the wall was nicely smoothed off, and plastered with clay. The top was as level as a floor, finished off with what seemed to be blocks of hard clay. The structure was, and I suppose still is, perfectly solid and substantial; and the men from the shanty used it as a convenient bridge in crossing the stream.

The most wonderful thing about the dam was the slide over which the water flowed when the pond was full. This was directly over the original bed of the stream. It ran at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the top of the dam to the stream below. It was two feet wide, and the sides six inches high. The angles were as true as if they had been made with a mason's square and trowel. The whole thing was a work of art; and in some way the beavers know how to mix and temper the clay with which they line their slides, so that the water in its swift rush has no effect whatever upon it. The water, when I saw it, was rushing down the slide four inches deep, and had been so doing for months; and yet the clay was perfectly intact, and smooth as a piece of asphalt!

When the dam is in process of erection, the water is allowed to escape through a hole left in the bottom. The water is not then needed. But when the autumn approaches, and preparations are about to be made for the winter supply of food, this hole is closed, and the pond fills up until the water runs over the slide. Then the beavers under the charge of the patriarch of the colony, begin to lay in their winter store of food. This food consists of the bark of trees; the poplar and birch are the favorites. Beavers are able to cut down trees of considerable size; but they rarely do so. I saw where they had cut down a great deal of stuff that was mere brush, also some birches from one to two inches in diameter. The largest I saw was about four inches through. This they had started to cut down about three feet up, evidently in the spring before the snow was gone; afterwards they came back when the ground was bare and finished the job by cutting it off close to the ground. When a tree is cut down it is again cut into lengths from three to four feet in length. These are dragged to the pond, and floated down to the deepest place. Then several beavers will seize one of these logs and, by diving, they manage to fix one end securely in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. This is repeated until there is sufficient food thus placed where they can get at it when the pond shall freeze over, and they are no longer able to get out to forage. The small saplings are more easily disposed of. A single beaver will seize one of them, and diving with the end in his mouth, stick it into the mud beside the pieces of larger growth. This work is kept up till the pond freezes over. For some time after this the beaver is able to get out of the pond at the upper end of the slide, where the water is swift. But soon even this place of egress is closed, and then the beavers resort to their winter store. They are able to partake of their food under water, and in the spring these logs will be found entirely stipped of their bark.

The trapper takes advantage of this peculiarity when, during the winter, he invades a beaver pond. One would think that the inmates of the pond would be perfectly safe beneath several feet of ice. But it is not so. When the trapper approaches a pond he at once proceeds to cut a hole with his hatchet in the ice covering that part of the pond where the food

is stored. Then selecting a nice, fresh poplar or beech log, he pushes the end down into the mud, leaving the upper end just below the surface of the water. He then sets one of his large double-spring traps, fastened to a light pole, on the bottom about eighteen inches from the log. Trappers always use a dry tamarack pole to which to fasten the end of the trap-chain. The end of the pole is placed through the ring, and a wedge driven in to prevent the chain from coming off. A dry pole is used because a beaver would soon cut to pieces a green one, and so escape with the trap. But even a beaver cannot cut a dry tamarack stick. This pole is called the "tally pole." The sharp frost of a Canadian winter soon covers this hole with a sheet of clear ice. When night comes on the beaver goes out for supper. He soon discovers this fresh log, which is a great deal better eating than those that have been some time in the water. But alas! no sooner does he rise on his hind feet to commence his supper, than the poor fellow is caught in the trap which holds him fast till he drowns. The hunter comes in the morning, and looking down through the clear ice sees the victim, cuts a hole, draws up the tally pole and then the trap with the dead beaver. He re-sets the trap, and the operation is repeated until, perhaps, nearly the whole colony is taken.

While the beaver shows a wonderful instinct and a surprising skill in his engineering operations, yet it is very often a foolish and blind instinct. On this same stream where I saw this dam, evincing so much skill and foresight, there were four or five other small dams which were mere abortions, and which served no useful purpose that I could discover. They were evidently built merely to satisfy this strange propensity for building dams and for cutting down trees which distinguishes the beaver. Growing not far from the dam were several large sugar maples. The beavers had commenced on two of these the utterly hopeless task of cutting them down. One of them was certainly two feet through, and yet they had made a circle of cutting round the entire tree, though they had not succeeded in getting through even the bark, and had to leave off in disgust. Then I saw several trees cut down but not severed from the stump, and of which no use had been made. What that wonderful thing which we call instinct is we do not know; but between it and Human Reason there is a great gulf fixed, and this our Evolutionist friends have not yet begun to span!

Waterford. ANDREW MURDOCH.

SORROW AND SOLITUDE.

(IN RELATION TO THE PREPARATION OF THE PREACHER).

It is often said that the patience with which many congregations endure poor preaching is one of the marvels of the age. There is truth in this saying. Defend the average preacher of this day as we may, point as often as we will to the examples of able and effective preaching, apologize as we like for the quality of the sermons which are confessedly poor, it remains a solemn and portentous fact that the preaching of the day is not on the average up to the mark which defines efficiency. It is not enough to declare that the average preacher is fully equal to the average lawyer. That may be freely admitted. The average preacher should be much superior to the average lawyer—more effective in argument, more powerful in appeal, more masterful in the presentation of his case, inasmuch as the end to be gained by the preacher is infinitely more important than that which the lawyer seeks. If the average lawyer is weak the effect upon the world will not amount to much, for men will still seek the aid of lawyers when they need them ; but if the average preacher is weak, and fails to interest the congregation in divine truth, the day will come when men will pass him by, and, not recognizing their need, will fall into habits of religious neglect and spiritual apathy. While people are still in the congregations on the Lord's day they should be addressed by men whose power shall be felt by them.

A thousand things might be written in admonition of preachers. Let two suffice for this article. Two conditions of power in a preacher are sorrow and solitude. The heart never grows great until it aches ; it is never divinely tender until it has been bruised ; until it has suffered alone it will not suffer with others. Here is the initial demand for the growth of a sympathy without which no preacher can be powerful. Jesus suffered the agony of the temptation before He began to preach. Because He was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief He entered with infinite tenderness and understanding into the sorrows and griefs of others, and the common people, and the publicans and sinners, heard him gladly. John the Baptist, mighty

in rebuke, as fearless as an angel, standing as a preacher upon the summits of power, was prepared for his great ministry by lonely sorrow. Who can tell what throes of heart he knew, a sad orphan student in the wilderness, as he waited for the day of his appearing to Israel! Having suffered as he contemplated the sins of his time, and the far lapse of his people, he was competent to preach in the spirit of Elijah.

Each of the two great examples cited knew solitude as well as sorrow. The value of solitude was appreciated once; it is forgotten now. Once meditation was known to be as necessary to strength of soul as sleep to strength of body; now men hurry and bustle, and look here and there to see new conditions and learn novel methods, and think that they will be powerful in proportion as they are "practical;" and what use have they for meditation? What virtue is there in mysticism? they ask, as they stop, breathless, for a moment. There is room for an argument to the effect that there was never yet a full-orbed Christian life from which mysticism was absent; but this is neither here nor there, for meditation and mysticism are not necessarily linked together. Meditation upon God and his works; upon man and his destiny; upon this age and its perils; upon life and its obligations—is absolutely essential to a proper understanding of the opportunities which are at hand. Unless we meditate we are like gunners who do not spend time to locate the target; like pilots who, regardless of a specific port to be sought, think it sufficient if they are steering through water. By meditating we become more fully possessed of truth; come into more full accord with the spirit of service; grow quiet and steadied, and know better what path to take as we go our way for speech or action. The late A. J. Gordon pleaded with his brethren to live a part of their life alone with God. Phelps' "Still Hour" shows how solitude may enrich the soul. Thousands have read such books as "The Imitation of Christ" until a new light was in their eye and a new power in their message.

If those who preach would reach the heights of power which are accessible to them, they must understand that preaching is no child's task. Among men no sublimer task is known. There is mighty power in good preaching—in preaching which has in it thought, and force, and fire, a divine fury in rebuke, a divine

tenderness in persuasion. Does any man think he can gain this power by reading an easy book, and making an easy sermon according to the canons laid down in that easy book, and putting his trust in tones loud and low, and in swaying body and swinging arms, and in the flash of the eyes and a dash of tears? Does he think that strong activity of nerves and muscles and vocal chords will make his easy little sermon mighty to the tearing down of strongholds?

Men can learn to preach well if they are willing to pay the price; but not without headache and heartache, pain and sorrow, tribulation and tears, long toiling, long enduring, and after many failures. To many preaching has become a profession, and they for hire will act their little part until they die, or find more pay and less pain in some other occupation. But the men who in entering the ministry have found a vocation, and tremble before God as Isaiah did in the Temple, are the men who, understanding their duty and opportunity, will wrestle and pray and agonize for power so to preach that men shall by their teaching be brought to salvation.

O. C. S. Wallace.

AY ME!

Silent, with hands crost meekly on his breast,
Long time, with keen and meditative eye,
Stood the old painter of Sienna by
A canvas, whose sign manual him confest.

His head droopt low, his eye ceased from its quest,
As tears filled full the fountains long since dry;
And from his lips there broke the haunting cry,
"May God forgive me—I did not my best!"

Theodore H. Rand.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM BE MODIFIED, AND HOW?

To the consideration of this subject Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University, devotes twenty-two pages in the last number of *The American Journal of Theology*. He is very strongly of the opinion that the theological curriculum should be modified, and he does his readers the favor of indicating how it should be done. The limited space at our disposal will permit only the briefest condensation of the article, leaving no room whatever for the discussion of its several points.

Dr. Harper begins with saying that "many intelligent laymen in the churches have the feeling that the training provided for the students in the theological seminary does not meet the requirement of modern times." "Nor is this disaffection restricted to the laity." It is shared by many ministers "who speak most strongly against the adequacy and the adaptation of the present methods in the seminary"; and students for the ministry are often asking the question whether a preparation for the ministry may not be got in some other way than through the seminary. Some of the number "are securing this preparation by taking graduate courses in the universities," while others "prefer to adopt the so-called short-course plan."

Dr. Harper's contention is that the model according to which "the modern theological seminaries have been organized had its origin a century or more ago," and that "while the environment of the seminary has utterly changed in this century, the seminary itself has remained practically at a standstill."

Assuming that the curriculum of the seminary should be modified, Dr. Harper lays down two general principles in accordance with which such modifications should be made. The first is that these modifications "should accord with the assured results of modern psychology and pedagogy, as well as with the demands which have been made apparent by our common experience, so far as this experience relates to the student and the preparation for his work." If this principle were adopted, certain ends would be held in mind:

1. "An effort would be made so to adjust the work of the seminary as to render it attractive to the best men." Dr.

Harper thinks that the quality of the men who enter the ministry is on the whole below that of those who enter the other professions and occupations, and he traces the fact largely to this lack of proper adjustment.

2. "The curriculum must be of such a character as to give the training which is best adapted to the individual taste and capacity of the student." The phases of the work which are distasteful to some men should be passed over for those in which they can take a deeper interest and make better progress.

3. "An effort should be made to give the student that particular training which will enable him to grow stronger and stronger in future years." Some men "begin to lose intellectual strength from the moment they leave the seminary," because in their course they have not learned to think for themselves, instead of simply receiving and adopting other men's opinions.

4. "That training is demanded which, upon the whole, will best adapt the individual to his environment." Many a minister fails from lack of ability to adjust himself to his surroundings.

The second principle in accordance with which these modifications should be made respects the character of the field in which the student is to work and the state of the society in which he is to move. "Here, again, certain conclusions follow:

1. The training of the theological student should be adjusted to the modern democratic situation."

2. "Changes should be made which will bring the work of the theological student into touch with the modern spirit of science. Here, indeed, a real difficulty presents itself. If a prospective theological student is sent to a state institution, or to one of the larger universities in which he would learn directly and definitely this scientific spirit, he is in danger of being drawn away from his purpose to preach. If, on the other hand, he goes to a small denominational college, he fails to secure any adequate preparation in science or psychology."

3. "Some adjustment must be found by which the curriculum will meet the demands that are made by the present peculiar social conditions." "The country is full of men who have become wealthy. Something is being done in sociological lines to train men to exercise influence among the working classes. Nothing has yet been proposed to provide a training

which will enable the ministry to do successful work among the richer classes."

Dr. Harper divides his general criticisms upon the present curriculum into groups, the first of which "includes criticisms relating to points of a more or less external character."

1. The curriculum of a hundred years ago which prepared men for only one kind of Christian work, namely, preaching, will not suffice for these modern times, in which many phases of Christian work are conducted by those who are not preachers. The curriculum should be broadened to include this work.

2. "The present training of the theological seminary too frequently cultivates on the part of the students a narrow and exclusive spirit." This results in many cases from the seminary being located in out-of-the-way places, where they cannot be in touch with modern life.

3. The student should not be allowed to preach during the first year of his theological course. Many seminaries, however, not only encourage, but compel him to do so.

4. "The usual practice in theological seminaries of providing free tuition and rooms, and of furnishing financial aid indiscriminately to all who may apply for the same, is greatly to be deprecated."

The second group of criticisms includes those which relate to the special subjects of study of the curriculum.

1. The theological seminary should provide for laboratory work in science, which many theological students have not been favored with in the colleges from which they have come.

2. Instruction should also be provided in psychology, pedagogy, and English literature, nor less in the English language and English expression.

3. The study of Hebrew should be made an elective.

The third group includes those suggestions which bear upon the general scope of the ministry.

1. Some men are intended by nature to preach, but they can never become scholars. A special training should be arranged for them which would enable them to become strong preachers."

2. "Other men should be advised to select their subjects for study in a line that would train them for pastoral work or general Christian work."

3. Provision should also be made in the seminary for men whom God has intended for teachers rather than preachers; for men also who have an administrative turn of mind, and could be specially useful in the admistration of Church affairs; and for men who have a gift for musical work.

The fourth group of suggestions pertains to the methods of instruction.

1. The elective system should prevail in the theological seminary.

2. The work of the student should be correlated, and he should be encouraged to follow single problems, wherever they may lead, whether into one department or another.

3. "The so-called seminary method should be more widely adopted."

The following are among the specific recommendations presented by Dr. Harper for the improvement of the theological curriculum:

1. "That an opportunity be given to those who may so desire to spend four years in the seminary instead of three, and that the stronger men be encouraged to take the longer period."

2. "That the work of the first year be prescribed and be carried on in common by all students, whatever may be their special predilection."

3. "That the study of Hebrew be required of those only who make the Old and New Testament the principal subject, and that a knowledge of Greek be required of those only who are to be preachers or teachers."

4. "That for those who are to be pastors, administrators, and general workers, the English Bible be made the principal subject, and that the secondary subjects be psychology, pedagogy and sociology."

5. "That in all cases tuition fees be charged, and that all money to be used for the aid of students be distributed in the form of scholarships on the plan adopted in colleges and universities, in return for which the student shall render actual service of one kind or another to the seminary."

D. M. W.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

V.

To review Canadian poetry and confine the examination to that which is produced in the English tongue, is really to cover but half the ground. We Canadians are a dual people. Each race keeps greatly within its own borders. We each have different institutions, our traditions are drawn from different sources. Our religions are not the same. Nor do we speak one language. All these influences tend to keep us apart, and one consequence is that the English speaking people of Canada know very little about the French Canadian writers of the great Dominion.

This condition of affairs is to be regretted. The literature of Lower Canada is rich and varied, and Frenchmen outside of Canada who speak with authority give it very high praise. The French Canadian's tendency is decidedly literary in opposition to the scientific bent of his English compatriot. His favorite studies are classics, belles-lettres and oratory. He is fond of light philosophy, poetry and romance, and naturally turns to history, poetry and romance in writing. The characteristics which mark his work are animation and polished elegance of diction, though, on the whole, there is lack of deep thought. The French Canadians appreciate their writers: and one practical way they have of expressing their appreciation is by presenting their books as prizes in the schools, and thus introducing them to the children.

This diversity of the two races existing side by side is the strongest factor in our national life. It is a bar to our progress. Our leaders on both sides are oppressed by this dead-lock of separation! Crémazie cries out in in his impassioned patriotism,—

"Ah ! Bientôt puissons nous—O drapeau de nos pères,
Voi tous les Canadiens, mis comme des frères,
Comme au jour de combat se serrer près de toi."

while Roberts in his "Collect for Dominion Day," makes a still stronger appeal for greater national unity.

"Father of Nations ! Help of the feeble hand,
Strength of the strong to whom the nations kneel,
Of our scant people mould a mighty State !
. . . . . .
To the strong stern—to Thee in meekness bowed !
Father of unity,—make thy people one !
Weld, interfuse them with a poet's flame,
Whose forging on thine anvil was begun
In blood, late shed to purge the common shame
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name !"

The poet's enthusiastic dream of Canada, an independent power, is an ideal way of settling the difficulty, and yet the politician may not see his way clear to accept the suggestion. But poets are priests and seers, not workmen. They walk apart and are filled with dim glorious visions. Their mission is to come down and impart this holy fire to those who are engaged in the conflict, and strengthen them in their labours. So while in their efforts towards the present and future welfare of our country, our Canadian politicans may not feel materially aided by the poet's practical solutions of their problems, they may be encouraged and inspired by the spirit of purest patriotism which rings throughout his verse. What we must strive for, is a less passive and more sincerely heartfelt union between the two races in our country. Without it we can never feel that full inspiring impulse which comes from mutual encouragement and full political concord. Once before in British history the Norman and Saxon races united to form one of the greatest nations and literatures the world has ever seen. Why may we not hope for great things from a like union in our land ?

In looking toward the future, Canadians cannot but be thrilled with that buoyant hopefulness that belongs to youth and growth. The possibilities of what a future lie before us ! Our territory alone is almost as great as that of Europe : our

waterways are the finest in the world: our mineral resources are without rival: our fisheries, our forests, our fur regions are of the richest: we have unequalled wheat-raising districts: the grandest variation of scene is to be found within our boundaries. Every natural resource seems to be given us. Our literary resources are no less wealthy. We have the heroic tradition of the discovery and taking of our new country. We have the picturesque romances of the time of French possession. We have delightful tales from Acadia. We have a store of Indian legends, traditions and quaint nature-lore. All these are stores original and native. Then, too, representing different races as we do, while the fountain heads of the native literatures of each are not strictly open to us in forming a national literature, yet a certain contribution is added in that each one brings with him his peculiar literary bent and different way of looking at things.

Such are our resources. All we need now is time. We need time to effect a closer internal union, time to get a population, time for that people to develop our natural wealth, and time to convert that wealth into its great ends for man, leisure and culture. Let us remember for a moment that the literary output which we are so anxious to stamp as a national literature, comes from a country that has but three million English speaking people, and an entire population of only five millions. Let us glance again over the names of our principal poets, and see if there is one whose time is free to devote to his art. Doubtless each one of them could echo the cry of Archibald Lampman,

> "O for a life of leisure and broad hours,
> To think and dream, to put away small things,
> This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts.
> To wander like the bee among the flowers,
> Till old age find us weary feet and wings,
> Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts."

We must have a more general diffusion of wealth and culture, so that there may be greater opportunity for those who are gifted among us to develop their talents. We are striving toward that goal, but at present we are so absorbingly engaged in the converting process, in digging out the wealth, that the end seems to be almost obscured. Yet we feel that we are

working toward an end, and while we may not reap the benefits ourselves, we are laying a firm foundation for those who will come after us.

Then we must have ideals. The higher the ideal the higher the attainment. "There are indeed those men whose souls are like the sea. Those billows that ebb and flood, that inexorable going and coming, that blackness, that translucency, that democracy of clouds in full hurricane, those wonderful star-risings reflected in mysterious agitation by millions of luminous wave-tops, the errant lightnings that seem to watch those prodigious sobbings, those half-seen monsters, those nights of darkness broken by howlings . . . then that charm, those gay white sails, those songs amid the uproar . . . this marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony . . . all this may exist in the mind, and that mind is called genius. You have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare, and it is all one whether you look at these souls or at the sea." Let such be our ideals.

We Canadians are proud of our country. We are proud of our people. We are proud of our literature. We are proud of the flower of our literature, our poetry. We look toward the future with confidence. All we need is time.

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

DIANE OF VILLE MARIE.*

To all who are interested in the early history of our country, this book ought to prove both entertaining and instructive. The author, Blanche Lucile Macdonell, carries us back into the seventeenth century and introduces to us some of the men and women who lived in Ville Marie, as the Jesuits called Montreal. Even at that early date there were people of wealth, fashion and culture in the New World, and it is with representatives of this class that the story is chiefly concerned. The writer has thoroughly mastered the history of this period and entered into the spirit of the age. She brings vividly before us the perils and hardships endured by the early colonists, the rivalry be-

* Diane of Ville Marie, A Romance of French Canada; By Blanche Lucile Macdonell. Toronto, William Briggs.

tween the French and English, the treachery of the Indians and the means used to gain their friendship. She displays also a keen insight into the French character and a thorough acquaintance with the language; for although she very seldom quotes French, the arrangement of the words, and the idioms used in the dialogues have an unmistakable French coloring. This is of course far more artistic than the introduction of a great many French phrases, which would not be understood by all of her readers.

There is a great diversity in the types of character presented. We have first of all, the wealthy merchant Jacques Le Ber, bourgeois but ambitious to become a noble. Through his own energy and thrift he had built up a vast fortune in New France. Although worldly considerations occupied most of his time and thoughts, he had a tender and compassionate heart and no one in Ville Marie was more generous and hospitable than he. His beautiful home, although very large, was always full to overflowing. (All the important characters in the story were members of his household).

His daughter Jeanne was a religious recluse, and although she did not confine herself in a convent, she lived a life of absolute seclusion in her father's house and was never seen except by the one woman who waited upon her. Pierre, one of her brothers, was also of a religious turn of mind and like her an extremist and lived an ascetic life. He was an emotional man and somewhat inclined to mysticism. In sharp contrast to him was Du Chesne, the youngest son of Jacques Le Ber, and the hero of the story. He was a man of action, strong, brave and energetic. As a leader in war he was beloved by his followers —in fact his handsome face and agreeable manners made him universally popular.

The Marquise de Monesthrol is a very well drawn character. She is a type of the "grande dame" of the French court, highly polished, witty and sagacious in worldly things. In Le Ber's household she was the social leader, and her "apartement" was the centre of attraction on cold winter evenings. Nanon, her maid, is an amusing character. She is a handsome French girl with dark complexion, rosy cheeks and black

eyes and hair. Her sharp tongue and ready wit furnish most of the humour in the story, while her loyalty and devotion show that she has a warm heart.

The heroine of the story is Diane de Monesthrol, the niece of the Marquise and the ward of Jacques Le Ber. She was the fairest girl in New France, as everyone said. At eighteen she was as fresh and innocent, as free from care and as unconscious of the serious side of life as a child. Her piquancy and vivacity, combined with an unselfish and affectionate disposition, made her a favorite in Ville Marie. Her character was as yet untested in some respects, but had great possibilities which we see actualized during the course of the narrative. The perils of frontier life had already given her bravery and self-control in face of danger, and the frequent tragedies that occurred in the little settlement had developed her tact and sympathy in comforting those who were in sorrow. Her chief companion from childhood had been Du Chesne, and the two were as fond of each other as a brother and sister. But now, as Diane is on the verge of womanhood, the affection of childhood expands and gradually she comes to realize that she is in love with Du Chesne, nor does she dream but that he reciprocates her feeling. She is blind to the fact that he loves pretty Lydia Longloy, the fair-haired English captive whom they rescued from the Indians. She does not know that it is Lydia's timidity and childlike simplicity that have won their way to his chivalrous heart. When at last she learns the truth from his own lips, the light goes suddenly out of her life; yet so composed is she that Du Chesne does not suspect what desolation he has wrought. Soon after this incident he goes in command of an expedition against the English and is slain. Lydia's grief is piteous but brief; Diane's is silent, deep and enduring. It is only a short time before Lydia loves another and is happily married. The disappointing part of the story is that Diane finally sacrifices her life to a man she does not love, dutifully consenting to a marriage which secured her a great establishment, in order to please her aunt, the Marquise de Monesthrol. Thus, as the Duchesse de Ronceval, she spent the remainder of her life in France, finding her only happiness in making others happy.

As a story "Diane of Ville Marie" can hardly be called a success. The plot is too simple and transparent and only a very few of the characters bear any part in it, while all the others serve merely as a back-ground. In fact the back-ground, including the characters and the historical setting, seem considerably too elaborate for so simple a picture. Several chapters of the book have practically nothing to do with the development of the plot and would almost seem to be thrown in just to fill up space. It is true that these chapters are interesting as descriptions of some phase of colonial life or of some types of character, but we would enjoy them more if the author had succeeded in weaving them into the story. However, faults like this are of minor importance, and the historical interest of the book is so great that we can easily pardon the author for not working out a more elaborate plot. The book is thoroughly wholesome and abounds in excellent descriptions and thrilling situations, and we can heartily recommend it to all who have the time and inclination to become better acquainted with the men and women who so long ago lived in this fair Canada of ours.

E. N. N.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES.

Horace Greeley said, "Go west." This advice is being largely followed in these days. The tide of emigration is toward the setting sun. Manitoba's undulating prairies, golden with ripening grain—the forest clad mountains and tumbling rivers of British Columbia—and that more northerly Yukon land, the home of the golden nugget—each is claiming a goodly share of the world's attention at the present time. It is the purpose of this brief paper to touch upon a few of the many interesting features of that wonderful portion of our grand inheritance, British Columbia.

Whenever mention is made of this province, we at once begin to think of mountains. And such mountains! What variety in height, and form, and color! There, the grass-covered foot hills, the babies of the system, here, the sky-piercing giants with cedar-covered sides, naked crags and snow-capped crowns.

In British Columbia you are never out of sight of the mountains. One butts close up to the other in endless succession. Here and there between the ranges there are long narrow valleys containing sometimes hundreds of square miles of very rich arable and grazing lands, but they are hemmed in on every side by the eternal hills.

Another striking topographical feature of the country is its wonderful waterways. It would seem as if nature, with kindly foresight, had provided these extensive and beautiful highways for man's convenience in these otherwise inaccessible regions. British Columbia is well watered. There is a perfect network of long winding lakes and rivers affording hundreds of miles of navigation. These lakes and rivers are wondrously beautiful. They abound in cascades and waterfalls, some of them being of great height and volume. The country is a paradise for artist and poet, as well as for the seeker after wealth. When this country becomes better known it will be a popular resort for tourists. The scenery is sublime, and many who speak from personal observation, affirm that it surpasses in beauty and grandeur that of the Alps. The forests and valleys abound in many kinds of game, large and small. The cougar, lynx, wild-cat, bear, cariboo, deer, mountain sheep and goats, etc., are native to the country. The waters, salt and fresh, teem with every variety of the finny tribes. The hunter and angler are here in a heaven of delight.

The climate of the Province is a variable quantity. One can get there almost any kind one may desire. It varies according to altitude and distance from the sea. The coast climate, owing largely to the influence of the warm Japan current, is very mild. The summers are dry and balmy, and the sea breezes most invigorating, while the nights are always delightfully cool and refreshing. The rainfall is very heavy during the winter months, though there are frequently pleasant periods of dry, invigorating weather of several weeks duration. There is little snow and frost. When there is a fall of snow or a few days skating everybody turns out for a jollification. Our Eastern people would wear a broad smile on such occasions if they were to see the dry-goods boxes, hen-coops, etc., pressed into service as improvised sleighs. The coast is profuse in flowers and fruit.

For many months the air is heavy with their fragrance and not infrequently blossoms may be plucked, and a few strawberries gathered, at Christmas or later. The district around Kamloops, some three hundred miles inland from Vancouver, is the sanitarium of British Columbia. Here the atmosphere is dry and bracing the year round, and many of those troubled with lung, weaknesses come to this place for relief. The Kootenay districts, still farther inland, are dryer and hotter in summer and colder in winter than the more westerly places, but here climate is largely conditioned upon altitude.

Visitors to this western land are always impressed with the hopefulness and confidence in this country, of the people of this portion of the west. And a glance at their boundless and varied resources will at once convince one that this confidence is well placed.

British Columbia must become a populous and wealthy province. The timber is almost inexhaustible. Logs, six feet in diameter at the butt and one hundred feet long without a knot in them, are by no means uncommon. The fir lumber cannot be excelled for bridge-building and all kinds of framework where strength and durability are required. The cedar of the country has gained for itself world-wide fame. The many large mills are kept busy the year round supplying lumber to all parts of the world.

There is also the fishing industry. All along the Fraser and other rivers there are many large canneries that annually supply the world with shiploads of that kingly fish, the salmon. This industry gives very lucrative employment to thousands of men, Whites, Chinese, Japs. and Siwashes. There are three species of edible salmon, and each has its own distinctive run each season. First comes the spring salmon, a large delicate-flavored fish. These, being few, are not canned, but are shipped to Boston, New York, etc. The "rockeyes" come next. This is the principal run. They are a comparatively small fish, but being very plentiful they form the chief source of supply for the canneries. The last run, which comes later in the season, is that of the "cohoes." These are a medium-sized fish, and the run is not so large as the preceding one. Every fourth year the run of fish is very similar and the fishermen argue from this

that the salmon are four years old when they enter the river to spawn, and that the fish always return to the same river where they themselves were spawned. It is supposed that the salmon that ascend the river never return, but die at their journey's end. Yet in spite of the large numbers caught and those that die, the salmon does not seem to decrease. This, doubtless, is largely due to the good work of the salmon hatcheries.

Besides the salmon, the British Columbia waters supply an abundance of halibut, codfish, herring, smelt, trout and other varieties of fish too numerous to mention. This industry is only in its infancy, but eventually it will yield a great revenue.

Then there are the mines. It is only quite recently that these have been developed to any extent. The mineral wealth of the British Columbian hills is incredible. The *bona fide* mines that have been honestly and scientifically developed have more than satisfied the wildest expectations of the most sanguine. Already, mines are changing hands whose value is estimated by millions of dollars. There are vast deposits of coal, anthracite and bituminous, adjacent to excellent markets, and these, also, are employing thousands of men.

It is generally supposed that British Columbia is not an agricultural country. This is true, as compared with the Territories and Eastern Provinces, and yet there are large valleys of the most fertile soil that will supply the province with a large percentage of its farm produce. The soil and climate are admirably adapted to the raising of fruit, and the North-west and Manitoba provide an excellent market for this product. The agricultural interests are no small consideration as a wealth-producing agent.

Besides the sources of wealth already mentioned, there is a large amount of shipping, and some manufacturing. When we think of all these resources that have yet to be properly developed we can only predict, as far as their material welfare is concerned, a bright future for the people of the Western Province. The present need is more capital for the work of development, and this is rapidly being supplied.

The people of British Columbia are of a heterogenous character. First, there are the natives, who are called Siwashes. Their women are called kleutchmen. These people are very

different in appearance and habits to the North American Indian. Their features and figure tell the story of their Eastern origin. They are rather short and stoutly built, strong, and good workers. They are skilful canoe builders and workers in matting. Some are very clever engravers of metal and ivory. They find employment in fishing and sealing in the logging camps and saw-mills, and on the river-boats, etc. They receive no financial aid from the Government. They are mostly pagan and worship their hideous "totem poles" or images. The Roman Catholics are getting a strong hold upon these people, and the Methodists and others are doing a little for their evangelization. In their native state they are not bad characters, but, unfortunately, contact with the whites has made them very degraded. I say this to the shame of the former. These people are interesting, but they are fast disappearing before the onward march of a stronger race.

Then there are the irrepressible Chinese and the enterprising Jap. These are a source of irritation to many of the white population because of their competition in the labor market. "John" is an indefatigable, thrifty, cunning, unscrupulous individual, with a few good points about him and a host of bad ones, that the adjectives of our language are inadequate to describe. The Jap is a far superior being to his Mongolian cousin. He is energetic, eager to learn, and susceptible to our Canadian customs. Besides, he spends much of his money in the country where he earns it, which is something Mr. John does not do. The problem, however, regarding these Orientals is a serious one, for they are fast taking possession of our homes, our workshops, our stores, and much of our wealth. Besides these people from the far East, there are representatives of nearly every nation under the sun.

The white population, of course, predominates. These are principally from the British Isles, the other provinces of Canada, and the United States. A noticeable feature is the large proportion of young people among them. The British Columbians are energetic and enterprising, and are for the most part endowed with indomitable pluck, backed up by more than average intelligence. This, however, cannot be said of all. They are a species of biped in British Columbia who left their

country for their country's good, much to the detriment of the land of their adoption. They spend their time in casting the fly and lounging about the hotels, spending over the bar the bribes they periodically receive for staying away from the parental roof. There are these, unfortunately, but the great majority are made of the stuff of which strong nations are built. It costs money and grit to settle in that far-away land, and so the standard of intelligence and manliness is above the average. That prospector, clad in mackinaw jacket, slouch hat and heavy mountain boots, may be a university graduate or the honored son of an honorable family. The clothes are not the measure of the man in this country.

Society is well organized in the West, and one can find as talented and refined people there as anywhere on the American continent. But the great curse of the country is intemperance, gambling and immorality. The imperative need of society in the West is more true men and noble women, who will live clean lives and frown down all that is degrading and unworthy. The people of British Columbia are open and ingenuous. They carry their worst side on the outside. They are open-minded and reasonable, and if approached in a kindly spirit are easily susceptible to truth and good influences. In most places there are excellent churches and schools, and though the population is increasing very rapidly, yet the educational and religious life of the people is, as far as possible, being provided for.

The country is big with possibilities, and if only there are "good men and true" forthcoming, who will lead the affairs of the Province in right channels, it will yet be known as the banner province of our beloved Dominion.

G. R. Welch, '00.

COR PROMETHEI.

I.

O my heart aches watching ever
How the down-trod drag their way.
Struggling hard with brave endeavour
To repel the fateful day
When to live is gained by dying,
When to die is doubly sweet,
For they leave a world of sighing,
And they hope true love to meet.

II.

I would rather help another
Climbing up the steeps of life,
I would rather cheer a brother
Warring 'mid an endless strife,
Than be lifted high above him,
Coldly casting largess down,
Never bending low to love him,
Passing by with haughty frown.

III.

Man to me is more a brother
In the hour of direst need.
If he stoop to raise another
Then I know him and his creed—
And his creed is worth the owning
For it makes him more a man,
And it proves a strange atoning
Though he be Samaritan.

IV.

O the world is full of sadness
Through the cold disdain of some,
When the earth would ring with gladness
Were their baser feelings dumb ;
Were they more of men and brothers,
Thinking less of self and theirs,
Given more to naming others
In their daily lists of prayers.

Henry A. Procter, '99

PALLIDA MORS.

PROLOGUE.

Out of the infinite gone, into the future vast,
Whither O soul so borne, will rest thee at last ?

NIGHT.

From one, far out of the wild waste of dark,
Comes a strange voice, borne low upon the wind,
Which bids me loose the moorings of my bark
And launch to sea. To heart and mind
That message brings strange awe :
Back rushes thought on thought in fear of dark
Which seems instinct with foes, and raw
The night wind strikes my blanched cheek.
Yet I must go, ah me ! across the silent waste
To some strange bourne, I know not where,
God grant it be a haven sure and fair.

DAWN.

Soft, rocking slow, the cradle sways
To the low crooned song of mother love,
That in those sweet toned childhood lays,
Brings down the glory of a world above :
Low dies the light in eyes which have not long
Looked out upon this world deep set in wrong
Of human sin and agony. Loosed from the loved strand
Out slips the tiny bark across the darkened billows rife
To far beyond our ken, beyond our helping hand,
To where, above these myriad voices, ends life's strife.

EPILOGUE.

Peace ! let them rest on God's kind breast,
For He who made us loves us best.

B.

Editorial Notes.

In another department of The Monthly we give a digest of President Harper's views on the present-day training of students in theology, and of his suggestions as to how the methods of the theological seminary may be improved and its effectiveness increased. Anything that President Harper has to say concerning education, theological or secular, deserves thoughtful consideration, not only because he speaks out of the experience of a long and successful career as an educationist, but particularly because, in virtue of his position at the head of a large and liberal, if not radical, university, he has the means and opportunity of putting his ideas into practice. It may be taken for granted that Dr. Harper has not thought so deeply on this subject of theological training merely to write an article in his *American Journal of Theology:* without a doubt he intends to work out his ideas in the theological department of the University of Chicago. Should he do so and should the experiment prove in any respect successful, his example will be followed in many other theological seminaries, with the result that their character and scope will be changed, in some degree at least. Inasmuch as this result may follow, we have thought well to give our readers an outline of what Dr. Harper's criticisms and proposals are, and we now invite an expression of opinion concerning them. A perusal of what he says will inevitably call up certain questions that ought to be answered. For example, is it a fact that the theological college of to-day is out of harmony with its environment? If so, why is it so, and how may the defect be remedied? Can it be fairly charged that the course of training offered is not the best one to fit young men for active service in this democratic age? If so, what is lacking and how may the want be supplied? Should Hebrew be an elective instead of a compulsory subject? These and many other questions will arise in the minds of all who read Dr. Harper's article. We should like to have an expression of opinion from our theological graduates, and shall be glad to publish a symposium on the subject if any of them care to send us their views.

It is with a keen sense of personal sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. John Burns, of the firm of Dudley & Burns, for so many years printers of The Monthly. On Wednesday evening the 15th inst., while on his knees leading in family devotions, Mr. Burns was stricken with paralysis, and on Friday evening he succumbed to the

stroke, having never recovered consciousness. Funeral services were held in Jarvis St. Baptist church on the following Monday, and were largely attended by representatives of the denomination, of the University and of the citizens of Toronto generally. In the absence of Pastor Thomas through sickness, the services were conducted by Rev. Elmore Harris and Chancellor Wallace. At some future time we hope to give our readers an account of the active and godly life of our departed friend. For the present we can only say that he was a good man, a generous and lovable man, a fine type of the Christian man practising Christian principles in business life.

He took a deep interest in everything connected with our University and rejoiced greatly in its prosperity. He seldom or never failed to be present at all the services in connection with Commencement, and his presence on those occasions was but the outward manifestation of a real interest in professors and students. Those of us who were brought closely into touch with him in connection with THE MONTHLY will never forget him and his genial good nature.

He was particularly interested in THE MONTHLY, and frequently it was due to his patience and consideration that we were able to tide over financial difficulties. He read its contents from cover to cover, and frequently uttered shrewd criticisms that showed him to be possessed of more than ordinary literary taste. All this being so, it will not appear strange that the present and past editors of THE MONTHLY should have had a strong affection for dear Mr. Burns, and that we should now desire to offer some feeble tribute to his memory. May the Father in whom he trusted and whom he so faithfully served be a strength and consolation to his widow and children, is the prayer of all who knew him.

IN discussions concerning the value of a college training it is generally assumed that, if graduates of a theological college frequently prove a failure as pastors and preachers, the fault must lie with the college and its professors and their methods: it is seldom remembered that the cause may be found in the students themselves. We professors have much to answer for; we humbly confess that we do those things which we ought not to have done, and leave undone those things which we ought to have done. And yet we sometimes feel that it is not all our fault if the finished product of our hands is not all that it should be. It was then with no little degree of satisfaction that we read an excellent article in a recent number of *The Westminster* on the subject, "Why Go to College". The writer

says so many fine things concerning what education ought to do that, had we space, we should gladly reprint the whole article. We quote, however, some of the more striking paragraphs, and commend them to professors and students, preachers and laymen, to all interested in education.

A more dangerous, because more common, answer to the question: Why go to college? is that of those who go to college in order to be furnished with a supply of opinions on certain great theological subjects which they may repeat to the examiners and in after life work over into sermons. They are at infinite pains to secure the *ipsissima verba* of the professor's lectures and their ambition is to give these back on examination day with all the mechanical exactness of a phonograph. . . . To this source can be traced much of the ministerial inefficiency which produces congregational complaint and arrests the progress of the Church. The men who reach the dead-line at forty are those who went to college to be fitted out intellectually and theologically, and who never outgrow their college measurements. Let there be no misunderstanding. We do not under-estimate sound doctrine. Far from that. Truth is of first importance. A teacher must know the truth; believe strongly the truth as he knows it, and teach positively, even dogmatically, the truth as he believes it. But that student stultifies himself and sins against all the possibilities of his after life who accepts unhesitatingly his professor's teaching as his own creed, and puts away, as things of Satan, all vexing doubts and shuts his eyes to whatever might disturb his peace of mind or endanger his academic standing, He becomes a parasite, as truly a parasite as is the hermit crab when it crawls into the dead whelk's shell. . . .

The only real service a college can render a student is to train him in habits of study, to help him to think for himself on the great subjects of theology and life. That is education, because, in the end, it is character; and education is character—intellectualized character. No greater injury could be done to a student than to encourage him to accept the opinions and formulations of his teacher as being the truth for him to hold and preach. Truth is the same to no two minds, and no truth can be truly preached that has not been made the preacher's own through personal experience. In the end the "stronger faith" is his who would not make his judgment blind, but who humbly, deliberately, bravely faced his doubts and laid them. During his college days it is not of first importance what a student believes touching the problems of science, philosophy, literary criticism, or even theology; the important things are that he think for himself, be loyal to truth, follow the light, and live the clean and holy life. . . .

The criticism which is passed, and many times justly, upon our entire educational system is that it is an affair of the memory. It is often true in the theological colleges that a premium is put upon a verbal memory and a rapid penmanship. Men are told a great many things which it is proper they should believe and preach. They store these things in memory against the days of examination and of ser-

mon-making. For a while they thrive in the ministry, but after a time their sermons are as twice-told tales, lacking freshness, life and power. They wonder why they are not as popular as when they were students, or why those who are now students are preferred before them. The reason is not far to seek. It is not altogether in the "itching ears" of the congregation. The fact is that the minister made his memory a tank, into which he poured the supplies of theology served to him during his college days and to which, from time to time, he has been adding from homiletic magazines and anecdote-books ever since. While it was fresh it was wholesome, but, becoming stagnant, it is neither sweet to the taste nor good for food. Is it any wonder people turn away from stagnant theology? The fresh thinking of an undergraduate, even though it be *non sequitur*, is better for them than the tank-smelling learnedness of a doctor in divinity. The people's judgment may not be acute, but their instincts are generally right. They can distinguish between water taken from the tank and that drawn fresh from the living quicksand spring.

The chief function of the college is to start men thinking on its great subjects, to teach them how to study, how to use the tools they will be handling in after service, to discipline their minds, to give them the bias of their profession, to awaken and set free the genius for preaching which is in every man called to be a prophet, and so to make them self-contained, masterful men. All this means character.

Book Reviews.

A HABITANT TRAGEDY.

That any novel in the year of grace, 1898, should reach a second edition, is enough to mark it out from the numberless stories that crowd from the press, "writ by all sorts o' never-heared-on fellers"; that a Canadian novel should be so distinguished is worth special note. Such a triumph has fallen to the lot of Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus) and no one who reads her tale will grudge her her laurels.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie"* is pathos from the opening chapter to the end. Old Mikel le Caron, great-great-grandson of Messire Jules-Gaspard-Noël-Ovide Delaunay-Colombière Caron, heir of the Seigniory of Bourg-Marie, appears first as a gloomy, broken, forest-ranger, living alone with his heart-ache and his vanished dreams. His life-long fancies of the restoration of the old Manoir

* "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," S. Frances Harrison. Toronto: George N. Morang.

and of the elevation of his grandson to Parliament and to his rightful place as Seigneur, are shattered by the running away of the boy, Magloire, and any faint, remaining hopes are cruelly dashed by the return of Magloire in all the vulgar crudeness and bombast of one who has been barber, coachman, Socialist and gambler in the western city of Milwaukee. When the old man's hopes fasten themselves about Nicolas Laurière and love and light seem to come into his closing years, it is only the beginning of a terrible end—all hope, and joy, and love to go out in despair. "A moody, reticent, embittered old man, betrayed by his kith and his kin, and shorn of his adopted son," he stalks silently off the stage, the heart going out to him in pity and in admiration.

The character of old Mikel is done in black, with hardly a touch to relieve it, yet it has such solemnity and dignity that the character of Magloire, the scapegrace grandson, seems almost too great a contrast to be within the bounds of probability. It is a great psychological problem to account for such differences in kith and kin, and yet the problem is rather of the heart than of the mind. "There goes John Bunyan but for the grace of God," says one; "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," says another. Latent possibilities for evil are within us all; in some hearts to be checked and mastered; in others to master. Magloire possessed many of the physical and mental qualities that made the Carons a distinguished family. He was handsome, debonnair, keen-witted, imperious, daring. He was a social success in his circles at Milwaukee and the popular idol in the little French-Canadian village of Bourg-Marie. But he is conceited, vulgar, shameless, a scoundrel at heart, with no sense of justice, decency or gratitude. He brings to Bourg-Marie only evil—distrust and discontent to the people in general, blasphemous thoughts and death to Pacifique Peror, death to Nicolas and despair to Mikel.

Nicolas Laurière is the finest character in the book and in his portraiture Mrs. Harrison has done her best work. His qualities of heart and mind and his motives are not all good, nor all bad. He is on the whole a noble, true-hearted son of the great forest. He is "the handsomest young fellow in the parish. He held his tuque in his hands and his dark hair lay black and dank on his brown forehead. His shirt, slightly open at the neck, showed his vast and splendid throat, a column of ruddy bronze. His teeth were exquisite, regular and white, and his fine chin, broad brow, and melancholy dark eyes all denoted a purity and strength of

character, rare, not alone among the habitants, but among wiser and more ably-trained communities of men." His life as trapper did for him what Nature did for Wordsworth, intertwined

> "The passions that build up our human soul,
> Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
> But with high objects, with enduring things,
> With life and nature; purifying
> The elements of feeling and of thought."

The tragedy of his life is well told and his death makes "the eye cloud up for rain, the mouth to twitch about the corners."

The other characters are not so well done. The plot is simple and yet far enough away from the beaten track to awaken and sustain interest. Of the style, one cannot speak with much enthusiasm. It is, on the whole, simple and sufficient and its descriptive passages are generally good; but, in places, notably in the first chapter, there seems to be an effort at fine-writing, a sort of strained Ruskinesque effect, that betrays a lack of sureness of touch. Here and there is a wrong use of a word, as "avocation" for "vocation," p. 115, or an obscure use, as "brows," p. 110, or a paragraph that could be re-written to great advantage, *e.g.*, p. 50. It is questionable taste to call our attention more than once to Mr. Murray Carson's "elegant habit" of picking his teeth with his pocket-knife, or to mention a second time Rosalie's moustache, or to apply the quotation referring to the fall of Mulciber, to Nicolas Laurière's painful period in the old Manoir, p. 45. Fortunately, such blemishes are few.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is a credit to Canadian literature and incites in its readers a desire for further stories from Mrs. Harrison's pen. The number of Canadian fiction writers is steadily increasing: Roberts, Parker, Marshall Saunders, Miss Dougall, Mrs. Harrison, Machray, Lighthall, William McLennan, Mrs. Cotes, Joanna E. Wood, Oxley, E. W. Thomson, Sheppard, Ralph Connor, and some names that occur readily. There need be no fear of exhausting the materials for a Canadian literature. So far, old Canada has received almost exclusive attention; the Canada of to-day, the Canada the young man of 35 and under knows, has not figured as yet in the work of the novelist, with the possible exception of Ralph Connor. Her politics, her commerce, her great railways, her waterways, her educational institutions, her cities and her farms, her ideals and her aspirations, teem with material and with inspiration. Who will arise to mirror this Canada we know and love, and to voice her nationhood?

E. A. Hardy.

College News.

The Rink Committee is receiving numerous applications from noted mouth-organ bands to supply delectation to the skaters.

The representatives of McMaster to the conversats at Queens, and 'Varsity, and to the Osgoode dinner, report good times and royal treatment.

Prof. in Philosophy to "Weary Willie": "Please tell the class what you know of the life of Descartes." Weary Willie, aroused from slumber: "He was rich, and didn't have to work for a living."

The character of Class '00 has been thus described by our rising poet:—

Figures don't lie, alas!
Lend me your ears—
This is the "noughtiest" class,
For a hundred years.

Tennysonian Society.—The first regular meeting of the Tennysonian, this term, was held on Friday evening, Feb. 3rd. Mr. Mann, the newly elected President, occupied the chair and delivered a very witty and eloquent inaugural address. The program consisted of a debate and music. The proposition, *Resolved*, "That the greatest efforts of the human race are due to the love of praise" was debated by Messrs. McLaurin, '01 and Buckborough, '02, who upheld the affirmative,, and Messrs, Armstrong, '01, and Bellamy, '02, who took the negative. Miss Blackadar and Mr. Bowyer gave, respectively, instrumental and vocal selections. Mr. D. B. Harkness, '99, acted as critic for the evening, and after summing up the arguments of both sides of the debate, decided in favor of the negative.

The "Century" Class held their third annual Rally at the residence of Chancellor Wallace on Friday evening, January 13. The members of the class and their friends met shortly after seven o'clock and proceeded to enjoy a sleigh-ride around the city and suburbs. The good citizens of Toronto who might have been ignorant of the existence of the Century Class of McMaster previously, can plead ignorance no longer, after the celebration of January 13th. After the sleigh-ride the Class returned to the Chancellor's where refreshments were served, and a pleasant social evening spent Mr. Newcombe, the President of the Class, welcomed all in a few felicitous remarks; and Miss J. E. Dryden, the Bard, read the class poem, which was excellent. Much of

the success of this year's rally is due to the efforts of the Executive Committee and the lady members of the Class.

THE women students are pleased, this term, over the augmentation of their number by two new faces. They extend a hearty welcome to Miss Belle Monroe, of Port Arthur, and Miss Seldon, of Toronto.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Mathematical Society this year was held Friday night, February 10th, the President, Mr. C. L. Brown, in the chair. The evening was given up to the consideration of "Astronomical Phenomena. Mr. R. Shaw gave an interesting paper on "The Sun," and Mr. E. Wood on "The Planets." The magic lantern was operated by Mr C. L. Brown, and some excellent slides shown. This was the first of a series of meetings to consider "Popular Astronomy." These meetings should be heartily supported, not only for the rarity of the mathematical element, but also because they afford an opportunity to those whose astronomical education has been defective, to increase their information in this department.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held January 20. The program being 'An Afternoon with Canadian Poets." Miss Bertha McLay's reading of "My Lattice" by Frederick George Scott, was followed by a brief sketch of the life and works of Alexander McLachlan, by Miss E. McLaurin. Numerous quotations from his poetry were given in justification of his title the "Burns of Canada." Miss Delmage then read an essay on Charles G. D. Roberts, outlining his career and illustrating his most prominent characteristics as a poet. William Wilfred Campbell was next presented in an appreciative essay, by Miss Grace Wallace, and in the reading of "Mother" by Miss Dubensky. A short address by Miss Dryden on the "Saul" of Charles Heavyseage, brought to a close a delightful and refreshing hour.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The friends and members of the Theological Socieety were much pleased to have with them at one of their regular meetings, the Rev. Mr. Patterson of Cook's Presbyterian Church. "How the Church was Getting Away from the Masses," was the subject of his address, and in a humorous and very forcible manner he explained the various ways in which this was being done. The churches were seeking to take their houses of worship out of the communities in which the masses dwell. Good business men, capable of carrying on the finance of a church could not be found in such communities, because their homes were in other parts. Again, the kind of singing we have in our churches is taking the church away from the masses. The chant was described as "the mostest words to the leastest music." The kind of preaching too, has also a great deal to do with the church getting away from the masses. The masses do not care anything about philosophy. What they *need* is the Gospel; what they *want* is the Gospel. The address was most interesting and practical.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, the resident students gave an oyster supper in honor of Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, S. E. Grigg, D. B. Harkness, and A. M. McDonald, the men who so ably represented McMaster University in the Intercollegiate Debating Union. At the close of the festivities, toasts were proposed by Mr. J. E. Hawkings, '99, and Mr. C. L. Brown, '99, to the first and second debating teams respectively, in which they spoke in a most appreciative manner of the work done by the debaters. That they voiced the sentiments of all was evident by the hearty applause that greeted their remarks. Messrs. Cohoe and Harkness, the leaders of their respective debates, replied in a few words, thanking the boys for the honor they had done them. McMaster is justly proud of the way these four gentlemen acquitted themselves, and although we may hope to be still more successful next year, we cannot hope to have more worthy representatives.

The Rink.—Many are the appreciative words spoken of the rink during these bright days of Canadian winter weather, when J. Frost is the regnant power. A large number of the students are availing themselves of the opportunity which it affords of driving away dull care. Clear minds and buoyant spirits, which all the children of the northern zone should possess, are the contributions which the rink is making to the life of humanity. On several occasions the band has been present, and to a skater it is sufficient to mention good ice and music, memory completes the picture.

On Thursday evening, the 19th ult, the formal opening took place. A large number were present, together with a company of musicians from the band of the 48th Highlanders. Amid the strains of music the McMaster Rink was dedicated to health and enjoyment.

Philosophical Club.—A meeting of the Club was held on on Thursday, February 2. The discussion of Mackenzie's Social Philosophy was continued and two interesting papers were read on "The Social Aim," by Messrs. Newcombe and Brownlee, '00. In the first the necessity of an aim and the various kinds of aims were described, the conclusion being that the true aim must be some definitely ascertained end recognized as good. In the second, this end was shown to be neither pleasure or utility, but a self-realization which involved the highest perfection of society. A brief summary of a paper by Henry Shutt, was given by W. J. Wright, in which the principle of self-realization was attacked and declared to be secondary to the true principle of "Work Where You Can." Dr. Ten Broeke briefly reviewed the two papers and gave a concise summary of Hegel's view of the social aim, defining it to be the attainment by man of harmony. Two more meetings will be held, at the latter one of which Pastor C. A. Eaton will deliver a lecture on the "Social Outlook."

Literary and Scientific Society.—The Literary and Scientific Society has organized itself again into a harmonious system, with B. R. Simpson, '99, as the central sun. Around him revolve the following

satellites: 1st Vice-President, Mr. L. C. Lauchland; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Dryden; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. E. Jordan; Corresponding-Secretary, Mr. J. E. Faulkner; Councillors, Miss Gile, Mr. A. M. MacDonald, Mr. A. G. Campbell, B.A.; Editor-in-Chief of "Student," Mr. J. J. Nicole; Assistant Editors, Mr. C. L. Brown, Mr. R. D. Echlin.

The first regular meeting of the Society was held Friday evening, January 27th. The musical programme consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Cohoon, and two solos by Mr. H. N. Newman. The leading feature of the evening was the final debate of the inter-year series between Messrs Echlin and A. McNeil, representing '01, and Messrs. Huddleston and Lamont, representing '02. '01, took the affirmative of the subject.—"Resolved that Gladstone has rendered greater service to Great Britian than Bismarck to Germany." After profound logic and overwhelming eloquence on the part of the debaters, Dr. Newman ably summed up the arguments and gave the decision in favor of the negative. The second meeting was held Friday evening, February 10th. The programme consisted of a mock trial, the case being one of breach of contract on the part of Mrs. Flynn. Judge Wood presided over the court with his usual fairness of mind and great ability; the lawyers for the prosecuting parties, Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall, were Messrs. J. C. MacFarlane and Coltman; the counsel for the defence consisted of Messrs. Vining and Echlin. The costumes of Mrs. Flynn and her daughter Nora won the admiration of a large audience. After much evidence had been produced, serious and otherwise, Lawyers MacFarlane and Vining appealed to the feelings and reason of the jury in a most eloquent manner. The jury then withdrew, and after thirty seconds earnest deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The court adjourned until 10 a.m. the following day.

Hockey.—Invigorated by the addition of new blood from the first and second years, the McMaster hockey team is rising in its might. The first game of the season was a practice one with Victoria. Our team scored 9 goals to their opponents' 3. The next team with whom sticks were crossed was the U. C. C. second team on the Caledonian ice. U. C. C. scored 1 while McMaster tallied 7. Well done, boys! The inter-year series promised a good deal of excitement, nor were we disappointed Ninety-nine and Century were the first team to face each other. Ninety-nine, with thoughts of valorous deeds done on the football field still fresh in their minds, were there to do or die. Century with redoubtable Wood in goal was smiling and confident. But in spite of the heroic defence of '99's citadel by Tighe and Hannah, "Century" scored 9 goals, while "Ninety-nine" scored 3. Next in order came the Sophomores and Freshmen. Fourteen determined looking young men firmly grasped fourteen sticks and the whistle blew. One, two, three, four, five goals were scored in rapid succession by the Sophs, and then—the scene was changed. The Freshmen had recovered themselves, and the procession started the other way. One,

two, three, four, five goals for '02, and thus it stood when time was called. Ten minutes each way is the decision, and they are at it again. Time up, 7-7. Five minutes each way. Who will win? Time up, 9-9. It meant another game which was won by the Freshmen by 6 goals to 3. It remained for Century and the Freshmen to dicide which should be the winners of the inter-year hockey series for '98-'99. The Freshmen played the better game and won by 7 goals to 2.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On Thursday morning, January 26th, the regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held. The principal feature was an address by Dr. Rand on the duties of a Christian college. The tendency of the age is to explain everything by reference to inexorable law. But social problems cannot be solved by science. These problems are ethical in their nature, and only the gospel of Christ can make proper adjustments. The Christian school must follow Christ whose teaching was of liberty; whose words were active, not passive. The Christian school must follow Christ in the matter of prayer. His words and teachings indicate his belief in the power of prayer. The reason our educational work has not a greater hold upon our denomination is that the people do not see the connection between a Christian education and the Christian life. Our work should be to teach the people this close relationship.

In the afternoon the annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed. Chancellor Wallace presided. Mr. J. B. Paterson, B.A., gave statistics concerning the number of ministerial students, etc., in the Arts Departments of several universities. Chancellor Wallace also gave statistics regarding the number of Christian students in our University, and the instrumentalities by which they were led to Christ, etc. A number of letters from other universities, colleges, and from former students at McMaster were read. The different classes then went to the different class rooms and spent a very profitable half-hour in prayer.

Inter-Collegiate Debate.—The semi-final debate in the series of the Inter-College Union of Toronto took place in the Conservatory of Music, on Friday evening, January 26th. The subject of this debate, contested between University College and McMaster University, was the proposition: "*Resolved*,—That an immediate alliance, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the United States would be in the best interests of the world's civilization." Messrs. D. B. Harkness and A. M. McDonald, of McMaster, spoke on the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. W. F. McKay and J. McKay, of University College; President Loudon officiated as chairman; Dr. Caven, Dr. McKenzie, and Mr. W. R. Riddell, were the referees. Students from both Universities were present in large numbers to cheer their champions on to victory. The programme was opened with a vocal solo, by Mr. A, Gorrie, and a reading by Mr. H. F. Cook.

The debate was then begun by Mr. Harkness, who argued that such an alliance must spread beneficent influences not only in Eng-

land and the United States, but upon all nations. The fact accomplished, the danger of war would be greatly lessened. France and Russia, he said, might combine as allies, but Germany would not. If, as was quite probable, she along with Japan would support the united efforts of Great Britain and the United States, it would make the peace of the world an absolute necessity. This proposed alliance would aid in ensuring the perpetuity and supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and with it the highest types of civilization. It would also give, as one of its most beneficial results, an opportunity for a free and progressive missionary enterprise, which would foster and promote civilization.

Mr. W. F. McKay in speaking for the negative, said his impression of the proposition was that such an alliance was for no particular purpose, that an offensive combination is only a menace to civilization, and such alliances last only so long as mutual interests keep the parties together. Each nation would be continually involved in the settlement of each other's difficulties. With the probability of such an alliance the European nations would increase their armaments, and only further burden the already oppressed people.

Mr. McDonald stated that the reason for such an alliance, as opposed to any other nation, was the fact that no other countries in the world have such high standards of civilization and religion. The American people possess the best modes of civilization, and require a strong ally, such as England, to assist her in extending it in the east. One of the great problems of future civilization is the settlement of the question, whether England or Russia shall prevail in Asia. Russia is pushing forward, England is standing still, she must have the help the United States can give. Friendships amount to nothing between nations, something stronger and more binding is necessary.

Mr. J. McKay argued that of the immediate necessity of such an alliance, there was none. Germany would be a more desirable party for England at the present day, when the three centres of danger are—the struggle between Austria and Russia, the problems in the East and Turkey. Russia is only seeking for an ice-free port, and it would be to her disadvantage to crush Britain, for in so doing she would destroy her own wheat market. Mr. Harkness was allowed the customary five minutes to reply, which he used to excellent advantage.

While the referees were considering the matter, the musical part of the programme was continued. Mr. E. Hardy, Mus. Bac., gave an instrumental solo, and Mr. W. J. Knox, B.A., gave as the closing number a vocal solo, both of which were well received. Mr. J. W. Bengough, by request, gave one of his witty recitations. The referees gave their decision in favor of the negative, but were unanimous that the debate was very close.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss B. Stewart, and Miss E. Oliver, Editors.

During the month we have been pleased to have with us at different times, to conduct our prayer-meetings, Miss Gowans, a returned misssionary from China, whose earnest words, spoken in behalf of that darkened country, awakened much interest, and Mrs. T. M. Harris, Toronto, whose helpful words from the passage found in 1 Cor. 12 : 28, were appreciated by all.

On the evening of Friday, February 10th, a very interesting lecture was given by A. F. Cringan, Mus. Bac., on the "Basis of a Musical Education." Special interest was added by illustrations on the piano and violin, of the music of earlier times. The last lecture of the course will be given on March 10th, by Prof. Alfred H. Reynar, LL.D., Victoria College, on the "Religion of Shakespeare."

At the business meeting of the Heliconian held January 20th, the following officers were appointed for the term: Pres., Miss M. Nicholas; Vice-Pres., Miss K. Duncan; Secretary, Miss M. Younie; Treasurer, Miss A. Cronk; Executive Committee, Misses Duncan, Gertrude McGregor and Throop; Editors of Heliconian, Misses Cronk, Nicholas, McGregor and Watt; Committee for McMaster Monthly, Misses B. Stewart and E. Oliver.

The services at Moulton in connection with the Day of Prayer for Colleges, were of special interest. In the morning, before the regular service, a prayer meeting, earnest and helpful in its character, was led by Professor Farmer, of McMaster University. The regular service at eleven o'clock was taken, most acceptably, by Dr. Ten Broeke of McMaster University. In the afternoon an interesting talk on Hymnology was given by Chancellor Boyd, and in the evening, Miss Ross, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the students.

On the afternoon of January the twenty-seventh, and February the third, receptions, informal in their character, were given by the Faculty and students to their friends. Despite the cold, a large number of guests assembled in the drawing-rooms, which with lights, flowers and music were especially attractive. The students assisted in announcing the guests, and in serving light refreshments. On both occasions an enjoyable time was spent in pleasant social intercourse.

An event of more than usual interest took place Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 13th, when, through the kindness of Mrs. A. R. McMaster, a "Moulton College Reunion" was held at her beautiful home on Isabella Street. About sixty former students of the College assembled and spent a very happy two hours talking over "old times." Our principal, Miss Dicklow, received with Mrs. and Miss McMaster, while the members of Class '99 assisted in the tea-room. Mrs. McMaster, whose interest in the College has evidenced itself in so many thoughtful ways, has done much to endear the name of "McMaster" to the students.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE return of Mr. David Alexander to College after a year's absence in Manitoba, and a short visit to the land of heather is greatly welcomed.

A VERY enjoyable "At Home" to the Fourth Year was given by Mrs. McCrimmon, on the evening of Friday, Feb. 17th. The providing of entertainment for about sixty guests was most successfully accomplished by the hostess.

SINCE the last appearance of THE MONTHLY the graduating class met and organized for the year. Mr. D. K. Clark, BA., was unanimously chosen Honorary President; Mr. Chas. Beck occupies the President's chair, Mr. R. A. F. McDonald, is his worthy Vice. The duties of Secretary are being performed by M. S. McArthur. Mr. R. Borrowman enjoys the position of poet. The class at present numbers about thirty stated art men.

PLANS for an Open Meeting in March are now well under way. A play entitled "Go," is to be one feature of the programme; a "pick-aninny band" promises to be unique and noisy. Mr. Ivor A. Thomas, is very kindly training a Glee Club Chorus for the occasion, [organist of the First Baptist Church.]

GREAT interest is taken in the meetings of the Philomathic Society this term. Early in the year the critic, Mr. D K. Clark, B.A., proposed that the amendment of the By-laws should come before the Society for consideration. The first discussion took place on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, when the present by-laws were subjected to severe criticism by Mr. Beck, Mr. Ellis and Mr. McDonald. After discussion, a motion to appoint a committee to revise the By-laws came before the meeting. The discussion on the motion and its amendment, if such there were, was of the most interesting nature. Some contended that the amendment carried, others that there was no legal amendment, while still others maintain that they can clearly show the whole thing out of order. The legal lights of the Society might have been seen till a late hour that night, trying to persuade their fellow students that they held the only right view on the question. The President, Mr. Hilts, kept his wits about him pretty well, and although the matter is not settled yet, we have no doubt but he will bring it to a successful issue.

THE spiritual condition of the College at the present time is one which no doubt will long be remembered by the students who are now in attendance. It is a time which calls forth rejoicing when we see the young men of our number coming out for Christ. It has certainly been a time of rich ingathering, and the harvest has been truly great. Especially does it bring joy, when it has been in direct answer to prayer. This has not been a matter of a few days enthusiasm, nor of a sudden revival, as the unsaved boys had ever been on the hearts of the Christian students. But a greater effort has been put forth this year, and the numbers which have been taking the step and testifying to God's saving power in their hearts are a manifestation of prayers answered and the working of the Spirit. We ask for the prayers of God's people.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

We mourn the lack of a "Literary Society" this year. This kind of a society has generally been flourishing in our midst; but this year, for no apparent reason, all is quiet. Let us hope that next year the boys will make greater efforts to organize such a society, which is so helpful to young men.

The Temperance Society of the Institute held its last month's meeting on the 27th. Among the different reports given, the one of special interest was given by those who had been appointed to canvas the school for members. They reported the whole school with only five exceptions had become members of the Society. After the business part of the meeting we listened to a most interesting programme which had been prepared by Miss Mosely and Mr. Larose. It was both entertaining and profitable.

Our Institute again victorious! Our second team played an interesting game of hockey on the 1st inst., with the Sabrevois boys on our own ice, and defeated them by a score of six to one. Another match is expected with the Montreal boys soon, and possibly a return match with Sabrevois. We hope to serve them with the same spoon as we have served them with for the last six year, for the Feller Institute boys have never been defeated in their sports on their own grounds.

The eighteenth birthday of the "Christian Endeavor Society" was celebrated here on Jan. 28th, the whole school by special invitation being present. Miss Piché conducted an exercise appropriate to the occasion, in which the colors of the rainbow were used to symbolize, violet, the Bible; indigo, prayer; blue, meditation; green and yellow, the giving of greenbacks and gold; orange and red, service for the Master. Dr. Clarke's picture on a large easel was prominent among the decorations. Mrs. Massé gave a short account of the birth, development and wonderful growth of the Christian Endeavor Society. There was plenty of spirited singing, and altogether the evening proved interesting, instructive and impressive.

La Grippe is a monster
  So hideously bad,
That to be hated,
  Needs but to be had,
Yet had so often,
  As we've had it here,
Wrings from the dryest eye,
  Tear after tear.

Music and Literature.—On Friday evening, February 10th, the students and near neighbours of Feller Institute who felt so disposed, had the opportunity of enjoying a musical and literary enter-

tainment, devoted to the works of the late Poet Laureate of England, Lord Tennyson. After a lively instrumental duet by two of the school girls, a short biographical sketch of the poet was read by one of the lady teachers, Miss Mosely. The poems included "Lady Clare," "May Queen," "The Mermaid," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Minnie and Winnie," and selections from the "Song of the Brook." The young people threw themselves so enthusiastically into their several subjects and spoke with so much expression that their hearers were delighted. The "Charge of the Light Brigade," the favorite of the school boy aspiring to "honors in elocution," and the dread of teachers, was rendered by Mr. F. W. Therrien in such a realistic manner, that several of the girls fairly jumped in terrified surprise, and the hair of the smaller boys stood on end.

Miss Rustedt read some well chosen selections from "Enoch Arden," giving the thread of the story, from time to time, in her own words. "In the Children's Hospital" was sympathetically read by Principal Massé's little daughter. The solos "Break, Break, Break," by Mrs. A. E. Massé, and "Ring out, wild Bells," by Miss Piché, were much appreciated.

"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," as a quartette, was very pretty; and "Crossing the Bar," so well-known and loved, was beautifully sung by Mrs. Massé, Miss Piché, Messrs. Roy and Therrien. Perhaps the favorite number on the programme was "Sweet and Low," a quartette.

To those who understand but little English, the best part of the entertainment was certainly the tableaux, "Lady Clare as a peasant maid," "The Mermaid," "Jepththa's Daughter," and "Cleopatra" from "A Dream of Fair Women" and "Elaine." In spite of our limited appliances and the lack of money for such purposes, the tableaux were really beautiful, and elicited hearty applause from those present.

Contrary to general custom, an entrance fee was asked, and the modest charge of ten cents each has given us about $14 to be spent for things urgently needed.

Here and There.

W. B. Tighe, '99, Editor.

UNTENANTED.

Triolet.

Maud's locket fashioned like a heart,
With tiny jewels set,
Is filigreed with dainty art,
And pictured, too, with Cupid's dart,
This locket fashioned like a heart
She hath inscribed "To Le t"
Maud's locket, fashioned like a heart,
With tiny jewels set.

—H. W., *in Bowdoin Quill.*

IN FAIR CANADIE.

(Written in Scotland.)

O bonnie, bonnie mune in the lift sae hie,
Wham saw ye in the Nor'land awa ayont the sea?
Where stars like diamonds shine an' a fervid sun glows fine
On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye on the prairie where flowers blaw free,
Till a' the land's like sunset on a rainbow rippled sea?
Where nicht's but gentler day on river, wood an' bay,
An' wild things daff and play in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye, bonnie mune? 'an what said he?
What message sent my ain love to me frae ower the sea?
Said he ne'er a word ava?—will he no come when the snaw
Fa's deep an' covers a' in fair Canadie?

O mune that winna tell, tak this kiss frae me,
An' when his sleep ye smile on ower there ayont the sea,
Loote to my love fu' fain, be kind an' dinna hain,
Till he dreams o' me again in fair Canadie.

—Jessie Kerr Lawson, *in Canadian Magazine.*

STUDENTS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt study ten hours a day.

Thou shalt always be a gentleman or a lady.

Thou shalt take daily some vigorous exercise.

Thou shalt sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four.

Thou shalt make thy calls short upon thy fellow students.

Thou shalt seek widely for other knowledge than that of text books.

Thou shalt pay close attention to thy books and be penurious of thy movements.

Thou shalt not use tobacco or strong drinks; neither liquor, nor tea nor coffee.

Thou shalt not study when thy head aches, or when thou art sick, but shalt rest for better feelings.

Thou shalt turn thine eyes from bright sunlight by day, and double shade them from lamplight by night.—*Ex.*

Once a freshman was wrecked on an African shore,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway.
And they served up that freshman in slices on toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengance of Heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next morning was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
For that freshman was terribly green.—*Ex.*

"He who incessantly reads trashy literature becomes, if permitted to live long enough, a mental imbecile."—*Dr. Savage*

OPPORTUNITY.

A full-sailed ship that comes from foreign shores
With costly bales and still more costly hopes,
The haven near, and in the tugging ropes
The winds of home singing their old time lores,
A fugitive abreast the city doors
Pressed by a foe whose footfalls he can hear,
Life, rest ahead, behind blank death and fear
And drifts of darkness sweeping o'er the moors.
The ship delays to list the mermaid's song;
The outcast turns to mock his enemy.
A storm-cloud splits, a ship sinks in the sea;
An arrow whistles from an angry thong.
Without the harbor sad waves fall and rise;
Abreast the city doors a dead man lies.

—L. P. N. S. *in Athenaeum Acadia.*

A WOMAN'S FACE.

Her soul looks out through hazel eyes,
Where all the light of paradise
In their pools of shadow lies.

Her lips are gates of constant song,
Whence melody clear, rich, and strong,
Pours its quivering tide along.

All her face is pure as night,
When its orbs swim into sight,
And her eyes are starry bright.

Sunbeams straying down the air,
Fall'n upon her shining hair,
Have left a crown of glory there.

Rests a nameless, saintly grace,
Like a glory, on her face,
As she moves from place to place.

From her dress sweet odors sway;
O'er her richest censers sway,
Dropping incense on the way.

Round about her zephyrs sing,
O'er her perfumed garlands fling;
In her footprints blossoms spring.

Low by hers my spirit bends,
Unto her each thought ascends,
All my life on her depends.

In her service I am free,
For the bond is sweet to me;
Love is highest liberty.

—Robert MacDougall,
in Presbyterian College Journal.

THE

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WILLIAM FRASER.

To keep alive the memory of men whose lives have been a benediction to the world, is not an unnecessary nor unimportant service to succeeding generations. Their mistakes, if mistakes they have made, may fortify those who follow them in the service of the same Master, against similar blunders: while their efforts and successes under circumstances of difficulty, of which, except on the outskirts of settlement, ministers of the present day are blissfully ignorant, may be an inspiration to weary discouraged toilers, who may find refreshed vigor in contemplation of what God has done through them. They have labored, and their successors have entered into their labors. They laid the foundations in prayers, tears, and toil, on which their followers are building.

Among the early fathers of the Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec, the man whose name heads this paper holds a conspicuous and honorable place. His life and labors are interwoven with the rise, growth and prosperity of a number of the churches. William Fraser was born in Straspey, Inverness-shire, Scotland, on the 29th of November, 1801. His early youth was passed on a farm among the rugged and imposing scenery of the Highlands, where many who have left their mark on the activities of the world acquired the physical strength and intellectual energy, which fitted them to cope successfully with the difficulties of business and professional life. The educational

advantages of the time and place did not promise much, and performed still less than they promised. The Parochial Schools were sufficiently rudimentary, but were better than no schools at all. William Fraser exhausted the resources of three of these schools, two in the Highlands and one in the Lowlands, and though they did not carry the youth of the parish far on the road toward a liberal education, they at least taught the art of reading, and put into the hands of all who desired to use it, a key that would unlock the treasures of literature.

If education in the parochial school was defective, the moral and spiritual condition of the people was still more deplorable. The family of Mr. Fraser belonged to the Established Church of Scotland. At one of the schools he attended his teacher was an elder of the church and also a catechist, but he did not consider it inconsistent with his position as teacher, elder and catechist, to amuse and encourage his scholars, by entertaining them with a cock fight once a year, and finishing the exercises of the gala day with a dance in the school house in the evening. Under such influences what could be expected but the merest formalism in religion, and by the amusements to which the young were invited, the training of the baser passions of vitiated human nature to a deeper degradation ?

When about sixteen years of age it pleased God, who works when, where and how He sees fit, to stir up young Fraser's conscience to a sense of sin and danger. The immediate instrument of this awakening was some portions of the Divine word, brought home to his dark heart by the Holy Spirit with great power. Then began the struggle between the old idea in which he had been brought up, that he had been engrafted into Christ and His Church in infancy, and therefore would be finally saved, and the truth which glowed on the pages of the Bible, and forced its light with ever increasing clearness on his conscience, that he was a guilty sinner who deserved to perish. While in this perplexed and uncertain state of mind, he heard the Rev. Peter Grant, Gaelic preacher and poet, whose poetical compositions are music to the ear and delight to the heart of Highlanders, preach a sermon which took from him all doubt of his own spiritual loss, destitution and helplessness. Under the

same ministry his eyes were opened to the way of life, and he was enabled to receive the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour, and rest in Him as only the weary soul can rest, that is tired of its own abortive attempts to conquer the power of sin. After a somewhat prolonged and strenuous battle between the traditions of the creed in which he had been trained and the teaching of the inspired word relative to the ordinances of the Gospel, truth triumphed over prejudices, and he was baptized in Grant town by the Rev. L. McIntosh, and united with the denomination of which he remained a consistent and faithful member, and an able advocate of its principles, till God called him up to the heavenly mansions.

Not long after his conversion, Mr. Fraser heard the voice of God calling him to the Gospel ministry. The need was great, and opportunity for evangelistic work abundant. In response to what he considered an irresistible summons, his first attempt at preaching was made in Grant town in 1822. But he soon realized that efficient work in God's harvest field, called for more education than the parochial schools had given. The opportunity for increased scholastic attainments was furnished by the seminary founded in Edinburgh by Robert Haldane. Mr. Fraser became a student in that institution in 1823. But his term of study was not long. In 1825 he left the Seminary, and was appointed a missionary to travel and preach through the Highlands and adjacent parts of the Lowlands. After a year of this itinerant work, he settled with a church in Inverness-shire, and in 1827 was ordained its pastor. There amid the scenes and associations of his boyhood four happy years passed away in the successful discharge of ministerial and pastoral duties.

God who disposes of His servants and fixes the bounds of their habitation as He sees fit, had in reserve for Mr. Fraser a wider, more difficult, as well as more distant field; which would tax to the utmost, and furnish full scope for the use of all the powers both nature and grace had bestowed. Breadalbane justly claims the pre-eminence of being the first Baptist Church on the north side of the St. Lawrence, both in Quebec and the eastern part of Ontario. It was founded in 1817, some say of thirteen,

others of thirty, members, but the smaller number is more probably correct. They believed that every church should have a plurality of elders, and appointed two of their brethren to lead their devotions and administer ordinances. Without fee or reward these brethren watched over the spiritual interests of the little band of believers in the wilderness. As the church grew in number and the surrounding population increased, the need of a man who would devote his whole time to the ministry of the Word and pastoral oversight, became too evident to be overlooked. But where was such a man to be found? and if found, how in their circumstances of poverty was he to be supported? It was felt that getting a pastor, if one could be found, was a measure of solemn responsibility. A day was set apart for fasting, prayer, and conference, when the matter was laid before God and His direction sought. The Rev. John Edwards, Sr., who had preached in Breadalbane as often as his distant home in Clarence and appointments elsewhere would allow, and for a time exercised a general supervision over the affairs of the church, visited England and Scotland in 1829 for the double purpose of interesting the churches on behalf of Canada, and inducing ministers to come to the country. He was commissioned to secure a pastor for Breadalbane, who must needs be a Highlander, for Gaelic was the language of the people.

While the Spirit of God was stirring up the hearts of the people in Breadalbane about a pastor for themselves, who would also preach the Gospel in the neighboring townships, He was at the same time turning the thoughts of Mr. Fraser in Scotland to the religious destitution of Canada, but though such thoughts sometimes forced themselves upon him, he had not decided to share with the scattered settlers the isolation, toils and privations of a wilderness life. His reflections bore fruit in due time, for they made the task of Mr. Edwards in persuading him to come to Canada much easier than it might otherwise have been. When the religious, or rather the irreligious, condition of the country was laid before him, the almost utter want of ministers to dispense the word of life, and the growing ungodliness among the young in the settlements, by one who had seen it all and grieved over it, Mr. Fraser determined to respond to a call so

urgent, and emigrated to Upper Canada in 1831. A fitter man for Breadalbane at that time would have been hard to find. In stature he was a veritable son of Anak; intellectually a strong man, he loved to preach the Gospel of salvation, and the people who preceded him, came with him, and followed after, to whom he was to minister, were his own countrymen.

The first three or four years Mr. Fraser did not find Breadalbane a garden of Eden, nor did he repose on a bed of roses. The poverty of the people forbade anything approaching an adequate support. While from Sabbath to Sabbath he ministered to them the Word, visited the sick, and buried the dead, he had to find the scanty living for himself and family as best he could. One year he taught school, but while that interfered with his ministerial work, it did not add much to his exchequer. Land was cheap and he secured a small farm which had to be cleared, and was of little use till his boys were able to work. For a few years he got some assistance from the Home Missionary Society of New York. But the pinches of penury were not his greatest trouble. Privation and toil he could bear, without one lingering regretful look at the comforts of the past. What grieved his heart was the absence of ministerial success. This was unendurable. The spiritual life of the church was low, converts few, and though abundant in labor results were disappointing. He had sowed with a liberal hand. The seed was good, but did not germinate and he could see no prospects of a harvest. He began to think he had misinterpreted the mind of God, and was minstering to a people to whom he was not sent. While in this distracted frame of mind the Rev. John Gilmour, who had come from Scotland about the same time as himself, visited Breadalbane, and Mr. Fraser told him his doubts, fears, and perplexities. Mr. Gilmour did what he could to encourage his desponding brother; but at the same time told him, that if sinners were to be converted, his sermons and private conversation with the people must be adapted and directed to that end. The idea was rather new to Mr. Fraser, and he regarded it with some suspicion; for his conviction was that when God's time came, His Spirit would stir the hearts of the people to repentance and faith: and till then all merely human effort was vain.

Mr. Gilmour said to him that a revived minister and membership would result in a spiritual awakening in the congregation. The new thought took hold of Mr. Fraser. The utterances of the pulpit had a new ring. Sermons addressed to the unconverted fell on their ears and on their hearts with life and power, and before long Mr. Fraser wrote Mr. Gilmour, saying, "The dayspring from on high has visited us and all the country is moved by the Spirit of God; come over and help us." Mr. Gilmour did come, and also Mr. Safford from First Covington, and in a short time over one hundred were converted and added to the church.

Mr. Fraser did not confine his labors to Breadalbane. It was to him what Ramah was to Samuel, his home. But at first he was the only Baptist minister in all that region. Settlers were scattered, roads were not made, and he travelled over forest paths through adjacent townships, preaching in their log cabins and school houses the Gospel of the grace of God and sharing their homely fare. His journeys sometimes reached as far as Osgoode, Clarence, and Chatham in Quebec, for most of these places not a few have claimed him as their spiritual father. He may well be called the Baptist Apostle of Glengarry, for he preached in nearly every part of the country. When Superintendent of Schools in these counties, he connected evangelistic work with his scholastic duties. In his own church he preached in Gaelic and English on the Sabbath, and the sermons followed each other with only a few minutes' interval. But the measure was not curtailed. It was good measure pressed down and running over, for the whole service generally lasted three hours and on extraordinary occasions still longer. Under his ministry in Breadalbane revivals were frequent, and some of them resulted in large ingatherings. In 1831 he formed a little church of thirty or forty members. When he left it in 1850, there were about three hundred, exclusive of deaths and dismissals. It was nineteen years of successful work for the Lord.

When Mr. Fraser left Breadalbane he purposed going to Illinois; but God preserved his labors to Ontario, by directing his steps to the County of Bruce, then opening to settlement. He bought some property on the shore of Lake Huron and

erected a mill : but the milling business was not in his line, and the venture was not a financial success. A man and his wife, members of Breadalbane church, had preceded him to Bruce, and their log cabin was his first preaching place, which though small, had room for a much larger audience. The Baptist Apostle of Glengarry became, as he himself said, the John the Baptist of Bruce, making ready a people prepared for the Lord. He travelled and preached through the township of Bruce, and several places in the county, and through his ministry many were turned to the Lord. In 1854 the first Baptist church in the county was formed, now known as the Tiverton church. It was constituted with twenty-four members, and the first year of its history saw its numbers doubled. Mr. Fraser was its pastor for twenty years, and under his ministry it grew to three hundred, exclusive of thirty-one dismissed to form the church in Glammis, sixty to form the church in North Bruce, nine to Kincardine, besides those removed by death and dismissed by letter to other churches. In 1868 the extent of the field and the infirmities of age made a helper necessary, and as the church had grown financially as well as numerically strong, the Rev. James Coutts, son-in-law to Mr. Fraser, became his assistant. The two brethren labored successfully together for five years, when Mr. Coutts resigned and assumed the pastorate of the church in Collingwood. Under Mr. Fraser's ministry the first Baptist church in Bruce was formed : and he lived to see in the county fourteen, some of them self-sustaining centres of light and life.

Mr. Fraser followed Mr. Coutts to Collingwood, and though the feebleness of age compelled retirement from the pastorate, he did not abandon ministerial work. He preached as health permitted and opportunity offered. He loved to meet his countrymen wherever located, and preach to them in their native Gaelic the unsearchable riches of Christ. In this kind of work he busied himself when able in the neighborhood of Collingwood. Within the last two years of his life he went to Manitoba, in hope to find a sufficient number of Highlanders in some place to form a congregation, and eventually a church. But he had over-rated his strength. The fatigue of the journey and rigor of the climate were too much for his endurance, and he

returned to Ontario, having contracted in the North-West the disease which proved fatal, and after a ministry of sixty years he fell asleep in Jesus.

Our late brother was a true and loyal Baptist. He had no doubts about the distinguishing tenets of the denomination. He held them intelligently and was ever ready to defend them with tongue and pen. Those who entered the lists against him on the points which separate us from others, found no easy antagonist. Of a herculean physical frame, commanding presence, a strong mind well stored with Bible truth, and a fair acquaintance with general literature, the worth of his labors to the cause of Christ and the Baptist churches of Ontario and Quebec, whose history his Godly consistent life adorns, will not be known till the day when all things are revealed, and God Himself will proclaim among the armies of Heaven the valorous deeds of His champions on earth.

Among the many services rendered to the Baptists of Canada by Mr. Fraser, by no means the least was persuading the Grant family to come to this country. Two members of the family are well known to the churches. The Rev. James Grant, now pastor of the Baptist church in Ingersoll, has been for years officially identified with the missionary and educational enterprises of the denomination. His brother, the late Rev. Alexander Grant, whose sudden and unexpected end was everywhere lamented, was for a number of years pastor of the Talbot Street church, London; five years Superintendent of Home Missions in Ontario and Quebec, and at the time of his death was pastor of the First Church in Winnipeg.

In 1828 Mr. Fraser married Miss Janet Fraser, of Grant Town. They had three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Fraser pre-deceased her husband by several years. The daughters are both dead, but the three sons still live.

JOHN DEMPSEY.

Ingersoll.

MODERN DUTCH ARTISTS.

I.

As an illustration of the mode in which even the commonest nature may enter into the Ideal or the beauty of art, Hegel, in his discussion of its relation to nature, briefly anticipates the eloquent defence of Dutch and German paintings in another volume. He says the Dutch genre-paintings ought not simply to be thrown aside under the title of common, mean nature. If we look close at the real contents of these pictures it is not so common as is generally thought.

The Dutch chose the content of their representations from the present of their own lives, and they are not to be censured for having realized this present over again in the medium of art. What is brought before the eyes and heart of the living world must be something that belongs to it, if it is to claim its interest to the full.

To know what interested the Dutch at the time of great art periods, we must ask their history. The Dutchman had, to a great extent, created the very soil on which he lived and worked, and was compelled continually to defend and preserve it against the onset of the sea. Townsmen and peasants alike, by spirit, endurance and bravery, had cast off the Spanish dominion under Philip, son of Charles V., that mighty Prince of this world, and along with political liberty had conquered for themselves freedom of religion. It is this civic spirit and enterprise in small things as in great, in their country and in the high seas, their frugal, yet neat and cleanly housewifery, and the pride and pleasure of the self-consciousness that they owe to their own activity. It is all this that constitutes the general substance of their pictures. Hegel says farther that "this is not a low matter and argument to be regarded with the patrician insolence of good society, from the vantage ground of Courts and their manners." It is this intelligent cheerfulness in a well-earned enjoyment, which pervades even the animal pieces, and shows itself as a pleasure and physical satisfaction, and it is this fresh and wakeful freedom and vitality of mind in

apprehension and presentation that forms the highest aspect of these pictures.

Although the modern Dutch school of painters differs from the earlier masters to whom Hegel refers, and the works of whom we are very familiar with through photographs and numerous reproductions, such as Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Cuyp, Ruysdel, Teniers, Van Ostade, Gerard Dou, we see the same subject matter and the same sincerity of purpose, which is essentially an outcome of the Dutch character, evinced as much in the art of to-day as in that of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The artist of the modern Dutch school does not paint to paint a picture, in the usual way of composing and arranging according to tradition, but rather to portray some simple phase of nature or sentiment of every-day life.

The school is chiefly remarkable for purity of color, tone, quality, and truthfulness, in which alone consist the great power and originality of the Dutch artists (so uncommon is it to be simple and true in art).

The great names of the present Dutch school placed in order of distinction are Josef Israels, Jacob Maris, Anton Mauvè, W. H. Mesdag, Johannes Bosboom, B. J. Bloomers, Albert Neuyhus, Artz, Bischop, Roeloffs, Kever, and others.

In England and on this continent Israels has been long and favorably known as an artist of distinction and having great powers of presentation. As founder of the present school of figure painting he has many worshippers in France, England and America, and is the leader in his own country. He is sometimes called the "Dutch Millet." His "Alone in the World" won such attention and so much the hearts of the people, that it was pronounced *the picture* of that Great Exposition of Modern Art in Chicago. While choosing the same simple subjects that François Millet chose, he seems to have presented them with a truer insight, seeing not alone struggle, want, and fierce sullen submission, as Millet did, in the class that bears the burden of the world's toil, but rather, expressing a chastened joy and a hopeful resignation that rises above the present.

His personality is free from any affectation, he is a genial kindly old man of nearly 80 years, working away in his home at The Hague, quietly and steadily, not being able with the greatest diligence to paint all that is required of him by would-be owners of an "Israels."

At a recent visit to his studio we found him bending over his study table painting a picture of himself at work. His son Isaac Israels, a well-known painter, had made the drawing and he was giving the greatest pains to the interpretation of his own personality in the picture. In answer to a question he said he could not remember when he began to paint.

Although the world awoke so suddenly to Israel's greatness, his development was of slow but steady growth, the result of an ordinary lifetime of love and unremitting study of nature. In the museum at Dordrecht is a picture representing his work in the glow of his first fame. It is a view of the large room of one of those great farm-interiors where the stock and family live and meet daily in that familiar way which is the custom of some of the Dutch farmers to-day as it was in the time of Teniers and Van Ostade. The peasant and his wife have just sat down to their noontide meal, he with bowed head and cap in hand, is very reverently asking a blessing, the young Frau sits by his side with her hand on a cradle containing an infant asleep. Upon the table is the usual large dish of steaming potatoes and the coffeepot. At one side of the dimly lighted space a fire smokes upon the stone floor over which is suspended a pot hanging from the ceiling. In the background are farming utensils and a ladder leading to the loft above; from the manger the heads of the gentle black and white cows are seen poking through their stalls. A mysterious simplicity pervades the whole. While the picture is painted with a broad full brush, the envelopment is as wonderful as that of Rembrandt. Instead, however, of the warm glow of Rembrandt giving cheer and brightness, in Israels' picture the tone is grey, sad and thoughtful, showing a delicate perception of nature, at the same time giving a sense of something higher and greater than purity of color and beauty of form, something that comes from the heart. In his latest pictures he seems to have reached the

highest possible point in quiet color and simplicity. For envelopment of his subject and the subjection of detail he differs from the earlier Dutch School.

Israels is known the world over. His pictures are in all great museums and collections, and his work eagerly sought by connoisseurs.

Israels is a Jew, long past three score years and ten, is beloved by his brother artists at home and revered abroad, and is untouched by prosperity and wealth. He has received all honor and recognition, but his is a kindly sympathetic nature. His life in its simple devotion to art, and the many years that elapsed before he achieved his ideal and public recognition, is a lesson to students. The key-note of his success being simple search for the truth from nature, constant work and love for that work had its reward, and Israels has been a great influence for good in this decadent age of art, following Millet with so much force, but with a truer spirit because of that divine element in his nature—sympathy.

The next modern Dutch painter in point of merit, if not in world importance, is Jacob Maris, of whom other painters speak with the greatest aspect, and whose work comprehends the most cultured respect of art. Versatile in subject and treatment, original and refined, his work does not appeal to the heart as Israels' does, but perfectly satisfies the craft. Rich in color and form, enveloped and expressive, his pictures seem to contain every quality of culture and refinement. He is one of three distinguished brothers all devoted to painting.

William lives also at The Hague and is one of the best Dutch cattle painters (and the world always looks to Holland to furnish great animal painters since the time of Paulus Potter and Suyders).

The paintings of William Maris are simple and vigorous. He takes the most ordinary subjects, which are a part of the daily life around, milking time, the pasture, or cattle standing near some of the numerous bridges that cross the canals that intersect the pastures.

Matthew Maris, a figure painter, lives near London, where his paintings are much sought after, his work showing some

influence of the Burne Jones school, but still having a strong Dutch coloring. Living a retired life he cares for no companionship, his painting occupying him from morning till night.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was a common occurence that two or three of a family or even more should be artists, a custom which is not rare at the present day in Holland: Israels and son and the Roeloffs family being noted instances.

If Jacob Maris ranks second in point of merit in Holland, certainly W. H. Mesdag, the marine painter, ranks first in worldly importance. In a grand mansion in the Saan Van Meerdeervort, just out of The Hague and near the Scheveinngen Gate, Mesdag and his wife, herself a famous landscape painter, live amidst such art surroundings as only the greatest wealth could command.

Mesdag has the appearance of a wealthy stock-broker or a rich Amsterdam banker, pompous and full of his own importance, but withal upon a more intimate acquaintance you find him genial, generous and companionable. Mesdag was a merchant until his thirtieth year, when he went to Brussels to study under his cousin, Alma Tadema, and Roeloffs the landscape painter. In a visit to Ostend he discovered that marine and not landscape was his forte, after which he made The Hague his home within easy distance from the sea, and Scheveinngen fishing fleets and storms and sunsets, in fact, the sea in all its moods, has furnished him with motives for his pictures. He is an earnest worker, and has won the admiration of England, France and America. He has received numerous medals and royal recognitions, which with his great fortune gives him an enviable position among contemporary artists. He always says to young artists who aspire to be marine painters, "Leave the sea to me," and indeed he seems to think the subject his by conquest. This does not prevent him, however, from giving help, sympathy and encouragement to young artists, provided that they are not devoted to the academies, which he, alike with the other Dutch painters of his school, have no use for. In answer to a remark regarding the strong originality of the Dutch painters, he said, "It is as easy to be original as ever it

was." He also said that originality lies in the man, not in his surroundings or time, that academies set rules for things that are subject to no rules, that you copy the work of other hands and brains instead of being taught to use your own, and that all are put through the mill without regard to genius or talent, or subsequent aims. His advice is to go to work yourself, with a good master to criticise, and if you can produce on canvas the effect nature produces on you, the result must be original, for nature never looks to two people with precisely the same face.

Mrs. Mesdag, like many others, does not agree with him, and thinks academies the best place to acquire the technicalities and culture of art.

Mesdag's personality impresses one with its force and strength, and you feel that he is quite able to hew out his own way without the aids that others might need. But has he not had aids? He began too late in life to go in for academic training, he has confined himself to the interpretation of one phase of nature, and he has been able to surround himself with such a collection of pictures as is in itself a broad and liberal education. The choicest works of the Barbizon School are in his galleries. The works of Corot, Diaz, Daubiny, Millet, Rousseau and others, not men without academic training, but men who with the freedom that such training gives have risen above it, and who through it have sought nature and interpreted as she appeared to them; great men of that great school who, breaking away from classicism and academic rules, devoted themselves so arduously to the study of nature that in a few years landscape had stolen away the prestige of academic painting. The Barbizon School can only be intimately known when you have seen Mesdag's great collection, and has it not been his influence, his academy? Certainly it has had a strong influence over the Dutch artists who are to-day its greatest followers in going to nature; and worthy successors they are of the Barbizon fraternity, attaining like them distinction, not through the grandeur of the subjects represented, but through the grandeur of the work done, thus arriving at an indisputable dignity.

But to return to Mesdag, it is not surprising that he, the possessor of five galleries containing the most beautiful works of

the age, should feel himself of some importance. The space devoted to this paper might be taken up in describing his collection, his studio, his beautiful potteries, containing the best examples of the metallic enamels of the Delft factories and the wood carvings. Mesdag's time, influence and wealth have been used to raise and advance the standard of Dutch Art. It was owing to the contributions from his gallery and to his efforts that Dutch Art was better represented than that of any other nation at the World's Fair in Chicago.

In all the galleries of Holland are found the works of Johannes Bosboom, the great painter of church interiors. To the ordinary observer the great interiors, unattractive and unadorned, of the churches in Holland do not afford much scope for the artist, but Bosboom found in them richness and quality of color for his pictures, in which we find such masterly subjection of architectural detail and simple and imposing grandeur of composition. Who ever rendered so exquisitely the mellow sunlight piercing through the windows touching upon the rich brass ornaments around the altars (almost the only ornamental work left in the Dutch Churches) as Bosboom? Here again we have envelopment, but of interiors at full sunlight. The interiors in which the yellow light is mellowed by the grey white walls, bare and reflecting the sun in opalescent tints, are just as mysteriously painted as Israels' interiors, but in such a different key.

One of the great charms of the Dutch studios is the marked individuality to be found in each and the perfect harmony of the surroundings with the taste and works of the painter.

Before Bosboom's death his studio was one of the most famous at The Hague and was filled with a collection of church furnishings which had been the former glory of the Netherland churches, wooden figures of angels, saints, popes, and bishops; carved chairs, desks, tables, screens, escutcheons of ancient heraldry, banners, religious pictures, queer brass lamps and censers, quaint candelabra, with waxen tapers, carved crucifixes and curiously illuminated parchments, all arranged in a room to look like a chapel in use as a studio, making one of the most unique and charming surroundings that any artist could possibly have. After his death a few years ago his collection was dispersed.

This abundance of material which he could draw from makes the reserve with which Bosboom used his material all the more remarkable. Detail in his pictures is scarcely thought of; light, tone, space and an indescribable charm appealing to you, so that all detail is subjected to the mysterious effect produced by the mellow sun-light illuminating the interior represented.

B. J. Bloomers is another one of the prosperous Hague painters who has a studio in keeping with his chosen subjects and work; he is one of the happiest as well as one of the most successful of men, with a charming family of eight sons and daughters. Amidst the most harmonious domestic relations he depicts the everyday life of the fisher peasant-folk, and especially of children and babies, and Bloomers' children and babies are always rollicking and robust. Not so poetic as some of the Dutch artists in his interpretation, still his are happy pictures, rendered with a thorough understanding of the joyous natures of the very sturdy types of Dutch children who impress you very forcibly in Holland, types seen everywhere, especially, however, near the sea and in the fishing villages. In fact a volume might be written about these Dutch children whom an artist learns to know in various ways after a summer's sketching.

There are many other well known artists living at The Hague. It is also the center of the new academic school of painters who have established a school in spite of the opposition of the *great men*. It is under the leadership of Jonsen and includes the younger Roeloffs and a number of younger men who stimulate each other in trying to do what they do in Paris, which they believe the best means of advancing art.

The third name mentioned at the beginning of this paper, Auton Mauvè, has won a large public and much affection and consideration at home and abroad. His short life, ended about 12 years ago, was spent in a small farming village on the dunes near the Zuyder Zee. Not troubled by the dissensions between schools or the ambitions of his fellow artists, he found in his peaceful environment all that art could give, But the world found him, for some years before his death the American demand for his pictures was beyond his ability to supply. His

work approaches more nearly the Barbizon painters than that of any of the other Dutch artists, and yet so full of a rare and complete personality. Each year brings greater appreciation of his works, some of the best examples of which are owned in the United States. Holland galleries and private collections contain many excellent examples. He almost invariably painted the quiet tones of grey days on the fields and dunes around his home. His paintings of the village shepherd and his sheep going to the dunes in the morning and returning in the evening are tender and poetic, and in their particular qualities are unrivalled in art. In the paths and roads leading across the heather covered dunes at Laaren are to be seen many, if not all, of Mauvè's motifs.

The shepherd still gathers the sheep around the pond in the village square in the morning and leads them out upon the dunes and back in the evening. Mauvè's low-toned greys are unequalled, his sympathy with what he paints is marvelous. Of all the sheep painters of any age or art, he stands unrivalled. His tender insight and marvelous understanding and rendering are certainly not a plea for academic training, Mauvè's only son is following in his footsteps, and asking only that he may be allowed to live always among, and paint his beloved peasants of Laaren, protesting against the well-meant interference of those who would send him to Paris.

There are many other names in Holland known to the world of art well worth noting, but no more fitting one can be chosen to begin this slight sketch of modern Dutch artists than Israels' and none more fitting to close it with than Mauvè's, as they are unapproachable.

M. E. Dignam

March, 1899.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

Chapter I.

When one looks at a good map of the Province of Quebec a most striking feature is seen to be the long narrow form of the seven counties which extend back from the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the borders of the North East Territory.

In the midst of the other six, like a queen supported on either hand by three ladies-in-waiting, the County of Maskinongé gracefully inclines, cushioned upon her Laurentian couch. Her head is adorned with a coronet sparkling with jewels called the Gatineau Springs. About her entrancing person is thrown in undulating folds a cypress-green mantle ornamented with river-like spangles of bronze and silver, and at her snow-white feet gleam, like those of a beautiful laver, the waters of Lake St. Peter.

The county gives its name to a pretty village, already quite widely known because of some religious disturbances among its inhabitants, which culminated in the establishing there of a little Protestant church. This definite, even though extreme, settlement of the differences has been received by both parties with a feeling of relief, and relations as cordial as may be exist between them.

Among the seceders from the "catholic" majority is a man loved and honored by every one, now as much as ever, for no one wishes to doubt the integrity of the motives which animate him, whom everybody knows to be, above all, a man of honest convictions and uncompromising principles. The fact is that the beauty of their county and the beauty of their village, have a rival in the hearts of Maskinongé "habitants" and that rival is the most typical "habitant" of them all, Maxime Tremblay,

or as his good neighbors and friends call him, "le vieux Maxime."

The French Canadian is well known to be of a contented, sunny disposition, and Maxime fully sustains the character of his race. To come in contact with him is to be refreshed. Nature seems to have put into his very blood and temper the calm of the Laurentian sky, the cool of the forests and the sparkle of the merry streams. Now grown grey with ninety-four years of age, bent with toil, afflicted with a constant though painless shaking of his arms and hands, he sits, or walks about the homestead, "decked in home-spun flax or wool." The proverbial long limp red tuque without a tassel covers his old bald head, and the equally proverbial cow-hide moccasins cover his feet Ask him how he does to-day, and if he chances not to enjoy his usual strength he will say: "*Ç'a va petit train*," but if he feels well you will perhaps find him running a wheel-barrow full of wood into the back-kitchen, and his reply will be: "*Pas trop mal.*" While you exchange greetings with his son, old Maxime empties the wheel-barrow and is soon sitting by you, rich in soul, happy as the day is long, and ever ready to rehearse the exploits of his youth and prime. No Chevalier, no Grossmith, no Leland Powers, can impersonate, sing a song, or tell a tale, more delightfully and effectively than "*le vieux Maxime.*" The very shake of his "old labor-hardened hands" gives a pathetic humor to every gesture, and he never fails to win the heart and hearty laugh.

Contrasting the hale patriarch with his delicate grand-children, one cannot refrain from expressing surprise at the obvious decline in physique. Maxime has his theory ready to answer your questioning mind:

"De woman he's mak' too much 'tention to his children dese "tam; get him so much tendeur wit' t'ree four dress, long wool "stockin' an' t'ick, t'ick shoe. Dat tam I'm nittle boy we've "don't do lak dat; we've bin on our bare feet, on'y nittle che-"mise coton an' overhaul. Dat's mak' us tough an' nevair be "sick.

"I 'member well dat winter comin' spring wit' all de nittle "boy, we've run our bare feets on de snow-crust. Some-tam,

"*bateau,* we'll get col' toes, but den we t'row ourself on our back
"an'—— an' hol' our feets up to de sun for gets dem warm again,
"after dat - - - - - - we've s- s- start off some more run."

Chapter II.

Thus the old man recounts the engaging incidents of his life, and it becomes easy for one who knows him well, to trace the romance in it.

To begin with his father came up from * "*le sud*" to settle in Maskinongé when Maxime was a mere boy. Along with them came another family by the name of Fleury. These people had long been intimate; in fact it was eight years before that the two grooms had together led their brides to the altar, and after that the affection between the four constantly grew deeper. When Maxime had been born about a year, a sweet little bud of a daughter appeared in the Fleury home, and it was only natural that the elated parents should at once settle it in their minds that the two babes should one day join hand and heart for life. When their parents journeyed with the earnings won as laborers to come and buy farms of their own on the north shore of Lake St. Peter, Maxime was six years old and little Rosy was five. They had not yet understood the design of their parents concerning them, but, as children do, found much pleasure in each other as playmates.

Years soon pass when filled with toil, and so it was not long before Maxime did understand. He was very fond of work, and could always be seen with his father, now in the field and now in the clearing where forest-trees had stood. He helped draw out the logs; he gathered the brush to be burned; he fastened the strong chain to the decaying stumps; he cried commands at his patient and powerful yoke of oxen, and saw with glee that they could snap the pine roots as though they were of thread. Ambitious that the land should be under culture as soon as possible, at dusk each night the boy still lingered with his father to draw out "just one more stump." Then it was that from over the hill, which already yielded goodly crops each

* "Le Sud" is the name given by the "habitants" on the north shore to the country just south of the St. Lawrence.

year, they caught the sound of the old tin horn, and like Drummond's "habitant" Maxime could have said:—

"Dat's horn ma dear old moder blow, an only thing she play
Is 'viens donc vite" Maxime, ho, donc! 'pèche-toi pour votre souper."

When at last the evening meal was over it would not have been surprising to see the boy, now in his seventeenth year, wander over to neighbor Fleury's and there spend the twilight hour in the society of "Ma'm'selle Rose." Not so, however. He liked her very much as every one did, for she had already developed into a comely and pleasant young woman. But Maxime preferred to take his violin and draw from it the sprightly airs so dear to the French Canadian. It often happened that the music enticed Rosy to come over herself, bringing along her mother as a very willing chaperone. The daughter's heart now fully concurred in the purpose of the parents, and she used many innocent wiles to draw out Maxime. All to no purpose. He was always jolly in her presence as everywhere else, and delighted in relating some humorous incident or in executing some comical jig on the fiddle, but the nearest he ever came to bringing sentiment into his intercourse with Rosy, was when he played and sang a Canuck ditty of which the chorus ran thus:

She went to the markette,
A panier on her bras,
—O, dear, I love you!
—Non, vous ne m'aimez pas.

Inasmuch as Rosy often went with her father to the market at Rivière-du-Loup to help him sell some of their garden produce, she might have taken this as a delicate but pointed enough warning that it was useless for her to continue bestowing her love upon him, because his response would always be in the sense of:

"Non, vous ne m'aimez pas."

Chapter III.

This attitude of Maxime toward Rosy was noted by their parents with considerable anxiety, because their wishes in the

matter had never changed. Nothing was said to him, however, and two years later, in the spring, an incident occurred which from their point of view aggravated the situation to an alarming degree. The very elements seemed to conspire to thwart their desire.

In order that just what took place may be better understood, it will be well to say something of an experience peculiar to the country north of Lake St. Peter. At a point down near Quebec the St. Lawrence is very narrow. In the winter, the water freezes there to a great depth, so that when spring comes it is not thawed before the ice from the Great Lakes jams and forms such a solid dam that the waters are piled back until they overflow and invade the territory of the living. Lake St. Peter is very shallow. Every spring, consequently, the farmers who live on its borders and near its affluents (of which one is the Maskinongé river) suffer a great deal of inconvenience. At least they would, if like the philosophical French Canadians that they are, they did not provide against what has ceased to be an emergency.

They put very solid floors in their stable lofts, to which during high water they hoist their live-stock, using for this purpose some such apparatus as that with which one can imagine "Jumbo" to have been lifted in and out of the ocean steamer that brought him over the sea. In the house, meantime, the family moves up one flight. If the water threatens to reach them there, one resort remains, and that a huge flat-bottomed junk built for this express purpose and ready moored to a corner of the house. Upon this the farmer will place his wife, children, chattels, and cattle, and sail placidly away to enjoy the hospitality of the neighbor who lives at the nearest place to where the "waters cease to roll." Should the water still continue to rise then appears the spectacle of a whole fleet of these miniature Noah's arks, each looking for its Ararat.

Maxime's father lived high enough up the Maskinongé so that the water never disturbed him, but just at a place where his buildings were easy of access to the annual exiles, affording shelter for many of them and their belongings. His heart was as open as his buildings, and he received his friends with the

same equanimity which they themselves displayed in their forced excursion.

During the particular spring of which we speak one of these floods occurred in regular form and brought with it to the house of the Tremblays, a family which lived farther down the river and had been forced to come up in their junk. They were cheerfully received and royally entertained as long as they stayed. If one could have known the thoughts that arose in young Maxime's heart it would have been found that, as far as he was concerned, the reception was not only cheerfuliy but joyfully given. This was by no means the first acquaintance he had with this family. His closest boy friend was the young son of his own age, and not the least thing about him that appealed to Maxime was the fact that he was the brother of pretty Yvonne Gonneville. "And thereby hangs a tale."

LEONARD A. THERRIEN, '94.

(To be continued.)

THE PIECE OF STRING.

(From the French.)

I.

It was the day of the county fair, and by all the roads round Hauteville the habitants and their wives were coming to town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their legs were twisted by the wearing labors of the country, and their shoulders bent by ploughing. Their starched blouses, ornamented at collar and cuffs with quaint little patterns of white embroidery and blown up round their bodies, looked like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms and two feet.

Some of these sturdy fellows dragged a cow or a sheep, at the end of a rope. And just behind the animals, beating them with switches to hasten their pace, went the farmers' wives, carrying huge wicker baskets, from which the heads of various fowls protruded.

Now a calèche passed by, drawn by a stout little pony. It shook the two men on the seat, and the good wife seated on the straw in the bottom of the conveyance held tightly to the sides to lessen its jolting.

On the fair ground at Hauteville a great crowd had collected, forming a perfect sea of heads. The horns of cattle, the high and tasselled collars of the horses, the tall hats of the wealthier peasants showed above the surface of that sea. Sometimes above the babel of voices a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of some jolly countryman would sound forth, and sometimes a long bellow from a bull tied to the wheels of a cart.

It all was redolent of the byre, of milk, hay, and perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odor peculiar to the men of the country.

Maître Hautcomé of Breauté was making his way to the square, when right before him on the ground he saw a little piece of string. Maître Hautcomé, crafty, and frugal like all true Bretons, reflected that what was useful was worth picking up, and so, stooping with difficulty (owing to age and rheumatism,) he took the little bit of cord from the ground, when just across the street he saw Maître Malaudain, the harness-maker, looking straight at him. Now, Maître Hautcomé was overcome with shame at being seen by the harness-maker, his particular enemy, picking up a piece of cord out of the mud. He quickly hid the string in his pocket and pretended to be looking on the ground for something he had lost, and at last went off to the fair-ground.

He soon lost himself in the crowd, which was noisy, slow and haggling over bargains. They listened to propositions, held impassively to their prices, or suddenly deciding to accept the offered price they would call out to the departing buyer, "All right, you can have them, Jean Baptiste."

Then little by little the crowd melted away, and when the Angelus sounded from the old gray cathedral tower, those who lived in the country poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the living room was filled with hungry peasants, just as the great court was filled with wagons, gigs

and calèches, yellow with mud. misshapen, their shafts raised high in the air like uplifted arms. All the nobility of the plough were at their meal in the large dining-room of Maître Jourdain, who was a sharp fellow, and had made a good deal of money in his day.

All of a sudden, the drum beat in the court before the inn. Every one ran to the door or to the windows with mouth full and napkin in hand. When the public crier ended the tattoo, he called forth in a jerky voice, "Oyez! Oyez! Be it known to the people of this town and to all at the fair, that there has been lost on the Benzville road, between the hours of nine and ten, this day, a leather pocket-book containing a thousand francs, the finder is warned to return it to the Mayor at once, or to the loser, Fortuné Holbrèque."

Then the crier left. They heard once more the far off dull beats on the drum and the voice of the crier. They began to talk of the event and what the chances were of finding the purse.

And so the meal went on.

They were drinking their coffee when a sergeant of gendarmes appeared.

He asked:

"Is Maître Hautcomé seated at this table?"

"Maître Hautcomé answered, "Here I am."

And the officer resumed:

"Maître Hautcomé will you be good enough to follow me to the Mayor's office, His Worship would like to see you."

He gulped down his coffee and started off, repeating, "Here I am, sir, here I am," and followed the sergeant.

The mayor was ready, seated in an armchair. "Maître Hautcomé," said he, "this morning you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by M. Holbrèque."

"I, I picked up his book?" said the poor fellow, gasping, and frightened by the suspicion that rested upon him, he knew not why.

"Yes, you."

"I swear I know nothing about it."

"You were seen."

"They, - - - they saw me? Who?"

"M. Malaudain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered and reddened with indignation. "He saw me pick up this string, monsieur," and he pulled out the little cord from his capacious pocket.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head. "After you picked it up you looked to see if any money had fallen out."

The unfortunate old man choked with grief and anger.

"If they can say - - - - - can say - - - "

He could protest, they would not believe him.

M. Malaudain was summoned and repeated his testimony. The two abused one another for a long time.

Maître Hautcomé requested to be searched, but nothing was found on him. The news quickly spread, and the old man was surrounded by a curious throng serious, or mocking, as the case might be. He began to tell the story of the string. They only laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by all, and button-holing his friends, beginning over and over his protestations and turning his pockets inside out to prove he had nothing. They only said, "You old rasal, va!"

He grew exasperated, feverish, always telling the story and never believed.

Night came, he made the rounds of the village of Breauté and met only unbelievers.

He was ill over it all night long.

The next day a market-gardener found the purse on the road and restored it to M. Holbrèque. Maître Hautcomé was informed. He triumphed. "There is nothing does you so much harm as being regarded as a liar," he said.

All day he talked, he told it to the carters, to the drinkers at the saloon, to strangers and visitors. He was easy, yet worried by something, he knew not what. People seemed to smile while they listened, and did not seem convinced.

Next Tuesday, he passed by Malaudain's shop. As he went by, Malaudain laughed. Why? When at table at Jourdain's he began again to explain. A cattle dealer shouted at him, "Get out, you old rogue, I know all about it." He stammered, "But they

found it, the pocket-book." But the other said, "Shut up, Daddy, there's one finds it and another returns it, who's the wiser."

He understood at last. He was accused of having the book returned by an accomplice. He tried to protest. All the guests began to laugh, and he got up from dinner amid a chorus of gibes.

The poor old fellow went home, ashamed and indignant, choking with confusion; his innocence dimly seemed impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known in the village. He felt cut to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

He began anew to tell his story, each time adding new proofs, and more solemn oaths. His entire time was occupied by the story of the string. "Those are liar's proofs," they said, when his back was turned.

He felt it, it preyed upon him night and day; he wore himself out in useless efforts. He was visibly wasting away. The jokers at the saloon now made him tell the story of "The Piece of String" as they made the old soldier tell his story of the battle. His mind grew weaker and weaker. About the middle of December he took to his bed. He died on New Year's Day, and in the wild delirium of his death-agony he protested again and again, his innocence. "A little bit of string, only a little bit of string,—See, here it is, Monsieur le Maire."

G. H. Campbell, '00.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Nineteen hundred years ago the great Sower dropped into the soil of regenerated hearts, the seed of missionary effort. It sprang up and soon a mighty tree spread its branches over many lands. Seventeen years ago that same Gospel tree put forth another tender shoot—our own Fyfe Missionary Society. This little branch during the past year has been watered by the dews of Heaven, has been invigorated by the life of Jesus, has been swayed by the Holy Spirit; and now, to-night, we wish to bring you some account of the fruit it has brought forth, during that time, to the honor of the great Husbandman.

It has been a year of glad service. True, we have not realized all our hopes, nor carried out all our resolutions. We are conscious that the service rendered has been very imperfect. In thought, we can look back and see many a weary missionary with tears in his eyes. We can hear his groans as he kneels and wrestles in prayer with his God. Coldness and indifference have met him. Incompetency and failures have tried him. The powers of darkness have set themselves against him. And yet, after all, it has been happy service. As we have made our contributions to the funds our hearts have been infused with glowing joy. Prayers that we have offered have brought back showers of blessings on our heads; self-denial, though it looked as gloomy as a prison from the outside, has proved when entered to be a garden of roses and summer fruits. What cordial greetings the student missioner has received! What grateful thanks have been poured into his ear! What faithful souls he has met! What fellowships he has enjoyed! What songs there have been in Heaven over repentant sinners! Truly it has been glad service.

Publicly, unitedly, heartily we desire to thank our God. We thank Him for innumerable mercies covering innumerable weaknesses and failures. We thank him for workers and for work; for means and for opportunities; for prayers and for answers; for the Gospel message and for its mighty power.

Twelve months ago at our annual meeting we were favored

with the presence of Dr. Sutherland, who gave us a most inspiring address. Later on the annual sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Brown, whose experience on the foreign field, coupled with a deep missionary spirit enabled him to deliver a very powerful sermon. To these gentlemen we are greatly indebted.

Throughout the College year the monthly Fyfe Day has been cheerfully observed. On these occasions we have heard our fellows tell of their efforts and experiences; we have listened to stirring addresses, and we have cast our thought out over the great unevangelized world and pleaded for it before the throne of grace. God has come very near to us at such times. Our hearts have burned within us. By these meetings missionary thought and missionary zeal are woven into the very soul-fibre of McMaster men.

As to our active work in the field, we think our Society was never more alive than now. Notwithstanding the fact that more of our churches can and are supporting settled pastors than before, yet during the summer vacation about eighty of our number were engaged wholly in Christian work. Some of these have not returned this year to their duties; of those who have returned a large majority are supplying pulpits or doing mission work in the city.

The reports from these fields of labor are varied, but almost every one speaks of souls saved and of cheering prospects. Increased liberality is mentioned in several cases. To Little Current, Temiscamingue and Indian River students went for the first time. At Indian River there has been signal success. Over twenty have professed conversion; a building, to seat about two hundred is being erected, and soon a church will be organized. On the Oak Lake field two churches have been organized, and one at Stroud. At Stoney Lake a new mission has been started. Chapels have been built and opened at Caledonia, Avoca and Nelson, and one is in course of erection in East Toronto. In several places debts have been paid off, Mission Bands, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies have been organized. It is not possible to obtain full and exact reports of all the work done, but the following summary (covering all churches ministered to by students) will give an approximate idea:

Students engaged in the work, about	80
Number of preaching stations.	125
Average attendance	50
Sermons preached	3200
Prayer meetings conducted	1840
Pastoral visits made	12000
Professed conversions	400
Additions by baptism	250
Additions by letter	180
Additions by experience	50

This work has been widely distributed all over Ontario and away east of Montreal; while in Manitoba are Vichert and Daniel; McLean is laboring in Dakota, and Matthews and Stephens are on the shores of the Pacific.

But the service which is more distinctly our own is the "voluntary work," carried on in some of the most needy parts of the city. Under this department we have five missions, which are maintained by funds and by workers from our Society. Other missions started years ago by this Society are now organized churches and doing good work, and we have every reason to hope that some of those now under our care will develop likewise. For the first time we kept a student at one of these missions during the vacation period. Bro. George Simmons remained at Taylor Street Mission, and the results have been very gratifying. Some have been baptized; and the house in which they meet at present is far too small. Nothing short of a new building in the near future will satisfy the demands of the work there.

The funds of this voluntary work, and for the support of a native preacher in India are raised by voluntary subscriptions from the members of the Society, and by the offerings taken up at the two public meetings of the Society held during the year.

This last year, however, we have been helped by private contributions towards the summer's work at Taylor Street from a few very kind friends.

We could not well close this report without mentioning, with intense gratitude to God, the fact that two of our members are now engaged in missionary work in South America. Early in the year we bade Godspeed to our good brother Reekie, and in the fall he was followed by our highly esteemed brother

Routledge with his wife. So the first Protestant missionaries doing battle against the superstition and darkness of Bolivia are Baptists, and were warm and active members of this Society. We are proud to have them there. We hear encouraging reports from them. May God bless them !

We are now on the threshold of a new year's work. Last year the Society enjoyed the wise and efficient leadership of Dr. Goodspeed. This year we welcome as his successor our beloved and enthusiastic Dr. Rand. He is supported in the vice-presidency by Bro. Mode, and in the Executive Committee by our honored Chancellor, Dr. Welton, Dr. Goodspeed, Prof. Farmer and others. We are thus assured that wise counsel, devoted effort and earnest prayer will characterize our work for the coming year.

We leave the past in the hands of Him who sent us into the world even as He was sent into the world. We start out on another year with an enlarging sphere, with an increasing number of workers, with high hopes and earnest supplication. We believe we can rely upon the sympathy and prayerful help of our friends, and so we close this brief story of our work, feeling sure that you will hear more about it in that day when " they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God."

On behalf of the Executive Committee :

S. E. Grigg,
Rec. Sec.

Editorial Notes.

The action of the students in spontaneously beginning a movement for increased accommodation for the University, and in subscribing the sum of $1100 towards that end, is in the highest degree creditable to their generosity and loyalty to their Alma Mater. More than that it is an example to all who have the welfare of McMaster University at heart. If we are to meet the requirements of our steady growth in numbers, we must have more buildings and that right soon. Within the past eight years the number of our students has increased from 16 to 150 in the Arts department alone, while the numbers in Theology have in no way decreased. During this same time our accommodation has remained practically stationary, and now it is so unequal to our requirements as to make it possible for us to carry on our work only under conditions of great inconvenience. We need more class-rooms, larger laboratories, increased residence, a fire-proof library and a much larger chapel-room, and we ought to have them at once. Naturally the students realize the needs of the University, for they see them every day, and consequently have set about in a practical way to supply them. What are our graduates and our friends going to do in the matter? The Alumni have appointed a committee to devise some plan whereby they may aid the University, and doubtless at their annual meeting in May they will resolve to do something. If our two hundred students out of their slender means can subscribe $1100 in one year, surely our graduates can give $5000 in the same time. Our rich friends ought to promise $50,000, and we confidently expect that they will do so. With this sum an additional building could be erected that would enable us to accommodate all the students that a distinctively teaching university should receive. We must have such a building, and with it our future is assured.

We are glad to learn that Rev. R. R. McKay has been led to remain as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Woodstock. The pastorate of that church offers so many opportunities for influence upon the students of Woodstock College and therefore of McMaster University, that we cannot but rejoice that one so well fitted to exert such a beneficent influence on the young life of the College should remain to fill it. Mr. McKay is very popular with the students, as, indeed, he is with all the members of the church, and is the right man in the right place.

In another department of this number of The Monthly will be found a notice by Dr. Rand, of A Critical Study of In Memoriam, by Rev. John M. King, D.D. Since Dr. Rand's notice was penned Dr. King has passed away. His loss will be severely felt by Manitoba College, of which he was the efficient and successful Principal. He was also the lecturer in Mental and Moral Science, and Professor of Theology and Greek and Hebrew Exegesis. Dr. King was graduated at Edinburgh University, with honors, in 1854, taking Theology subsequently at Edinburgh and at the University of Halle. Coming to Canada in 1856, he became pastor of the Gould Street Church, Toronto, in 1863, where he served till his appointment as Principal of the Manitoba College in 1883. His services as an educationist have been distinguished in the Prairie Province, not only in connection with the college as its head and successful financier, but in the manifold interests of the Public School system.

The following paragraph from the New York *Evening Post* will be interesting to all who give any thought to educational work :—

"An interesting experiment in college instruction has been tried at one of the smaller institutions, and has proved an entire success. The ordinary way of teaching any study is to put a class in a small college, or a division of a class in a large one, under a professor or tutor, who "hears recitations." The standing of the student depends upon his record on the occasions when he is "called up," to read a brief passage in Latin, for example, or to work out some problem in mathematics; while the instruction given must, from the nature of the case, be general, rather than varied with special reference to individual needs. Under this system a student's mark on any lesson may be purely a matter of chance; he may "make a cold rush" on the one thing which he happens to know, or "a dead flunk" on the one passage which he cannot translate. Under this system, too, it must necessarily be a matter of chance whether the man who hears the recitation learns the personal peculiarities and deficiencies of the large number of students before him well enough to render the varying help that is required.

"Bowdoin College, in Maine, during the last few years has been supplementing this traditional system with a new form of teaching. Classes still meet for recitations in the old way, but the work of instruction no longer ends in the class-room. The freshmen, for example, meet the professor of Latin in a body, as formerly; and then they go in small groups, usually of three or four students, to a tutor, who brings home to them individually the lessons which they have studied in the class. This more intimate personal instruction takes the form of a drill in grammar, practice in composition, and discussion of topics

related to the author studied, with special reference to the individual peculiarities of each student. Each department of science, also, has an assistant, who relieves the professor of the merely mechanical drudgery of preparing and removing materials, and who is available for an amount of guidance and direction of laboratory work which the professor alone would be unable to give. From the first this new system has justified itself, and now that it has been applied throughout the college, President Hyde is able to pronounce it an unqualified success, saying of it in his annual report:

"'The ideal of construction at which the college has long been aiming has at length been nearly realized. With very slight exceptions, class instruction is given exclusively by experienced and mature professors; and the work of tutors is limited to supplementing the work of the professor by more intimate and personal instruction in groups of three or four students. No expenditure which the college makes brings larger returns in proportion to cost than this, which provides for the faithful individual work of these young men, fresh from the college and the university, and eager to fit themselves for more responsible positions as teachers and professors. At trifling cost to the college, it gives to the more promising candidates for the profession of teaching a valuable apprenticeship. It imparts definiteness, reality, and inspiration to the work of the students, and it retains about the college a group of earnest and studious young men who form a valuable link between the student body and the permanent members of the faculty.'"

Book Reviews.

A CRITICAL STUDY OF IN MEMORIAM*

Scarcely ten years ago the writer was asked to speak on one of our English poets to a public audience in one of the towns of western Ontario. He signified his willingness to say something of Lord Tennyson and his work. The chairman of the local committee remonstrated against the choice of poet, affirming with earnestness and every appearance of sincerity, that few residents of that town had ever heard of the man, and fewer still cared anything for his poetry. Eight years ago the writer spent his Saturday afternoons for nearly three months in reading and interpreting In Memoriam to a public audience of ladies gathered in McMaster Hall. These incidents have a flavor of ancient history about them now, so general

* A Critical Study of In Memoriam. By the Rev. John M. King, M.A., D.D., Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Toronto: George N. Morang, 1898.

among us has the appreciation of Tennyson become. Choice selections from his works now form a portion of the course in our High Schools, while the study of his great world-poem, In Memoriam, has, these few years past, engaged the special attention of many a gathering of earnest men and women in Canada. The volume before us had its origin, we are told in the preface, "in a course of lectures delivered to ladies in Manitoba College in the winter and spring of the present year" (1898). After a careful perusal of it, we may say at once—and it is the main thing we wish to say—that it is an excellent book, and a credit to Canada. Dr. King has made himself familiar with the critical studies of Gatty, Robertson, Genung, Tainsh, Davidson, Stopford Brooke, and Mrs. Chapman. In a field already exploited by such eminent students it could hardly be expected that anything strikingly fresh would be found in so compact a volume. But there is a sanity in Dr. King's mind that is wholesome to come in touch with. He is evidently accustomed to weigh and compare the results of exegetes and commentators, and to give in condensed form the findings that commend themselves to his independent judgment. He does not hesitate to differ, now and again, from Gatty, or Genung; and in general it may be said that on all ethical or spiritual questions he seems to the writer to come, not infrequently, closer to the poet's thought than other commentators. An instance in point is seen in his interpretation of the Prologue, and especially of the line,

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love."

Occasionally he fails, we think, to interpret the thought of the poet from the poet's own angle of vision, as in the 27th stanza of Lyric LXXXV. Another instance is that of the 2nd stanza of LXXXVI, where he finds in "the horned flood" only a "darkly-rippling brook," whose water is curled over the intercepting rocks and "horned in its motion like the young moon." The lyric was written at Bournemouth, so Tennyson told Knowles, and the "horned flood" undoubtedly refers to the ocean, toward which the west wind, "that rollest from the gorgeous gloom of evening" sweeping the heavens bare of clouds, is hurrying below "through all the dewy-tasselled wood," and "shadowing down the horned flood" to the far orient, whither he bids his imagination follow "from belt to belt of crimson seas." Why the poet applies the epithet "horned" to the sea is quite another matter. It probably refers to the half-moon shape of the open sea as seen from the land. Dr. King's critical studies

have made him alive to innumerable poetic excellencies of the poem, though his poetic and artistic sensibility is not as eminent as his ethical and spiritual.

All in all, however, we commend this book as one of the most serviceable of the various studies of In Memoriam. Lovers of Tennyson will prize it.

THEODORE H. RAND.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS BIBLE.*

The Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, is one of the most brilliant and accomplished of the Baptist preachers of the United States. It is partly because of the advantages of his early years that he is a man of fine culture and broad scholarship. Those early years received their stamp from his noble father, the Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D., now and for many years the pastor of the Baptist church in Pawtucket, R.I. Throughout his ministry the elder Faunce has shown a great interest in young men and unusual ability in dealing with such problems as young men find when they begin to grapple seriously with life. More than a score of years ago Dr. Faunce, then a pastor in Concord, New Hampshire, delivered a series of lectures for the special benefit of young men who were unsettled in their views of religion. Later he repeated several of these lectures to his congregation in Lynn, Massachusetts. About this time they were published in a book, and in this form have done service for truth for twenty years. A new edition of this book has been published lately. There are seven chapters, the subjects being as follows: The Young Man's Book; Is the Bible True; Is the Bible Inspired; Difficulties as to Miracles and Teachings; Difficulties as to Geology; Difficulties from Astronomy; Difficulties About Historic Facts. These chapters are of unequal value, but the discussion is for the most part well adapted to be of use to those for whom the lectures were written, namely young men of ordinary education whose views have been unsettled by the cheap scepticism of the street. The chapter on "Difficulties as to Geology" has been rewritten for the new edition and is an interesting, popular and useful discussion. In the chapter on inspiration one

*By D. W. Faunce, D.D., Philadelphia. American Baptist Publication Society. 1420 Chestnut Street. Price, $1.00.

could wish that a clearer and more convincing presentation of the argument for inspiration had been made. The author's own thought of inspiration is stated in the following words: "All of it (the Bible) is of man, and all of it is of God. God penned not one word. Man wrote it. Man wrote not one word of himself unwatched, unassisted by God. So that it is both man's work and God's word." In his chapter on the truthfulness of the Bible, Dr. Faunce falls into the error, too common among preachers, of referring to certain men as if they and their doctrines were well known. How many young men in the average congregation have any real knowledge of Rousseau, Strauss and Renan, for instance? Would not references to their teachings be more fair and impressive if some account of the men were given? Of the spirit and style of the book nothing need be said except in praise. The author comes to the doubter as a helper. He is never harsh or impatient. He understands young men. He wishes to treat their doubts fairly, and to show them that the grounds of faith are sufficient. At times he reveals intensity of feeling and rises to real eloquence. The book will help the class for whom it is intended, and will aid pastors by suggesting to them a useful method of dealing with young men who are finding difficulties with their Bibles.

W.

DWELLERS IN GOTHAM.*

It is the saying of a wise king of old that "of the making of books there is no end." Whilst this is particularly true of the day in which we live, it is nevertheless equally true that there is always a place for a book with a message. To express it somewhat differently there is always a demand for a good book, and we are not yet so rich in good literature that we have no place for a new book which comes fervid with the ardor of a new born truth.

There is, therefore, no need to apologize for the coming of "Dwellers in Gotham," by Annan Dale. It is a breezy, humorous presentation of the motley phases of character which make up life. It is a keen, clever presentation of the life of New York. It carries us into the homes and brings us into touch both with the aristocratic, and perhaps a little snobbish, select "four hundred" of that great city, and it also

*Dwellers in Gotham, by Annan Dale. Toronto: William Briggs.

gives the reader a slight glimpse of the pathetic, never-ending tale of woe, written oftentimes in sin and wrong, in the short and simple annals of the poor. It is not a one-sided, flambuoyant picture. It reveals the poor rich, and depicts the rich poor. It has about it the evidence of one who knows what he is writing about, and, although it would seem at times incidental, yet the writer manages to drop many a wholesome truth.

From the purely artistic and technical standpoint there is little to say adversely. The characters are well drawn, and are invested with that subtle personality which keeps the reader's interest unflagging to the end. There is no elaborate, or intricately metaphysical plot, worked through a seemingly improbable sequence to an unsatisfying end. It is a graphic tale of life, a clever sketch of character and persons, which gives the reader the feeling that he is looking upon some section of life as it exists in the great metropolis of America. The seeming lack of unity must be explained upon this latter ground.

But the feature of most interest in the book is its very evident message. It is a story not alone of the lights and shades of New York, but also of our modern life. It touches the pertinent question of the day—our social and economic problems. It reveals the great anomaly of the age—an educated, cultivated, higher class, living in close proximity to, and yet totally ignorant of, and unresponsive to the need of the masses. It is a picture of perhaps the most cosmopolitan city of the continent, and, next to London, of the world. It shows life as it moves through the diversified strata of New York society, modern life with its unmistakeable trend, and freed from the limiting influences and the superficial aspects peculiar to a smaller, less poly-glot, less poly chrome, environment. It touches the problem, patent to every thinking man and a reproach to the *proprià* of every true soul, that in our age there is on the one hand a laboring class clamoring for, and often unable to obtain, the bread which is every man's birth-right, and on the other hand the class who, in many instances, have done no honest work and yet enjoy to the full all the emoluments of labor.

Altogether, I think, he who reads "Dwellers in Gotham" will not consider the time lost which he has expended in reading the book.

B.

College News.

F. J. Scott,' 99, A. C. Watson, '01, Miss B. E. Gile, '00, } Editors.

Professor in Psychology (on the Perception of Space) :—"Now, don't you see that space does not exist, except as it is conceived in your mind?"

Hasty Student :—"Then, Doctor, wouldn't you say that I 'fill space'?"

Professor (laconically) :—"No, I would say that space filled you."

Professor in Chemistry :—"As silver does not oxidize in the air, or tarnish, you see it is well adapted for use as coinage."

Impecunious Student :—"But, Professor, why do they use it, when they know it evaporates so fast?"

The third meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held Friday evening, Feb. 24th. The musical part of the programme consisted of a vocal solo by Mr. Triggerson, and of instrumental solos by Miss Blackadar, and by Mr. D. L. Wright. The remainder of the programme was literary, and dealt with the book "Black Rock," a tale of the Selkirks. Mr. G. R. Welch, in a short address, sketched the life and character of the author, Rev. C. W. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg. Miss McLay gave a paper telling briefly the story of "Black Rock." Interesting and touching selections from the book were read by Mr. Baker and Miss Newman. The programme was both interesting and profitable, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

Literary and Scientific Society.—On Friday evening, the 10th inst, the executive committee of our Literary and Scientific Society, was, once again, owing to a lack of a sufficiently large assembly hall, put to a great inconvenience in an attempt to entertain the friends of the Society. The seating capacity was wholly inadequate to accommodate the large audience; but all who were successful in securing a seat testify to the high quality of the entertainment provided. President Simpson and his staff deserve much credit for the success with which the programme was carried out. The event of the evening being an oratorical contest, engaged in by representatives appointed from each of the four classes in Arts, and one from Theology, who could more fittingly fill the Judge's chair than the Hon. G. W. Ross, who sacrificed his time and had the Ontario Legislature adjourned that he might respond to the invitation of our executive? The contestants for oratorical honors were: G. F. Hurlburt, Theology; W. E. Bowyer, '02; A. W. Gazley, '01; G. L. Sprague, '00; H. Procter, '99. The orations were interspersed with music, Miss Bailey and Mr. Barclay

each entertaining the audience with instrumental solos, Miss Teresa Flannagan rendering a vocal solo in such a pleasing manner as to be most heartily encored. Our university quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Triggerson, Welsh and Bowyer, amused the audience very much by their rendering of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

Hon. G. W. Ross was greeted with prolonged ≈pplause as he ascended the platform to give his decision regarding the oratorical contest. In a few pithy remarks, he expressed his view of what qualifications an orator and an oration must possess. These were, in brief, worthy matter, choice diction which includes a freedom from slang, persuasiveness, modulation of the voice, a clear, distinct delivery, and a graceful deportment. In his opinion G. L. Sprague and W. E. Bowyer were equal, but H. Proctor, '99, was their superior, and to him were given the honors of theevening. After a vote of thanks had been tendered the Judge for his services, President Simpson, with his usual anxiety to entertain, announced that the committee would be pleased to have as many as cared to, tarry for a short time for a social talk, and that the ladies' room and one of the class rooms had been fitted up for the use of our friends. A number availed themselves of this opportunity of renewing acquaintances and of making new ones. The evening was one of the most pleasant spent by our Society.

Sorrow has lately entered into the homes of several McMaster students. The sympathy of all their fellow-students goes out towards Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., and his brother A. T. McNeill, who lately were suddenly bereaved of their father; to Mr J. D. McLachlin, '99, whose mother recently died; to Mr. C. Sinclair, '02, who has just lost his grandmother, who has lived with him for a number of years; and to Mr. Dingman, theology, who was summoned to Manitoba on account of his father's death.

The Fyfe Missionary Society.—The regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Tuesday, February 21st, Dr. Rand presiding at the morning, and Mr. S. E. Grigg at the afternoon session. The address of the morning was given by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, on "North-West Missions," an address that will long be remembered by all who heard it. A nation, said Mr. Eaton, stands for an idea; that for which Canada stands is liberty, democracy, and federation. Our political and religious liberties have been fought for and won by our fathers; the fight now on is for industrial liberty, for the right to live. Canada has also to lift the lower masses, by education and evangelization, to a higher plane of life. And then the idea of federation is embodied in our Canadian Constitution. The ideals of the Baptist denomination are those of a free country, are those of Canada, liberty, democracy, and federation. Hence the problems of Canada must be peculiarly the problems of the Baptist denomination. The great problem which we as a nation have to face has been worked out by our great southern neigh bor; and what has been the result? The

west of the United States has filled up with a vast, virile population, but one with ideas of religion and government very different to those of the Puritan East. This mighty tide of settlement has reached its full and is now rolling back upon the East and having a tremendous influence on all ideas of theology and government there. The future of the United States is in the hands of the West; and so will it be in Canada. Our North-West is filling up at the rate of fifty thousand a year, with a strong vivacious population, and in the not distant future Canada's centre of power will lie in the West. It is the duty, then, of the East to educate and evangelize and instill with the principles for which we stand, this growing, vigorous part of our nation. We must conquer the West or the West will conquer us. The opportunity is before us, God-given; let us see that we take it.

After Mr. Eaton's address, a letter was read from Rev. H. E. Stillwell, of the Vuyyuru field, India. It told of the condition of the work there, of many reasons for encouragement and not a few obstacles to be overcome. There has been a large number of baptisms during the past year, the spiritual condition of the Christians is good, spiritual life is being awakened in many places where it has long been dormant, and increased liberality denotes deeper devotion on the part of the workers in general. On the other hand, the missionaries have to fight against that plague of heathenism, caste, a torpid unconsciousness of the sinfulness of sin, and a pervading disregard of Sabbath observance.

At the afternoon meeting, Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Brantford, gave an address on "British Columbia." Mr. Spencer has just returned from the West and his report is encouraging indeed. No denomination has such bright prospects as the Baptists, who are especially welcomed by the oppressed peoples from other lands. A fervent, aggressive spirit is shown by the pastors and the work is being pushed vigorously, but suffers from lack of men and means. The meeting closed with prayer offered by the Chancellor.

Tennysonian Society. — The Tennysonian Society met on March 3rd, 1899, with its usual vivacity and life. The President, Mr. A. B. Mann, occupied the chair. After the business part of the meeting had been carried out, an interesting programme was given. The principal attraction of the evening was the debate, "Resolved, that as civilization advances poetry necessarily declines." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. W. H. Augustine, and S. H. Arkell; on the negative, Messrs. A. H. Fairchild and C. Burke. Both sides worked hard for the first place, and each speaker advanced his arguments with force and eloquence. The society was very fortunate in having Dr. Rand as critic. After a short, but interesting and instructive talk on the subject of the debate, he gave his decision in favor of the negative, both on the ground of the manner of the address and the weight of the arguments put forth. During the hour Mr. H. W. Newman favored the audience with an instrumental selection of his own composition, and Miss E. R. Delmage, with a delightful recitation from Dickens.

Ladies' Literary League.—The February meeting was a departure from the usual routine, the main feature of the programme being a debate. The subject was "Resolved, That as civilization advances, poetry necessarily declines." The affirmative was maintained by Misses Clemens and McLaurin, '01, while Miss Gaylord, '00, and Miss Blackadar, '02, supported the negative. The arguments on both sides were well arranged and clearly stated, but the judges considered those advanced by the affirmative more convincing. Other numbers on the programme were a reading from Dickens by Miss Delmage, and musical selections by Miss McLaurin, and a chorus.

In response to Miss Bailey's invitation, the regular meeting for March was held at her home. The afternoon was devoted to a study of the French drama. Miss Bailey gave in outline the history of the classical drama in France and the rise of the later school. Miss Sanders followed with an article on the present condition of French literature, making particular mention of Edmund Rostand and his work. With this introduction, Miss Dryden described the plot of Cyrano de Bergerac and sketched the leading characters. A reading from the play was then given by Miss Gile. Two vocal solos by Miss Cohoon contributed largely to the pleasure of the meeting, which closed, as usual, with the singing of the Maple Leaf.

Professor in Mathematics:—"Having divided this line into "t" parts, I will take a "t^{th}"———

Reproachful Voice:—"You mean a tooth."

The Mathematical Society held its second meeting of the term on February 23rd. The meetings of the society this year have been exceptionally interesting. The success of the society is chiefly due to its energetic President, Mr. C. L. Brown, who has spared no pains to make the meetings instructive. Each evening has been devoted to the study of some portion of popular astronomy. At the last meeting Mr. H. E. Jordan read a paper on "Comets" which was followed by one on "Meteors" by Mr. F. N. Goble. A great amount of information was contained in each paper, showing that great care had been exercised in the choice of material. The subject was illustrated by several slides, which greatly added to the interest of the audience Professor McKay then gave an interesting account of the meteor which passed over Ontario last July.

Philosophical Club.—The closing meeting of the Club was held on Thursday evening, March 2. Pastor C. A. Eaton, of Bloor St. Baptist Church, addressed the large audience of students present, on "The Social Situation in Canada." Mr. Eaton has long been known as an earnest student of social conditions, and his address was a masterly presentation of the subject. In opening, the speaker insisted that there were social problems existing in Canada which must be solved if the state is to continue. The facts that men work harder than ever, that the laborer is largely robbed of the natural fruit of his

labors, that even in this country with vast territories still unoccupied and vast resources still undeveloped, men are often unable to get work or obtain possession of the land, that the mineral wealth of the Yukon is passing into the hands of a few, were cited to show that there are vexed questions needing settlement. Canada is far behind England, Mr. Eaton declared, in her efforts to grapple with these social evils, as was shown by the platform of the English Liberal Party. Socialism was shown already to exist in practice in the postoffice system, in the government control of railways, the municipal ownership of electric light and water systems, in the formation of great trusts. In this connection, the iniquities and oppression practised by the Standard Oil Company were severely condemned. In conclusion, the speaker pointed to municipal ownership and technical education as the two great socialistic tendencies of the age, and spoke earnestly of the duty of preachers to see that the principles of the Gospel were carried beyond the individual into the social life of the nation. On behalf of the Club Mr. A. C. Campbell, B.A., the President, thanked Mr. Eaton for his address, which was highly appreciated by all present.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss B. Stewart, and Miss E. Oliver, Editors.

One Friday evening of this month, through the kindness of Miss Harper, our matron, we assembled in the kitchen, where a very happy time was spent, making and eating "taffy." Music on the guitar and mouth-organ was furnished by one of the girls, and added greatly to the general enjoyment. Such occasions help not a little to "sweeten" our college days.

The "Course of Lectures," which has proved so interesting and instructive during the year, was brought to a close Friday evening, March 10th, when Prof. Alfred H. Reynar, LL.D., of Victoria University, lectured on "The Religion of Shakespeare." The subject was treated in a comprehensive and able manner, and was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. At the close of the lecture an opportunity for social intercourse was given to the students and their friends by the informal reception which has been such an enjoyable feature of our lecture evenings.

During the month, we have been especially favored by having with us to conduct chapel services, Chancellor Wallace, J. Short McMaster, Esq., and Rev. S. S. Bates.

Our prayer-meeting has been led on two different occasions during the month by Rev. Mr. Weeks of Walmer Road Baptist Church, and

Professor Farmer of McMaster University. The words addressed to us at both meetings were earnest and helpful. We feel very grateful to the many friends of the college, who so willingly devote time from their many and varied duties, to assist us in this way.

In response to the kind invitation of Mrs. C. J. Holman, the students and Faculty spent an evening, most pleasantly, at her home. During the evening, Mrs. Holman exhibited a varied collection of Japanese curios, which she had in her possession, and gave an interesting description of the customs of that country. We took with her a little peep into a Japanese home; enjoyed a cup of afternoon tea in true Japanese fashion; learned the secrets of a Japanese girl's hairdressing; admired the dress of the Japanese women; and listened to a Japanese love story. On returning from our little trip in Japan, refreshments were served in true Canadian fashion, and after further admiration of the many evidences of Japanese skill, we returned to Moulton, feeling very grateful to our kind host and hostess for an evening of rare enjoyment.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

We have been favored recently with flying visits from a number of old boys: Messrs. D. E. Bagshaw, A. J. Welch, Pengelly, and Baker. The latter is on his way to Glasgow, Scotland, to enter upon a practical course in marine engineering.

Mrs. D. K. Clarke and Mrs. A. N. Gray were "At Home" to the Fourth Year on Friday, March 17th. The decorations and attractions of the evening's very enjoyable entertainment were appropriate to the sacred day of Ireland's patron saint. A large company of young ladies being present, a most enjoyable time was, of course, spent by the boys.

A committee from the Brantford Public School Board recently inspected our Manual Training department with a view to the introduction of certain features of the system into the schools of our neighboring city. Mr. Clarke's paper before the recent teachers' association in Hamilton is bearing fruit.

Mr. Bone, who has been laboring as missionary for so many years amongst the sailors on the Welland Canal, paid us a short visit this month and gave a very instructive address about his work among the sailors. Mr. Bone is well known by both teachers and students of the College and always receives a hearty welcome. After his address a collection was taken up which amounted to $5.57.

On Friday evening, March 10th, a crowd of College boys went up to Ingersoll to see the final C. O. H. A. match between the Paris and Woodstock hockey teams. By special request Principal McCrimmon accompanied the party. The roads were not as smooth and dry as might have been desired, but, in spite of this drawback, the occasion was one of great enjoyment. The van, with its jolly load, arrived in Ingersoll shortly after 7 o'clock, and the game began about 8.30. The play of both teams was fast and furious, but comparatively clean throughout. At half time the score stood 4 to 2 in favor of Woodstock, and in the second half, each team scored twice, leaving Woodstock winners by two goals. Capt. Howell (of Paris), a former College student, played his usual good game at point, but the Woodstock combination was well nigh faultless, and "Cannon-ball" Miller sustained his reputation for swift shots. After light refreshments at the close of the match, the College boys started on their return trip, reaching the College in the "wee sma' hours," a tired but happy lot.

On Wednesday, March 1st, Rev. Mr. White, missionary to the Mohawk Indians on the Brantford reserve, was present at our chapel service, and after telling us in brief about his work, promised to bring to the College the party of Indians who were with him. Accordingly the boys assembled at 11.15 a.m. to see and hear the Indians. They gave a very interesting programme, which was received with hearty appreciation by all of the students. One of the Mohawk chiefs, although he could not speak the English language, was persuaded to give a speech in his native tongue. Most of us hardly followed him. However his speech was translated by another Indian and then we saw right through it, as easily as Virgil (when you have a translation). Miss White gave a recitation and further assisted in the programme by playing and singing. Having dined at the College, Mr. White and party left for Brantford. We all feel that Mr. White's work is an important one. His visit to the College was both instructive and entertaining, and left a deep impression upon the boys. Even now one may hear an Indian song wafted down the corridor, Minee-ha-ha, Susquanee ho! ho! Mr. Bingham, who has become especially proficient in this line, is thinking of organizing a party that will exactly reproduce the programme as given by the real Indians.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

Our rink is now like young lovers, it is getting soft. We have been very lucky this year. Although we have reached the middle of March we are still enjoying skating. During past years skating generally ended by the 1st of March. In addition to sufficient cold to make good ice, we have had very little snow, and it has therefore been easy to keep the rink in order.

At present cameras are becoming the rage, and hockey teams as well as many other groups are continually being photographed. We hope they will all be good so as to encourage our young experts.

The poor piano that for ten years has been incessantly played upon, has been hushed, and now the pleasure of our recreations is not marred by the continual drumming of some inexperienced musician trying in vain to find that mysterious and longed for "Lost Chord." We rejoice at this change, and also at the way in which the room has been fitted up. Fine racks and files have been put up for the newspapers, and regulations are posted up by which every one has to abide. Perfect order reigns, and the room is now a first-class reading-room.

On account of Easter coming so early this year, our winter term of school will be shorter than usual. It will close on the 30th inst. Already teachers and scholars are thinking seriously of the increased amount of work this means. We expect that each will sympathise with the other, and so make the coming exams. as interesting as possible. A little sympathy plus a lot of hard work will bring equal success to all.

On Feb. 22nd, the regular conference of the Grande Ligne Missionaries was held at Feller Institute. Several missionaries were not able to be present. Those present were Revs. A. L., M. O. and L. A. Therrien; Theo. Lafleur; N. Gregoire; J. Césau; T. Brouillet and M. B. Parent, as well as the President of the Grande Ligne Board, Rev. E. W. Dadson, and the teachers of Feller Institute. The work in general was discussed, and also the possibility of opening up some new fields. One field, Grande Mère, near Three Rivers, seemed to offer special opportunities, and it was recommended that the Board try to send a missionary there. Some other business of a routine nature was also transacted. The evening prayer-meeting, with all the above missionaries present, was unusually interesting.

Our annual Students' Society gathering took place on Feb. 23rd. A large number of former students and friends of the mission came together for the occasion and had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Our accommodation was taxed to its very utmost. The afternoon meeting was devoted to business. Mr. W. H. Dalpé, M.D., was elected to succeed Rev. T. Brouillet as President. Mr. Jos. Picard became Vice-President, and L. A. Therrien, B.A., Secretary. The finances of the Society were shown to be in good condition. The most important item of business was the appointment of a committee to see if something practical could not be done towards the building of the much needed new wing of Feller Institute. In the evening a very interesting and varied programme was rendered, after which some time was spent in social intercourse. Everybody seemed happy, and we have no doubt that these meetings will prove very beneficial to Feller Institute, in

strengthening the ties that bind the old students to their Alma Mater, as well as in conserving the sympathy of the students of to-day.

We were pleased to have with us, on Feb. 25th, the Rev. A. J. Vining, Superintendent of Manitoba and North-West Missions. He spent the day with us, visiting the Institute for the first time. We believe he was favourably impressed with the place. His business was not one of mere sight seeing, however. He was here on business. That was to speak on "Manitoba Missions." His words were words of encouragement, and they made us feel that this work in the far West is not a work for the people who live there only; but that it is the work in which all of God's people, everywhere, should be deeply interested. He also urged that Grande Ligne should help them in the French work of that place. All who heard Mr. Vining enjoyed him thoroughly. A collection of over twenty-one dollars has been taken for that mission. His plea was not only for money, however, but for believers in the Saviour. He pleaded not in vain. And while we believe that we shall all be more interested in Manitoba work henceforth, yet there are some who listened to Mr. Vining who will never forget the blessings of that evening's meeting.

Here and There.

W. B. Tighe, '99, Editor.

THE PINES AT NIGHT.

In the shadow, I was standing,
Of our grand old pines at night,
When the stars were twinkling shyly,
When the moon was clear and bright.

There I heard the breezes sighing
'Mid the branches dark and grim,
When the pine-spills sang together,
Soft and low their evening hymn.

And I tried to catch the meaning
Of that matchless evening lay;
But an unseen river gliding,
Ever bore the notes away.

Then there came a perfect stillness;
Seldom was a calm so deep,
For the breezes were all resting,
And the pine-trees were asleep.

—B. M. C.,
in Bowdoin Quill.

THE SEA.

Work ! work ! shouts the Sea,
Labor, labor like me ;
Doing the work of the Lord,
Without question or word,
Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? how, O Sea !
Can I labor like thee,
Heavy of heart and alone
For the friends who have gone,
Eternally ! eternally !

Work ! work ! sobs the Sea,
Labor, labor like me ;
Toiling in faith bringeth calm,
And in the hope there is balm,
Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? but, O Sea,
How shall peace come to me,
Struggling with doubt evermore
On a desolate shore
Eternally ! eternally !

Work ! work ! sighs the Sea,
Labor on steadily ;
Doing the work of each day
In the lovingest way,
Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? yes, O Sea,
I will labor like thee,
Doing the work of the Lord
Without question or word,
Eternally, eternally !

Work ! work ! sings the Sea,
Labor truly like me ;
After night comes the morn,
And of doubt faith is born
Eternally ! eternally !

—TRISTAN H. *in Bowdoin Quill.*

A CLERGYMAN preached a rather long sermon from the text "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the preacher stopped his sermon and said: "That is right, gentlemen ; as fast as you are weighed pass out !" He continued his sermon some time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.—*Tit-Bits.*

Two hundred and ninety courses are offered at Harvard. President Eliot has calculated that it would take forty-four years to complete the whole number.—*Ex.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1899.

WILLIAM L. GOBLE AND LAURA GREEN GOBLE.

The Christian Church, as well as the nation, is enriched by the lives and labors of its tried and true servants. The McMaster Monthly is doing a good work in preserving something of the history of the pioneer men and women who, in the days of much privation and hardship, laid broad and sure foundations upon which others have builded a goodly structure. In such an honor roll should be well preserved the names of Deacon William L. Goble and his estimable Christian lady, Laura Green Goble.

Both came of strong and truth-loving Baptist stock. Away back in "January ye 22, on Thursday, in ye year 1747," Robert Goble, Esq., rejoiced in the birth of a son, Jacob Goble, who was known, in time, as Jacob Goble, Sen. Time went on, and again a record was made: "Jacob Goble, Jun., was born January ye 27, on Monday, in ye year 1783." These quaint records, made by hands which loved but which have been cold for more than a hundred years, are found on the blank pages of an *almanack* for the year 1777.

This Jacob Goble, Jun., the father of W. L. Goble of this sketch, became "Old Elder Goble," who did yeoman work for the Baptist cause in the wilderness of Western Ontario. He lived in New York State, with his wife, Bethsheba Paine Goble, "a woman of superior gifts both of mind and person," until that excellent person died in 1812. In 1814 he removed to Upper Canada and settled in the Niagara District. He there married Mary Beamer, daughter of Philip Beamer, thus uniting two of

the oldest Baptist families of Ontario. In 1816 he purchased two hundred acres of heavily wooded land in the township of Blenheim, County of Oxford, and made a "clearing" on the "Governor's Road," a much travelled highway from Hamilton to London, albeit there was no London in those days.

In the early years of his residence there Jacob Goble became a Baptist preacher, spending most of his time in journeying from place to place and preaching in the log cabins in the woods. When he reached a home boys would be sent through the "bush" to spread the news that a preacher had come. By "early candle light" all the settlers for miles around would gather to hear probably two or three sermons before leaving. How far his missionary journeys extended and what part he took in organizing the early churches cannot now be learned; but his work must have been considerable for his memory yet lingers among the older people of Oxford and Norfolk counties especially.

Deacon William L. Goble was born July 9, 1811, in the town of Butternuts, Otsego County, N. Y. He was but a child of five years when his father settled in Blenheim, in 1816, and there he was destined to live for *seventy nine* years.

The school of those days was a very primitive affair, lasting but a few weeks in winter, yet he succeeded in getting a fair English education, which was afterwards broadened by reading and contact with men, until he had a strong and intelligent grasp of the great problems of his day.

In the year 1834, he married Miss Laura Green, a daughter of John and Sarah Green, then of Burford. Her mother was a Lathrop, a descendant of Rev. John Lathrop, who is thus described: "A man of great piety and many adventures. He was a minister of Egerton, Kent County, England, before 1624; afterwards preached in London as successor to Mr. Jacobs, in the first Congregational church organized in England. After suffering two years imprisonment for non-conformity, he was released and came to America in 1634." Many descendants of the family are to be found in Norwich and other parts of Connecticut.

Within a narrow clearing, where the village of Goble's Corners and station now stand, this young couple, strong in the vigor

of resolute manhood and womanhood, founded a home which for more than sixty years was eminent for its Christian purity, culture, and hospitality. Both tall of stature and straight as an arrow, he handsome, athletic, masterful, she beautiful in every grace of heart and person, both unwavering in their allegiance to right and duty, they must have been, in those olden days, much like the grand pine trees which surrounded their home. During all those years that home was ever open for the entertainment of ministers and Christian workers of all denominations. In those days, when there were no railways, this was an important part of religious work. In this way Mr. and Mrs. Goble became well known to a large circle of leading Christian workers, and came into close sympathy with the religious work of the last half century.

Early in their married life they were baptised and admitted into the fellowship of what was probably called the "Horner's Creek Free Communion Baptist Church," a church much older than the first church of Woodstock, and from which several of the charter members of the Woodstock church took their letters. Among those who used to *walk* from Woodstock to that little church, ten miles, was "Grandma Burtch," of precious memory.

After a time this church was amalgamated with the Free Will Baptists and was called The Free Baptist Church of Governor's Road. Afterward the organization became extinct, and later a Regular Baptist Church was organized called The Goble's Corners Baptist Church. Much local history and controversy is wrapped up in that word "Regular," which was added some fifty years ago. Nearly all, if not all, of the old Baptist churches of that part of Canada were "Free Will," that is open communion churches, but gradually they became close, or "Regular," until now the writer knows of but one or two small Free Will churches in all that section.

Soon after uniting with the church Mr. Goble was appointed a deacon, holding the office and meeting its duties and obligations until he died. It is not too much to say that the continued existence of that church, the quiet but successful work it has done, its excellent Sabbath School and missionary enterprises, were due more fully to the intelligent and persistent consecra-

tion of this man and woman, their sons and daughters, their grandsons and granddaughters, than to all other agencies. Others came and went, a pastor there was sometimes and sometimes not, but they held the work in hand for full sixty years.

Mr. Goble was never a politician in the ordinary modern meaning of that term, yet he lived through some of the most stirring scenes in Canadian history, times when men of principle and moral stamina threw themselves, body and soul, into the conflict. When Canada's democratic patriots rose to break the power of the "Family Compact" he was one of them; he was a stern old "Hincksite Reformer"; he was a "rebel," such a rebel as in those days had a price put upon his head, but who is to-day honored and, in some cases, pensioned by his grateful country. When Baptists led in the great struggle for the severance of Church and State his home was a rallying point; and he never tired talking about the victory which was signalized by the "Secularization of the Clergy Reserves." Those old conflicts were probably intensified in his particular locality, because he lived upon the border of a large and influential settlement of English half-pay officers and gentry who were intense partisans. Doubtless his worldly prospects would have been bettered had Mr. Goble fallen in with their views, but he was made of sterner stuff. His grandchildren read those old battle cries in their histories with little interest, but, to his dying day, the mention of "Family Compact" or "Secularization" would awaken him like the bugle blast rouses the old war horse.

From lack of early advantages he did not assume to guide or criticise in the technical matters of school work, yet he was always intelligently interested and helpful in all that tended to improve the public schools of his county, and served as a trustee during long periods. As a wise adviser to his neighbors and a chosen arbitrator in many disputes, he exercised a constant influence for good, and no one held a more enviable place in the esteem of all classes of the community.

Like most of their neighbors in a new country, Mr. Goble and his wife began life in a very quiet and humble way, denying themselves many comforts that they might hope for better things in the future. It was not many years before they were

able to add a well equipped cooper shop to the work of farming; and afterwards a general store, post office, express office, etc. These various business ventures were managed with such ability and economy that long before coming old age demanded rest they had accumulated such a competency as entirely removed anxiety from their declining years. In all his business matters he was cautious, exact, methodical and scrupulously just.

While careful, financially, they were always generous, both in giving to their own church, to missions, and the educational work of the denomination, and in extending sympathy and material aid to those in need. While the writer was once visiting them, Mr. Goble came in and said to his wife: "Laura, I see a man and woman and child sitting by the road side as if they are tired out. I must see them." "Yes, do," she said. "If they are hungry they must have something to eat." I was interested to see what they would do with this "tramp question," and went with him. By kindly questioning he soon had their story. They were immigrants from England whose money had given out when they reached Hamilton. They had been walking for days seeking work and were hopelessly tired and discouraged. They were fed; a temporary lodging place secured; work found for the man; in a few days enough old furniture was put into a small house to enable them to live: and soon the man had his head above water again. Thus their benevolence was of the most practical kind.

Deacon Goble died on the first day of August, 1895, in his 85th year, surrounded by his loved ones, and after an illness of but two hours. He had long been ready, fully ready, and waiting for the call of the Master. For years he had calmly looked for the going with no cloud to trouble him. It was not necessary for him to set his house in order; it had long been kept in order. Each night his affairs, both spiritual and material, were left ready for the call. His executors found no difficulties to unravel. He died on the first day of August. His accounts for July were found closed, the balance carried forward, and a new account opened for August. He took great pride and pleasure in his fine garden, where he worked until two o'clock of that

day. When he had been over it all and had finished cleaning up the last path, he went to the house, dropping the rake as he walked. For the first time in years his rake was not hung in its place. Inside the door he fell and in two hours was at rest. One who was there writes: "He attended the last Covenant Meeting at the church before he died and seemed unusually happy in his expressions of brotherly love and loyalty to Christ. In a clear, sweet voice he sang a verse of an old parting hymn. I can recall but one line: 'And we must take the parting hand.' He looked so well and stood up so straight and firm that all were deeply impressed."

For sixty-one eventful years man and wife had walked together, sharing life's joys and sorrows, and who can tell of her loneliness. Children and grandchildren gave her of their love in warmer measure, but she gradually faded away. All had known that his masterfulness had been softened by her tenderness, and perhaps she missed his strength more than we thought. Her work, too, seemed to be done. The fragrance of her sweetest and purest and most beautiful character had touched and moulded more lives than we can tell. Love and tenderness kept her for a year, then she fell asleep, at the old homestead, on Sunday, August, 1896.

Three sons and two daughters were given to them. One son, J. G. Goble, Esq., of Woodstock, Ontario, and a daughter, Mrs. George Milmine, of New York City, remain.

May the Lord of the harvest give to the church many more such Deacons as William L. Goble, and many more such Mothers in Israel as Laura Green Goble.

N. Wolverton.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM BE CHANGED, AND HOW? A SYMPOSIUM.

We have received several replies to our invitation for an expression of opinion with respect to President Harper's proposals concerning the Theological Curriculum, and have the promise of others. It is impossible to print all of these in the present number, and we therefore select the first five received, and print them in the order in which they reached the editor. The remaining articles will appear in the May number.

REV. A. MURDOCH, M.A., LL.D.

You ask my opinion of Dr. Harper's demand for a modification of the present Theological Curriculum. I have not seen his article in full; but so far as his positions are stated in the last MONTHLY, I have not been impressed with them. Some of his statements I fail to understand; some seem to me to be contradictory; and to most of them I find myself unable to assent.

Dr. Harper gives himself away by his reference to seminaries "in out of the way places." Glancing between the lines, you read, in his criticism of present seminaries and methods, "Come to Chicago! Come to Chicago!" "Bring your grist to my mill!" *Ça saute aux yeux.*

The fundamental weakness of Dr. Harper's position, as it seems to me, is the failure to recognize the unchanging nature of man's need; and the unchanging nature of the Divine remedy. Were Theology only one of the sciences, changing with each new discovery, then revision in the realm of theology would be imperative. Then text books on theology would soon become as obsolete as Dr. Dick's Astronomy, or Hugh Miller's Testimony of The Rocks. But the sins of to-day have an old, familiar look: lust, avarice, pride, rebellion against God, unbelief, these remain. So the gospel, God's remedy for sin, remains unchanged and unchangeable. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

This being so then it follows that the preparation of heart and mind that would fit men for preaching this gospel will not

change essentially from age to age. So that I fail to see the force of Dr. Harper's complaint that the model according to which "the modern theological seminaries have been organized had its origin a century or more ago." The back-bone of the curriculum of any theological seminary must be Systematic Theology, as drawn from the unchanging Word. The other usual departments of theological study are Church History, Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology. There may be some modification in regard to some of these latter subjects. But I believe that, as a whole, the course of study pursued in our theological seminaries is admirably adapted to the end in view; training young men to be "able ministers of the New Testament."

Passing over many minor points from which I think there will be a general dissent among Canadian pastors and educators, I feel sure that Dr. Harper's third group of suggestions are perfectly impracticable. Briefly stated he advocates *specializing* as applied to the work of the minister. Some men are to be trained for preachers; some for pastors; some for "teachers rather than preachers; for men also who have an administrative turn of mind, . . . and for men who have a gift for musical work." Now this, in my humble opinion, is all moonshine. How many Baptist churches can afford to have one man as a preacher, another as a pastor, another as a teacher, and another as "specially useful in the administration of Church affairs?" And if it were practicable would the separation of functions be desirable? No man, for example, can do his people the highest good from the pulpit, who is not also doing them good in their homes. The office of Preacher and of Pastor must go together. Another vicious principle is that which looks to special training to fit men for work among *special social classes.*

He proposes "to train men to exercise influence among the working classes"; also "to provide a training which will enable the ministry to do successful work among the richer classes." This is distinctly hostile to the genius and spirit of Christ's teaching, and to his own example. In Christ Jesus there is neither rich nor poor; "neither Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," but all are one in him. A policy either in Home Missions

or in Foreign Missions that confines evangelizing efforts to one class, either rich or poor, is neither wise nor scriptural.

There are many other points to which exception might be taken. Such, for example, as where Dr. Harper says: "Changes should be made which will bring the work of the theological student into touch with the modern spirit of science." That all depends upon what Dr. Harper means by "the modern spirit of science." A great deal of the modern spirit of science is openly and distinctly hostile to Christ and His claims. But I find my space is filled and I must stop.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A., B.D.

It is not easy for one who has met Dr. Harper, has studied under him, and has felt the influence of his great personality, to question any thing he may say. Having read his criticism of the Theological courses, not only in the McMaster Monthly, but in various papers, I have been led to test his utterances by considering the work being done by the various seminaries of which I have some knowledge. We have them in Canada—Knox, Queen's, Victoria, Wycliffe, McMaster; and one is constantly meeting the graduates of these divinity halls. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and I have been watching these men to see if they are so hopelessly out of touch with the times as Dr. Harper would have us believe. What have I found? Simply that the men who are coming out of these institutions are wide awake and thoroughly alive to the great moral, social, and political questions of the day, and instead of lagging behind, are the leaders of public opinion in these matters.

That is not the only test. The church is, or ought to be, an evangelizing power: and the ministry should be trained for that purpose. What are the facts? In the summer, students from the theological schools are scattered over the length and breadth of the land. In the winter, they are constantly working in city missions and among the smaller churches. Thus a large proportion of the ingathering enjoyed by the churches is due to the work of these men who are said to be in danger of drifting away from present day needs in church life. It is an undoubted fact that Chicago University stands for advanced thought in all

departments of study, theology included. It is also an undoubted fact that the great mass of earnest and studious people look with suspicion upon advanced thought, especially in theology. It was proposed recently to ask Professors Briggs and McGiffert to give a series of public lectures on Higher Criticism, in New York City. In order to test public sentiment, hundreds of invitations were sent out; but the responses were so few and the protests were so many that the enterprise was abandoned. Is it not possible then, that instead of the seminaries being behind the times, certain great scholars and educators are in advance of the times?

REV. W. H. PORTER, M.A.

I presume that even Dr. Harper, with the resources of Chicago University behind him, might find it easier to discover defects in the Theological Curriculum, than to improve it; to pull down than to rebuild.

Still, that there are improvements possible in lines indicated by the Dr. I have no doubt. Indeed, he has expressed sentiments that I have held from my college days. I have always thought that a minister might reach a higher plane could he pursue studies more suited to him. Thus, while encouraging young men who are preparing for the ministry, to take the prescribed course if possible, as the best available for them, yet I have ever felt that, for some at least, a better might be possible. That many succeed without a Theological course, and others fail with it, though proving nothing, suggests.

My early dream of the Bible in the Theological school has been somewhat realized; and yet I question if it will not be more prominent still before the curriculum is perfected. Those who accept its verbal inspiration, (I cannot see such use of it for those who do not,) cannot be too conversant with its originals, as the way to its quick.

If Christ be the model minister, and the conspicuous elements of his preaching were, 1st, Knowledge of God and His Word; 2nd, Of man and his needs; 3rd, Of facts and things that best elucidated and impressed the Word, it seems to me that, centering in, and circling round that Word, should be such

studies as best lead up to these. "Preach the Word." The Apostles gave themselves "to the ministry of the Word, and to prayer."

Another point, which of course the Doctor did not mention, but which may yet come into more practical prominence, not only for Theological study, but for all department of Christian office and work, I need not say, is the special enduement of the Holy Spirit. By such enrichment and empowering, even Chicago University, like many a less notable institution, church or ministry, might yet be revolutionized, even more than by any change of literal programme.

With such uplifting and enlarging of the pulpit's spiritual sphere as might be reasonably desired, I fancy that the temporal problems, sociological, political, etc., etc., would naturally adjust themselves in their subordinate sphere.

REV. W. E. NORTON.

Space does not permit me to say all I should like to in reference to Dr. Harper's proposed modifications of the Theological Curriculum of the present day colleges. But I must say at the outset that whether it is owing to obtuseness on my part or to the fact that I live in one of the "out-of-the-way places" and so am out of touch with modern life, I do not appreciate the value of much of what Dr. Harper proposes.

According to my thought Dr. Harper's principles, criticisms and suggestions divide themselves into three classes:

(1) Educational principles that are clearly recognized and have already been adopted by our best Canadian colleges and seminaries both theological and secular.

(2) Those that have had their day and been discarded as impracticable and useless or worse.

(3) Those that are really progressive and valuable.

Such a classification of supposedly advanced and radical educational principles may at first seem egotistical, and yet I am convinced that measured by Canadian educational standards the classification is a just one.

Amongst the first of these classes I would place his first

general principle and all his deductions therefrom. It is a recognized fact—if I understand them correctly—that our best schools, and particularly McMaster University, are already acting on these principles. The constant changes in the curricula of our own and other colleges, if carefully examined, will all be found to have been made upon these very principles. They are all based upon the latest "assured results of Psychology, Pedagogy and Experience." Deduction No. 1 goes without saying; No. 2 if combined with the suggestions made in his 3rd group and with his 2nd closing recommendation, will be found to be exactly covered by McMaster's system of specializing in the Arts department, a system which I believe might profitably be carried more largely into the Theological department.

His No. 3 I would place in the same class without hesitation, unless it is intended to mean more than it appears to mean. Our whole curriculum and our methods of instruction are calculated to make men stronger for future work. But I fear that I see under this principle apparently so clear and simple the cloven foot of the modern theory that the teaching of positive systems of truth will not develop the power of independent thought. With that I cannot agree. I believe that men may be trained to habits of investigation and power of independent thought just as well in the study of positive truth as in the pursuit of dark negations and speculative hypotheses.

No. 4, considered separately, to my thinking must be put in class 2—the impracticable and useless. The attempt to adjust education to environment is simply to try to train a man for all the subsequent changes in his life. The fact is—the best we can do for any man is to give him a training in general principles, and then his own common sense must adjust him to his environment, and without a good share of that, all the special training in the world would never make him a success.

In reference to his second general principle—I cannot see how it differs from the ground already covered. The last principle discussed has to do with the character of the field, and the first general principle looks towards the state of the society in which he is to moor. But let me say in reference to the difficulty suggested in deduction No. 2 under this 2nd principle—that if

coming into touch with the world of science, or with scientific thought will turn a man from his purpose of preaching the gospel—better let him go. This fear does not seemingly recognize any divine impulse such as Paul felt when he said "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" His 3rd deduction under the second general principle must go into my second class. It practically calls for different kinds of education for different classes. It ignores the now well-established educational principle that true education does not recognize class distinctions. It is directly opposed to the most modern educational movements, such as the co-education of the sexes and the adoption of thoroughly scientific curricula in ladies' colleges, instead of the superficial training of past years. His principle if adopted would tend to widen and perpetuate the chasm that now divides the rich from the poor—surely a consummation not to be desired.

With Dr. Harper's suggestions and criticisms as grouped on pages 207 and 208 of the MONTHLY, I am in general accord. But if I understand them aright, they are nearly all practically and successfully incorporated in McMaster's curriculum already. Such as are not I would place in my class 3, "progressive and valuable." Concerning his closing recommendations, if I understand them, I would say that every one is now practically in operation in McMaster theological work.

Speaking generally then of Dr. Harper's propositions, I am compelled to one of three conclusions: (1) That Canadian schools and colleges and particularly McMaster University—both Arts and Theology—are a long way in advance of kindred American institutions. (2) That Dr. Harper has been so engrossed in his Hebrew and his work of organizing his great University, that Rip-Van-Winkle-like he has not kept track of the educational progress of late years. (3) That I am so obtuse that I do not understand his propositions. As I do not like to believe the 3rd, and cannot believe the 2nd, I accept the 1st. I believe that McMaster has all that is good in Dr. Harper's suggested changes and has wisely decided against those of his innovations that would be in any way inconsistent with our great motto. And hence my conclusion is that McMaster theological curriculum needs but few if any modifications.

REV. S. SHELDON.

Underlying the first criticism of the "first group" in Dr. Harper's article, there seems to be a distinction made between Christian work, paid for out of church funds, and *other work*, done by Christians not so paid. Is not such a distinction entirely foreign to *Christ's* idea? For example, does not Christ expect the *Christian* physician, who does not "find the means of his subsistence" in church funds, to be just as truly a "medical missionary" as the physician who does? And more, is not this distinction responsible for much of the indifference shown by professing Christians encouraging those who are not paid from church funds not to consider themselves "Christian workers," and, consequently, not to feel responsible for the progress of Christ's cause? If Christ makes no such distinction, then why should denominational funds be used to provide training for the special classes mentioned by Dr. Harper, viz., medical missionaries, Bible teachers, church musicians, and administrators, any more than they should be used to train *all* Christians for their various duties in life?

No one will question the wisdom of a denomination's providing such necessary training for Christian workers as cannot be otherwise obtained and hence the need of theological schools with classes open to all persons "properly recommended;" but that the theological curriculum "should be broadened sufficiently to include" special training for Christian workers who can get conveniently, elsewhere, an excellent training, either in medicine, or music, or science, or pedagogics, is, in the present state of denominational funds, entirely beyond serious consideration.

In regard to the question of whether the curriculum needs to be changed in order to meet the present demands upon *pastors*, it is doubtless true that certain changes could be made to advantage.

1. Students should receive instruction in homiletics before being permitted to do much preaching, otherwise, they are likely to confirm themselves in bad habits of preparation and delivery of sermons, as Dr. Harper points out.

2. Such provision should be made for instruction in the

English language and in the English Bible that a graduate without a broad and comprehensive knowledge of both, would be an exception.

3. Placing inexperienced students under wise pastors for a vacation or two for practice should be beneficial and practicable.

4. Dr. Harper says, "It (the seminary) is a place where men shall be taught to think;" and, when he says this, he strikes the very heart of the whole matter. If students are made to do downright hard thinking by their teachers, a thousand and one other things re apparatus, buildings, curriculum, etc., may not be what they ought to be, and yet the student will do enthusiastic and profitable work. He says, "The lecture method is, for the most part, unsatisfactory. This is even more true of the text-book method." If such a change could be made that students would not be expected to spend precious class time day after day in hesitatingly reciting what they, the night before recitation, with no helpers, most laboriously and imperfectly *teach themselves*, about *many* deep and strange subjects, from *many* text-books, (amazing college advantage!) but would instead be grappled by their professors and made, right there in the class, to think out the subject as presented by him, a mighty change would be wrought in the power of our schools, and its quickening effects would soon be felt on the whole denomination.

5. While large, wealthy churches may be able to support three or four specialists, the vast majority of churches in this country cannot support more than one man. This man, therefore, needs to be an "all-round" man, capable of training his church members to do, themselves, the work of specialists. In *our* school, instead of adapting our curriculum to the training of specialists, we should rather make it broad enough to include, for all our ministers, a thorough training in evangelistic methods, and in church administration, aiming, above all else, to turn out men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," with a deep-rooted passion for souls.

FROM MY WINDOW.

Out over the lawn, over the pink-blossomed orchard sloping down toward the singing brook and the "drowsy meadow," then up again from the valley a mile or two away lies the town, half hidden among the trees; and beyond all the blue hills and bluer sky. This is the view from my window, dear to me from my earliest childhood with all of childhood's tenderest memories. What if the trees are not quite so high, nor the brook so broad, nor the town so large as my childish thought imagined! They are yet beautiful to me and speak better things to my soul to-day than they did to my child heart long ago.

Yet it is not of the view I would speak, but of my neighbors, the birds. I can hardly write now for their singing. The wrens have been at it since early morning, as though life was short and they must fill it with work and with song. Such busy, quick, energetic fellows! They build their nest under the veranda eaves, carrying up their bits of sticks and thread and cotton and then flutter down for a new supply. Soon the nest is finished and the song of triumph from the lilac bush near by will fairly make your heart sing too. If we had such decision of character proportionate to our size and moral power, how long would the weak and oppressed wait for a strong hand to help them? How long would we human giants sit with folded hands and not try to help bear the burdens of life?

The wrens have caught the true note of living—work and song.

But there! the robins are making such an ado and drowning out the story of my wee wren and her warblings. "Cheer up! cheer up," my robin says, "Don't take such a pessimistic view of life." Then he goes hopping over the grass, but stops to throw up his head and call back a "cheer up" to me again, lest I should forget his message. No, I shall not forget; it was stamped on my heart long ago by a mightier voice than thine, Robin dear! Now he has flown down into the apple trees, and just in time too, for there up over the hedge comes his great enemy, the blackbird, with his slick black coat and beady eye.

He is watching where Robin will build his nest. Speak low to your mate, Robin, for blacky has sharp ears as well as eyes. He sees already in the future your nest demolished and all the fluffy fledgelings fluttering on the ground, while he flies off to eat the first ripe strawberry and grin over their discomfiture.

Naughty bird! So unlike your human friends. *We* are always tender over others' feelings, and would never tumble a happy family out in such unkind fashion.

But listen! There is another voice quite different from the grating note of the black bird. It has a mild and minor strain I do not know my friend's name, but I have known him all my life in his quaker coat of gray over his long slender body; a tiny fellow, one could almost hide him in one's hand. His note is much like the meadow lark's, but fainter and sweeter, telling perchance of some hidden sorrow. How we looked for you in the old days, and hunted for your nest, a tiny gray bag caught at the four corners to the swaying apple bough. I remember well the day I climbed that apple tree to take an egg—just *one* you know—with one of my mother's most treasured old silver tea spoons to dip it out of the nest with. How the poor little mother bird fluttered over me, repeating those sad sweet notes as if to beg me not to touch her lovely white spotted treasures! But my young heart was bent on making a collection, and not even that pitiful cry could stop me.

Many childish deeds have been forgotten, but not that flutter of wings and plaintive appeal when I took the forbidden thing. O birdy, wont you sing a more cheery song, and tell me I'm forgiven?

I had almost the same experience with a King bird, but no qualms of conscience with him, for I felt as if I was revenging my friends, the crows. How often I have seen him fluttering around the poor crow's black head, pecking and pecking at him until Mr. Crow was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion or mortification, I hardly know which. Yet recovering himself he would breathe in more air, and make a fresh start, soliloquising, "I will soar in a higher atmosphere and leave these small annoyances far below me."

There is a sweet note, listen! It is our early spring friend.

I need not tell his name. He is with us before the warm days come and stays with us all the summer long; sings a sweet warble to waken you in the morning and a sweet lullaby to send you to sleep; often in the night I hear him sing as if to let you know he is watching with you for the morning. Dear homely little gray bird! not always do finest feathers make finest birds. We could do without some of the gay ones, but not without you. You are a comfort to homely people with washed-our color and plain clothes; you inspire us to have a song in our hearts for others.

But who is this in the golden dress perched up in the maple tree below the hedge? You bright golden oriole, no one could mistake you. Ah! that is a sweet song you are pouring forth. How you are gifted with voice, charming manners and dress! Why should you have all the beauties while my wee wren wears her coat so brown with not even a red feather to brighten it? Ah, oriole! You are disgusted with me and fly away, while the sun glitters on your bright feathers as if pleased with your beauty, and so am I. The day seems duller when you are not here. Not often do you visit my window, but when you do you leave a ray of sunshine as a message from a dear one might.

You are so unlike the bluebird down their in the peach tree. Yet bluebird is beautiful too, and his rich coloring shows to special advantage among the pink blossoms. His song is not enchanting, but he is wise, I know, for we could seldom find his nest. Only once were we successful, and then it was hidden in the crotch of an old apple tree, tucked away so safe and cosy.

And the woodpeckers have come, too. I speak of you with the golden lining to your wings and your bright red bonnets. You look gay, and why should'nt you? If you were made that way it's your duty to look pretty, and you work just as hard as if you had on an old gray coat. We love your bright feathers; yours, too, my pet canary there in the lilac bush with your sweetest song.

What a contrast you both were to the cat-bird in her slate colored dress, and with her medley song who comes shyly around

the flowering shrub. She will build her nest just there I know; for I love to think the same birds come back to the old haunts. Do you know the old home? I wonder if you miss some of the sweetest voices which belonged to dear ones who have taken their long flight to the Home-land, who used to listen and wait for your returning in the spring of the year.

I rest, and lifting my eyes I spy the ever present sparrow peeping down at me over the roof of the house, and his inquisitive nature is wondering what I am doing with a long black stick scratching away so fast. He wonders why I don't come out and take possession of the world, "It's easy enough," says he, "just turn others out and there you are."

"Earth's crammed with heaven," and with singing, if we only listen for the music. Even the hum of yon tiny humming bird is lending its note of the general melody. The thistle bird too, and the red-cap, as we called him long ago, the pee-wee and the skimming swallow, the thrush and cuckoo, each fills up a part that no other birdy can; each loving note, each bit of brightness, each glorious song fulfilling some grand purpose. One needs the pen of a Shelley to tell of the wonders of these winged visitants, these wise little neighbors that have brought not a shadow of sorrow, but only joy and blessedness and many a lesson in love and patience and cheerfulness.

But I must speak of one other who thrills my heart with joy every time I hear his glorious singing.

> With a shower of song and a flutter of wings."
> "The bobolink on the hazel swings.

How the notes float down into the depths of one's heart and still its fevered beating, leaving a calm as a message from above might do. Dearest bird of all! You fairly make me hold my breath as I watch you winging your way through the meadows, still showering your songs down upon us. Those two first notes of thine, no chance gave you those; they came down from the source of all harmony, I'm sure. O blessed bird sing on. Pour the balm of your message into some tired heart to-day, and lift it to the author of your being.

But it grows late. The darkness falls. I must draw in my

papers and close the blinds. The birdies are most all asleep; once in a while a peep from some half-awake gray bird, but that is all.

Why have I written all this? Just because it was in my heart to do so for some loved one who has given up all dear home ties and has gone with a message of love and peace to the ends of the earth. It is from *your* window and for your birthday I am writing, dearest. You will recall the days long gone, and perhaps on some homesick evening will take a wee comfort in these birthday greetings from the home nest.

MARY ELLEN HATCH.

"*Woodside*," *Woodstock, Ont.*

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

(Continued.)

We have seen that Maxime liked to spend his week-day evenings at home, but for sometime before that one to which his history brings us, it had been his custom each Sunday after High Mass, to join his young friend Eusèbe Gonneville, and bring him home for dinner. In the afternoon the two boys would stroll off together in such an unconcerned way that Maxime's parents had no suspicion of what lay beneath his attachment to Yvonne's brother. Their stroll invariably brought them to the shady garden or into the house of the Gonnevilles. It must be at once confessed that Maxime had learned to find here a shrine at which he more attentively worshipped "the divine Yvonne" than he did the "Holy Mary" in church; especially when at Mass he saw, a few seats ahead of him, the flowers on Yvonne's hat responding to every throb of her little heart. His lips had not yet expressed to her what his eyes and manner may have revealed, but now after the first tremor of delighted surprise had passed off and he could bring himself to realize that here was his idol living for a time with him, beneath his own father's roof, he had the strange sense of a new purpose forming itself in his mind, and that was to speak to her.

He let time go by, however, until one day the flood gave alarming symptoms of being about to subside. This fact had the natural effect of urging the young man to action. That night after the day's work, (it was late in May) he asked Yvonne if she would care to come out with him and try the new canoe he had made with his father during the winter days. The girl's mother at first demurred at such a proposal, but the others, know-

ing Maxime's exceptional skill with the paddle, finally influenced her to give her consent, and Yvonne was pleased to go. Their trip up the river, though quite satisfactory as a trial of the new bark, was not prolonged by Maxime because he had a more important matter to put to the test, and for that, the exigencies of position in a canoe were not to his mind propitious. So by the light of the moon, now at its height, he beached the boat, put it in the boathouse, and rejoined Yvonne, who had stood watching his movements with the deepest interest and perhaps something more.

She had never betrayed any thought by look or word that would cause him to have the least misgivings about avowing his love for her. Truth to say, he judged from all her demeanor that his affection was fully reciprocated. He was not, therefore, fearful about speaking to her, but in the joy of what was about to take place and absorbed in admiring her beauty, he walked beside her and forgot to say a single word.

She was of a type rarely, though sometimes, found among the French Canadians. Of medium height and ideally rounded figure, her color was like that of snow touched with the roseate tints of dawn; her hair was of that wavy dark auburn which seems black at night and golden by day. Yet the wonder of all her wonderful beauty was her large dreamy eyes of violet into whose depths Maxime, at least, never wearied of looking He could not do so that evening as they walked, but he was, for the moment, content just to let himself become penetrated with the deliciousness of her mere presence at his side alone, this being the first time it had occurred.

She, on her part, was happy too, but it needed no great intuition for her to realize that Maxime had had a purpose in effecting this *rencontre*, and as she had in her own heart given her love unreservedly to him, she was anxious that this opportunity should not be lost; but alas! here they were already within sight of the house and not a word had the boy uttered yet. Her bosom was nearly bursting with loving impatience when suddenly Maxime stopped short in the path they followed. She took a step or so more than he, but then stopped too and looked back at him. One glance at his handsome face showed

that something unusual was written upon it, and in the dim light she instinctively drew nearer to him, that she might see just what it was. That movement of hers prompted one on his part, and like a flash his heart and his arms leaped out toward her and he pressed his lips to her brow. No interpreter was needed there to tell them that they were each other's. She stood nestling close to him with eyes cast down, and he spoke at last:

"So, Yvonne, you do love me?" She in answer raised those wondrous eyes to his, and with a look, the memory of which never lost its power to make his heart beat faster, she said:

"Just as you yourself love me."

Chapter IV.

After the experience of that evening, so memorable for the two young hearts, their significant ways with each other made it possible for the parents to surmise what it might all mean. Had they known how long this attachment had been forming and to what issue it had already come they would have been amazed.

The time came when the Gonnevilles must return to their home, but Maxime was quite reconciled to let them go because he looked forward to paying regular visits there as Yvonne's accepted lover.

Meanwhile, over all his happiness there hung a cloud. Nor could he clearly see how it was to pass away from his sky without darkening that of someone else. Rosy Fleury had no real claims upon him, but he knew that when it became known to her, and to her parents and his, that he had definitely placed his affections elsewhere, they would be disappointed and exceedingly grieved.

One day in July as Maxime mowed in the field with his father, he determined to make a clean breast of his situation there and then. When they together reached the end of the swath, during which he had formed the resolution, they both turned up their scythes to whet them, dropped them for a moment on the new cut grass, and resorted to the shade of a huge elm to refresh themselves at the jug of ginger and water

which the boy's mother prepared each day during the haying season. There Maxime spoke up!

"Father, there is something I want to ask you and there will be no better chance than this. I have thought for a long time that you and mother would be glad if I should some day marry Rosy Fleury. Am I right?

"Yes, my boy, and a rare good wife she would be."

"I believe that, father; and for that reason I think she ought to have a better husband than I would be."

"What do you mean, lad? I don't want to make you vain, but I am of the opinion that she could scarcely get a better husband than you could make."

"Than I could make . . . . perhaps . . . . if . . ."

"If what?"

"If I loved her. How can a man be a good husband unless he loves his wife?"

"But don't you love Rosy?"

"I have much regard for her, but not the kind I should want to have toward my wife."

"Oh, that will come in time."

"Not in this case, father. It is impossible."

"Impossible . . . . you use a strong word, Maxime. Why, Rosy expects you to marry her, and her parents expect it too. You surely know that."

"Yes, sir, but they expect it in spite of all I have been able to do to discourage such hopes. And why should I be obliged to lay down my own happiness to do what would under the circumstances be fatal to theirs, too? To be frank with you, father, my heart is already given to Yvonne Gonneville, and she has accepted it.

This curt announcement seemed less to startle the father than to make him pensive. After a pause he said:

"Well, here's a dilemma, sure. We did notice your attentions to Yvonne, but never once imagined that you were so very seriously inclined in that direction."

After another brief moment of silence, the boy took the opportunity to say:

"I hope you are not displeased with me, father."

"Why, no, son. I was only thinking that we, your parents and Rosy's, should have foreseen something of this sort. But it is too late now, and I don't see but we shall have to leave the solution of the matter to other than human minds and hands."

Maxime understood his father, and when he had thanked him for his kind words they both returned to their work with the hope that all would come about for the best.

The days went by until the autumn, but no one had had the courage nor indeed seen the necessity of making the truth known to Rosy.

She still hoped that inasmuch as Maxime was so young, he might in due time come to ask for the hand she would be so happy to give.

During the fall days Maxime and his father were cutting timber in their woods on the lakeshore, where there is to this day a splendid growth of elm and soft maple. One morning Maxime said that while his father walked over to the woods, he would take the old flintlock gun along and paddle down in his canoe with the hope of getting a shot at some duck of which there was plenty at that season. In preparing the ammunition his horn of powder fell to the floor, and while he laboriously picked up the last grains of powder he remarked to his mother that he hoped this was not an omen of the luck he would have that day.

When he was fairly out on the bay moving cautiously among the clumps of reeds, there came a flock of ducks which lighted on the water about a hundred yards ahead of him, and Maxime prepared to avail himself of the glorious shot. Raising the old flint-lock to his cheek he almost instantly pulled the trigger, but the only response as the sparks flew was: Fiz-z-z-z! "O, my luck," the boy said inwardly, but hastened to prime the gun again. The second trial was only a repetition of the first. When the same ill-luck attended his third effort to shoot, Maxime lost his patience, and still holding the gun pointed toward the game, shouted at the top of his voice:

"*B'en, Batiscan*! I mean this for to-day, not for to-morrow." Instantly, of course, the ducks flew away and left the young huntsman muttering something about his luck. He

threw the gun with disgust into the bottom of the canoe, took up his paddle and made for the shore from where the sound of his father's axe already reached his ears over the silent water.

He had not taken a dozen strokes before another sound reached him from the opposite direction, and it fairly chilled him with dread because it seemed to be a cry as of some one in distress. While he listened with uplifted paddle and bated breath, the sound came again, and this time he was so sure it was the voice of a man in the water, that, forgetting where he was himself, he leaped up and stood erect in his canoe to look out over the reeds; as quick as a flash the canoe darted from under his feet and he, himself was in the water. His own position did not alarm him for he was a strong swimmer and knew he could easily push the canoe ashore, but as he clung to it there he gave one thought to the old gun now at the bottom, and another thought to his luck. His greatest regret, however, was that he could not now hope to reach the one in need of help, because of the tall reeds on every hand, which not only made it uncertain which direction to follow, but also presented an all too effective barrier to a swimmer. There was only one alternative. He must hasten to the shore, call his father, right the canoe and start back with the hope of still reaching the drowning man in time.

A. L. Therrien.

(*To be continued*).

HISTORIC HARVARD.

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civill government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall be in dust."—*New England, First Fruits.*

The General Court of Massachusetts Bay which first met on Sept. 8th, 1636, passed the following resolution, Oct. 28th (old style) of the same year:

"The Court agree to give £400 towards a schoale or colledge, whereof £200 to be paid the next year and £200 when the work is finished and the next Court to appoint wheare and wt building."

This is the first record we have of a college in New England. It was ordered in 1637 that the college be at Newtowne, but in the next year the Court further ordered that Newtowne be afterward known as Cambridge, a mark of affection for the English college, which was the *alma mater* of many of the colonists.

In 1638, John Harvard, a Nonconformist minister of Charleston, died, leaving his library and half of his estate to the new college. The library contained about two hundred and sixty books of a theological and classical nature. Of these, owing to loss by fire, only one remains. The share of the estate which came to the college amounted to about £400.

The first president was the Rev. Harry Dunster, a Baptist minister. Concerning the humble beginning of the college, an honored alumnus, Oliver Wendell Holmes, wrote, on the two hundredth anniversary:

"And who was in the catalogue
When college was begun
. . . . . .
Two nephews of the President
And *the* Professor's son.
Lord! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one!"

The history of the college in these early days abounds in struggles of a religious and financial character. Owing to the refusal of the college to sanction a religious test, a matter urged by Increase Mather and his son Cotton, the extreme Calvinistic branch founded Yale College (1700), "to be a school of prophets, where the brimstone doctrines of Calvin should not be quenched by the waters of liberalism."

Next to John Harvard among its early benefactors, Harvard owes most to Thomas Hollis, an English Baptist who endowed a professorship of Theology (1721) stipulating nothing

regarding the religious principles of the holder. In 1727 he endowed another chair, in this case that of Mathematics and Philosophy. The virtue of liberality towards Harvard seems to have been handed down from father to son in this family.

During the revolution the college buildings were occupied by colonial troops. Washington had his headquarters here, first in Wadsworth House, the President's residence, then in Craigie House, afterward the residence of Longfellow. The Washington Elm, under the branches of which Washington first took charge of the army, still stands on Cambridge Common, opposite Fay House. It was on this Common that the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled to the breeze. During these tempestuous times the college work was carried on at Concord.

It is impossible in a short article to trace the history of the college from that day to this. It has been one of progress in spite of difficulties. In 1869, the present President, Charles William Elliott, was elected. His administration has certainly been the most memorable in the history of the college. During his term of service enormous steps forward have been taken.

The University consists of several departments. These are: The College Proper; the Divinity School; the Law School; Medical School; Dental School; Veterinary School; Lawrence Scientific School; Bussey Institution, and Arnold Arboretum.

One feature of Harvard College to-day is its elective system of studies. In former times it was quite the opposite. This change has been brought about gradually by President Elliot. At present only two courses are compulsory and they are in English. The student selects his courses under the guidance of advisers appointed by the college. As a general thing a fairly wide course is elected. Eighteen courses are necessary for the attainment of a B.A. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences offers two hundred and sixty full courses and two hundred and twenty half courses. The course for B.A. may be completed by a bright student in three years, but it is usual for the student to stay four years. The courses taken in excess of the required number give him his degree with distinction.

The degree of M.A. is given upon the successful completion of one year's work in residence subsequent to graduation. There is some discussion at present upon the advisability of having the course for the degree of B.A. completed in three years, making it a business man's degree, and that of M.A., the teacher's degree, completed in five years after matriculation.

The degree of Ph.D. *may* be attained upon the completion of two years' work in residence subsequent to graduation. As a matter of fact it is very rarely obtained in less than three years. Then it is granted only upon the presentation of something original. The mere putting in of time never counts towards the attainment of this degree at Harvard.

Much concerning the character of a college may be learned from the appearance of the place where the work is done, and where the men live. The appearance of the Harvard buildings typifies the business-like, practical character of the New Englander. If you expect architectural beauty, you have come to the wrong place. James Russell Lowell, a son whose name Harvard delights to honor, has said of the college buildings,

> "There, in red brick which softening time defies,
> Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories."

Yet in spite of the plainness there is a charm about these old buildings which is very pleasing. The plainness of the buildings has its compensation, however, in the beauty of the "Yard" with its velvet sward and tall graceful elms.

Facing on the quadrangle are twelve buildings, Massachusetts (1720), Harvard (1765), Hollis (1763), Stoughton (1805), Holworthy (1812), Thayer, University, Weld, Boylston, Ware, and Matthews. Of these Massachusetts Hall (1720) is the oldest, Harvard Hall (1765) was stripped of its roof during the revolution, the lead being used for bullets. Other buildings in The Yard are Dane Hall, the old Law School, Wadsworth House (1626), the former residence of the presidents; Holden Chapel (1744), now used by the Y. M. C. A.; Phillips Brook's house, in memory of him whose name it bears, just being completed, Fogg Museum of Art, Appleton Chapel, Sever Hall, used for recitations, and Gore Hall, the library. Adjoining The Yard is Me-

morial Hall, erected in 1875 at a cost of half a million dollars, in memory of the Harvard men who fell in the war of the rebellion. This building consists of three parts, the great dining hall, Memorial Transept, containing tablets in memory of the fallen, and Sanders' Theatre, used for commencements, plays, concerts and the like.

In the near vicinity of The Yard we find the Hymenway Gymnasium, Austin Hall, the Law School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, the Engineering building, the Agassiz and Peabody Museums, Divinity Hall, Walter Hastings, Perkins and Conants Halls. Space forbids the mention of a number of other dormitories, college and private, in the immediate vicinity of The Yard.

Further west are the Botanic Gardens, Grey Herbarium and the Astronomical Observatory buildings. This latter has a branch in South America. The Medical, Dental and Veterinary schools are across the Charles in Boston. The Bussey Institution and Arnold Arboretum are in the Jamaica Plain districts of the city.

Much has been written of life at Harvard. The task of describing it is a rather difficult one. In a University which has on its rolls in the neighborhood of four thousand students, there is great variety in the character of the students, the homes they come from, and the life they lead. Some are sons of millionaires and spend thousands of dollars a year, others earn their own living here in a multitude of ways. Most of the men live in the college dormitories. They have their clubs and societies,but the one thing that draws the whole college together as a whole, is athletics.

In 1849 college commons were abolished, but more recently, especially since the building of Memorial Hall, there has been a place where the college sits down to eat. The dining hall at Memorial accommodates eleven hundred hungry mortals three times a day. Students who cannot get into Memorial board at private houses or at the Foxcroft Club, which is a co-operative institution, run on the European plan. It accommodates four hundred at present, but when it gets into Randall Hall, the new quarters, three or four times that number will be accommodated

Chapel in former times was compulsory. Many and long were the battles waged because of this fact. Recently, however, attendance has been entirely optional. The exercises are controlled by a board of University Preachers consisting of well known and able men. They each serve for two weeks each term. Chapel service is held every morning, and consists of responsive reading, an anthem, reading of Scripture, a short talk by the preacher of the day, prayer, and a hymn. On Thursday afternoon there is a vesper service, chiefly musical in character. The Appleton boy and man choir enjoys quite a local reputation.

The subject of athletics is a very keen one at Harvard. In order, however, that sport shall not interfere with a student's studies, a regulation exists to the effect that no student shall be allowed a place in any team or crew if he is under any condition in his studies. Football is the great game at Harvard. Each class has its team, but the team of all teams is the 'Varsity team. To be in this is the undergraduate's ambition. The big games with Yale and Pennsylvania are great events and attract spectators, sometimes to the number of twenty-five thousand.

Hockey is played during the winter. The teams do not have the best of ice, and for that or other reasons do not play the game as it is played in Canada. Baseball is played in the spring. Practice is carried on during the winter in the baseball cage. There is an inter-collegiate baseball league between colleges within reaching distance. A great deal of interest is taken in rowing. Each class has a crew from which men are picked for the 'Varsity crew, which represents the college at the big races. The crews train during the winter in the gymnasium, on the rowing machines and in the rowing cage, until they get on the river. This year the first crew took to the water on the 27th of February. Tennis is well patronized. The college courts are well laid out and numerous. Harvard holds a high record in this branch of sport. Other sports find a home here, but they do not excite as much general interest as those mentioned above.

If space permitted there are many things which could and should be described. Laboratories, libraries, students' rooms,

college papers, places of historic or poetic interest, famous graduates, all these are interesting, but everything most have an end, and this article does not differ from the general rule. It is hoped, however, that in this short paper some idea has been given of "Fair Harvard."

Cambridge, Mass. W. P. C.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to be able to announce that three of our graduates have received appointments as Fellows at the University of Chicago for the year 1899-1900. The three young men who have won this distinction are W. Findlay, '96, H. H. Newman, '96 and R. D. George, '97, Mr. Findlay receiving a Fellowship in Mathematics, Mr. Newman in Zoology, and Mr. George in Geology. In addition to this another of our graduates, Wilson R. Smith, '95, wasadmitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *magna cum laude*, his thesis being "A Contribution to the Life History of Isoetes." We congratulate these young men upon the honors they have obtained. Knowing the ability and zeal they displayed during their course at McMaster, we are certain that they fully deserve them.

Apart from their personal interest to the recipients and their friends, these appointments have a significance in connection with our University and the training our undergraduate course affords. They show, for example, that our graduates are quite able to hold their own with the graduates of other undergraduate colleges. This year there were eighty appointments to Fellowships, and these were distributed among forty-four different colleges, including such well-known institutions as Chicago, California, Northwestern, Michigan, Bates, Cornell, Colgate, Toronto, Wellesley, Vassar, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, etc. Altogether ten Fellowships were awarded to Canadian students, nine of which came to Ontario. Of these nine the University of Toronto obtained five, Victoria one, and McMaster three. Considering our age and numbers this proportion is, we think, one of which we have reason to be proud. It is but another proof that the course at McMaster is well suited to prepare men for post-graduate special work.

Our course differs from that of Toronto and Victoria in that all our students are required to take the full general course up to the end

of the second, and at least three-quarters of the same course during the remaining two years. At Toronto the specialist in any department spends practically all his time for two years, and in some cases three, on his special work, and doubtless knows more about his specialty than our specialist. At McMaster we have always held that the wider culture obtained from a general course is full compensation for any loss in special knowledge, and that a graduate from our University is quite as able, or even better able, to pursue special studies in post-graduate work as the graduate of other Universities. The record of our graduates at Chicago for the last few years goes to show that our view with respect to the value of a general training in undergraduate work is correct. We suppose it is hardly necessary to assert that the success of our graduates at Chicago is not due to any occult influence arising out of the fact that both Chicago and McMaster are Baptist institutions. Such an idea is, of course, preposterous. A great institution like Chicago, as it values its reputation, makes its scholastic appointments upon merit. President Harper and his staff are the last persons to be suspected of lowering the standard of scholarship for the purpose of doing favors to a comparatively small denominational college in Canada. Messrs. Findlay, Newman and George have been appointed Fellows, not because they are graduates of a Baptist college, but because they deserve to be so appointed. They have been working during the past year under the professors at Chicago, and their ability and attainments have won their natural reward. We are confident that their future career will justify their present distinction and continually reflect credit on their Canadian Alma Mater.

THE University is indebted to G. R. Roberts, Esq., for the donation of three interesting old books to the Library. One of them is the first volume of a three-volume folio edition of the works of John Bunyan, "printed and to be sold by *William Marshall* at the *Bible*, in *Newgate street*, London, 1692," as the quaint old title-page states. It contains an excellent engraving of Bunyan, which must have been made and printed within a year or so after his death in 1688, and which now must be exceedingly rare. The other two volumes of Mr. Roberts' gift are an early edition of North's Plutarch, and a copy of the 18th edition of "Expository Notes on the New Testament," by William Burkitt. In presenting these family heirlooms to the Library, Mr. Roberts writes: "I shall now have a personal interest in McMaster Library." We hope that others may follow his example and thereby obtain a similar personal interest, not only in our Library, but also in the University as a whole.

THE annual election of representatives of the Aluumni to the Senate of McMaster University, has resulted in the choice of Rev. C. H. Schutt, M. A., B.Th., to represent the graduates in Arts, and Rev. W. M. Walker, B.A., to represent those in Theology, the latter being elected by acclamation. Mr. Walker has been a member of the Senate for several years, and his re-election by acclamation is an evidence of his popularity and worth. Mr. Schutt enjoys the distinction of being the first Arts Graduate in Course to be chosen since the inauguration of the new system of election, though Rev. A. P. McDonald, B.A., B.Th., who is now a representative of the Graduates in Theology, served one year in the place of a member who had resigned his position on the Senate. This year the contest for the first time was between two Graduates in Course, Mr. Schutt and Mr. Reeve, and was, we may say, a very close one, Mr. Schutt being elected by a small majority. Indeed, so well fitted were both gentlemen for the position that many were unable to decide which one to vote for, and consequently did not vote at all. In future years we may naturally expect our representatives to be chosen from the young men who have spent their undergraduate years in McMaster, and not, as in the past, from the ranks of the graduates *ad eundem*. While this will be so, we venture to hope that we shall not wholly decline to avail ourselves of the experience of the latter class, many of whom have been devoted friends of the University during the years of its infancy, when faithful friendship was so important. We hope, too, that the example set this year may be followed, and that such excellent candidates as Messrs. Schutt and Reeve may be nominated.

In this connection we take the opportunity of referring to the purpose for which our Alumni Association exists, and to the means we may employ to accomplish that purpose. According to the constitution the aim of the Association is, "to cultivate the spirit of fraternity and unity among its members, and to secure hearty and prompt co-operation in all matters pertaining to the interests of McMaster University." Such an aim must appeal strongly to the sympathy of all our graduates, and, indeed, does if we may accept the assurances we so frequently receive from them. But is it not possible for us to use some more active means to bring our graduates more continuously into close touch with the life of the University? The annual election is one means to this end, and our annual meeting in May serves the same purpose. But these alone are not sufficient; more must be done. One graduate in sending in his fee speaks of the Alumni meet-

ings in connection with Queen's University and Knox College, and wonders if our annual meeting could not be made to correspond somewhat to them in respect to interest and helpfulness. Hitherto we have had excellent meetings, especially since we began to hold them in The Hall, and this year we are certain that the annual meeting will be a memorable one. Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N.Y., is to be the speaker of the evening, and those who know him do not need to be told that a treat is in store for those who are fortunate enough to hear him. We hope that a large number of graduates may be present, and that at the business meeting next day some steps may be taken towards actively enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of every graduate.

One simple means of showing an interest is to contribute the fee of one dollar to the funds of the Association. Every graduate of the University is a member in virtue of his graduation, quite apart from the fact of his paying a fee or not, but according to the constitution every graduate is expected to contribute one dollar *upon becoming a member of the Association.* Hitherto very few have done this, probably because very few knew that such a contribution was expected. This year, however, a notification of membership has been sent to every member, with an invitation to pay the voluntary fee. A few have responded, the names of whom will be found in the Here and There department of this issue of The Monthly. Those who read these words should consult that list, and if their names do not appear in it their duty in the premises is plain.

Professor Ten Broeke has been chosen to deliver the annual oration at the Alumni Day Exercises in connection with his Alma Mater, the University of Vermont. We congratulate the professor upon the honor conferred upon him by his fellow graduates.

Book Reviews.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

Christian Science is more than a mere name to-day. A few years ago it was a far-away topic for the curious. Now it confronts many a community with its strange claims and impious pretensions. Its text-book, Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, must have had a marvellous sale. In 1894, the date of Mr. Wolcott's book, it had run through 89 editions; in 1896 it was in its 100th, and to-day, according to one of its apostles, it boasts its 155th edition. Perhaps, however, Christian Science editions are not as large as the ordinary.

It is no wonder, indeed it is high time, that this Christian Science, which a credulous age has refused to laugh out of court, should be formally assigned at the bar of common sense, sound science, and genuine Christianity. The Fleming Revell Company have done a public service in publishing in cheap form these three excellent pamphlets. We bespeak for them a large circulation.

Miss Harwood's is autobiographical in form, and is thus invested with a personal interest that is sure to make it the most popular. Many would read it who would find the others unattractive. Miss Harwood gives a very plain and trustworthy account of Christian Science, and most vivid pictures of their methods, services, etc.

Mr. Wolcott's book deals with the subject in a more systematic fashion. The three chapters deal logically and forcibly with the Metaphysics, Theology, and Therapeutics of the new cult. The treatment is marked by breadth of view, sound judgment, and nice discrimination. Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness to Berkeley's Idealism on the one hand and to the old-new fact of the influence of mind over another is brought out clearly. This is the volume which will be most satisfying to people who like to get at the bottom of things.

Mr. Varley's book is more fragmentary and broken. But if Mr. Wolcott has shown Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness where she denies it, certainly Mr. Varley shows the absurdity of her claim that "the Bible

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* "An English View of Christian Science." An Exposure by Anne Harwood Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 96. Cloth, 35c.

* "What is Christian Science?" By P. C. Wolcott, B.D. Fleming Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 66. Paper, 15c.

*Christian Science Examined." By Henry Varley. Fleming Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 80. Cloth, 35c.; paper, 15c.

has been her only text-book." The utterly un-Christian character of the system is unsparingly exposed. For popular reading we commend Miss Harwood; for the careful thinker, Mr. Wolcott's; and Mr. Varley's would make an excellent companion to either of the others. It would be a wise thing for pastors and other leaders in Christian work to read all these pamphlets and be prepared to deal with this latest delusion.

J. H. F.

A SISTER TO EVANGELINE.*

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is a poet first and always. If he writes a novel that is prose in form, it is poetry after all. A few years ago he published "The Forge in the Forest," a book of passion and strong character-sketching. It was intimated that this was the first of a trilogy of Acadian stories of blended romance and history. "The Sister to Evangeline" is intended, we take it, as a descriptive interlude between the first volume and its sequel—which can be hardly other than the tragedy of La Garne, the Black Abbé.

The story before us is idyllic, and is told with much of the charm of the Sicilian idyls. The time is 1755, the year of the expatriation of the Acadians from Nova Scotia. Captain Paul Grande comes home, on leave of absence, to Grand Pré from the army of New France in the West, to win the heart of Yvonne, a daughter of Giles de Lamourie, the broken gentleman who had fallen from a high place at Versailles and had been fain to hide himself on an Acadian farm. Paul sings to himself "Revenant à la Belle Acadie," but soon stumbles on the appalling fact that Yvonne is betrothed to a New England Englishman at Piziquid (Windsor). In a frank and manly fashion, he tells the Englishman his errand to Grand Pré, and warns him that by all lawful means he shall strive to win the affection of Yvonne. His purpose is attempted in the midst of the thrilling adventures then incident to the struggle between France and England, from Louisbourg to Natchez. The intrigues of the Black Abbé, by which the Acadians, we are told, were kept from taking the oath to King George, are especially in evidence from Quebec to Louisbourg; and the deputation of the Acadians is the great incident in which the story of Yvonne reaches its climax.

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*A Sister to Evangeline. Being the Story of Yvonne de Lamourie, and how she went into exile with the villagers of Grand Pré. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Author of The Forge in the Forest, A History of Canada, Earth's Enigmas, New York Nocturnes, etc. George N. Morang, Toronto.

From the first page to the last, the book is full of interest. The story is well articulated and swift, and, as we have already intimated, is full of descriptive and local charm. As an example of the general style of this portion of the book, the following may be quoted:

> The vale of the Five Rivers lay spread out before me, with Grand Pré, the quiet metropolis of the Acadian people, nestling in her apple-bloom at my feet. . . Beyond the village and its one-block wharf my eyes ranged the green, wind-ruffled marshes, safe behind the sodded circumvallations of the dykes. Past the dykes, on either side of the "island's" wooded rampart, stretched the glowing miles of the flats; for the tides of Minas were at ebb. How red in the sunset, molten copper threaded with fire, those naked reaches gleamed that night! Their color was like a blare of trumpets challenging the peace of the Five Rivers. . .
>
> It pleases me, since no mortal eyes shall ever again see Grand Pré as she was, to find that now I recall with clear-edged memory the picture which she made that June morning. Not only do I see her, but I hear her pleasant sounds —the shallow rushing of the Gaspereau at ebb; the mooing of cattle on the uplands; the mellow tangle of small bell-music from the bobolinks a-hover over the dyke meadows; now and then a neighbor call from roadside to barn or porch or window; and ever the cheery cling-clank, cling-clank from the forge up the street. Not only do I hear the pleasant sounds, but the clean smells of that fragrant country come back continually with wholesome reminiscence. Oh, how the apple-blossoms breathed their souls out upon that tender morning air! How the spring wind, soft with a vital moisture, persuaded forth the obscure essences of grass and sod and thicket! How good was the salt sea-tang from the uncovered flats, and the emptied channels, and the still-dripping lines of tide-mark sedge! . . .

One more example, as psychologically true as it is beautiful in form:

> What strange tricks do these our tangled make-ups play us! I know that that night, during that swift half-hour's run through the woods, my whole brain, my whole purpose, was concentrated upon the rescue of George Anderson. The price I was prepared to pay was life, no less. Yet all the shaping emotion of it —sharp enough, one would think, to cut its lines forever on a man's face, to say nothing of his brain—has bequeathed to me no least etching of remembrance. . . . My eyes, ears, nose, touch, they busied themselves to note a thousand trifles—these are what come back to me now. . . . Things idle as these: I see a dew-wet fir-top catch the moonlight for an instant and flash to whiteness, an up-thrust lance of silver. I see the shadow of a dead, gnarled branch cast upon a mossy open, in startling semblance of a crucifix—so clear, I cannot but stoop and touch it reverently as I pass; I see, at the edge of a grassy glade, a company of tall buttercups, their stems invisible, their petals seeming to float toward me, a squadron of small, light wings. I hear the rush of the tide die out as we push deeper into the woods; I hear the smooth swish of branches thrust apart; I hear the protesting, unresonant creak of the green underbush as we tread it down, and the sharp crackle of dry twigs as we thread the aisles of the old forest. . . . I smell the savour of juniper, of bruised snake-root, of old, slow-rotting wood; with once a fairy breath of unseen linnæa; and once, at the fringed brink of a rivulet, the pungent fragrance of wild mint. . . . I feel, once, a gluey web upon my face, and the abhorrence with which I dash off the fat spider that clings to my chin. I feel the noisome slump of my boots as I tread upon a humped and swollen gathering of toad-stools.

The local color is every way admirable, and at times enchanting. Probably one who spent his boyhood and school life under the skies,

and in closest fellowship with the hills and woods, valleys and marshes, rivers and tidal mysteries of the Minas Basin country, is disqualified to pass judgment on such a book as this. The scenes so radiant to one's youthful spirit live forever in an ideal light. Such a one must recognize, however, that Mr. Roberts has put his heart in these pages, and that his experience of beautiful cosmic effects, of the magic lights and shadows and color, has given him the key of the simple golden land in which the story is set.

> He on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of Paradise.

The exiled reader is transported into the land of dream and desire, and feels a touch of youth upon his spirit.

One who reads this book for what it is doubtless meant to be, the interlude of a trilogy, will find it satisfying and very beautiful. The book is slight, as it should be to serve best its artistic purpose. There is little character drawing, as such. Yet character is sharply, though spiritually revealed. Yvonne is a woman unmistakably French, but Paul is not a typical Frenchman. He is Mr. Roberts himself. A few charcoal strokes give us La Garne as we saw him in "The Forge in the Forest." Grûl is a little unmasked, and proves in his grotesquery to be no madman after all. He confides to Paul the secret of the Black Abbé's life. This idyll needs no intricate unfolding of character for its perfection. A weaker artist would have blundered here. Still, the story would have gained, we are sure, had the author given us a fuller view of the social life of the Acadians. The absence of this seems to us the one thing lacking in the story.

While the materials of the Grand Pré tragedy supply all the elements of a great epic, or a thrilling drama, we think Mr. Roberts does well to weave his rich and splendid stories of romance therefrom. They are gracious sidelights, revealing sweetness and human tenderness along the fringes of the darkest cloud in our historic sky. The epic or drama may come by and by. It is clearly Mr. Roberts' design in his trilogy to bring to the light what he believes to have been the real causes at work that culminated in the expatriation of the Acadians. The background of the two stories published gives a cumulative and powerful impression that the Black Abbé was the procuring cause of the tragedy. Many will await his final volume of the series with intense interest.

T. H. R.

SELAH HARRISON.*

Here is a novel which does not throw one into a fever. It does not stir up one's heart. At times it interests but never compels. Still, the reviewer found it more satisfactory upon a second reading than upon the first. The story traces the life of Selah Harrison from lusty boyhood to his death as a worn-out missionary on a South Sea island. The death is not that of a martyr. Yet his life was a martyrdom; every day it was laid upon the altar.

For the setting of the story little can be said in the way of praise. By turns the scene is in the Border Country, in London, in Kent, in a Scotch city, in the island of Taro. But practically nothing of these places enter into the book. You see nothing of Scotland; you feel nothing of the life of London; nothing of the bitter, wretched life of the London poor which is supposed to affect Selah Harrison so powerfully, that God's great pity becomes a saving, converting actuality to him; and to furnish all of the South Sea Island life there is in it, one would need only to read one such book as J. G. Paton's autobiography. There is something of Kentish scenery in it, but it is only "the Weald of Kent on a misty September morning," and of that there is only one glimpse.

The interest of the book centres around two characters, Selah Harrison and Janet McCall, his wife. Another character, Constance Temple, occupies large space, and because of love which she and Selah have for each other, but which is never declared, is intended to take the place of importance next to the hero. But there is so little individuality about her, she is so like a hundred other girls one has met with in books, that she fails utterly to interest. The character of Harrison is well drawn, and his wife Janet is unique. Indeed, so well done are these two, that one finds in them ample justification for the being of the book.

Harrison's home in boyhood, a farm house on the Border, is strongly religious, and the religion is of the stern, uncompromising sort, the "old-fashioned Bible sort." The doctrines of grace were matters of lively belief and daily conversation. It was held that either you belonged to the elect and were saved, or were numbered among the servants of Mammon, who were thought to be found in large numbers just outside the circles in which their life moved. Selah, at the age of seventeen, strongly convinced that he is one of the non-elect, leaves

* "Selah Harrison," by S. MacNaughton. London: MacMillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

home and drifts to London and for some time lives what, in after days, he considers to have been a life of great sinfulness. And in his eyes, all about him seemed to be bad. The city was steeped in sin, and suffering groaned on every hand. He pondered deeply the question, "Why does God not stop it?" And his conversion to God is simultaneous with a resolve to live for the uplifting of the wronged and wicked. His religion is never a matter of joy, but only of sacrifice. He was moved by the "unassailable grandeur of a life of self-renouncement," and looked for peace and joy only in heaven. Thus for Selah religion was a passionate reality.

The supreme test of his religion is made in an affair of the heart. He gives up all thought of Constance Temple, lovely and wealthy, lest cherishing this love he should deny Christ. This is the greatness of Selah Harrison—he will be true to Christ albeit that faithfulness involves the loss of all earthly good.

Having spent fifteen lonely years upon the island of Taro in successful missionary work, during which Constance has been in all his thoughts, Selah is once more in the home land. He has now a quest as well as a mission. Seeking to interest people in his work, he is also looking for a wife. His work calls for a girl's school, and for the management of that he needs a wife. Janet McCall, schoolmistress, aged 34, plain-looking, loved by children, whose daily wish has long been for love and marriage, becomes Mrs. Harrison. And herein Janet and Selah do an immoral thing—they wed without love. When a man takes a wife to get a helpmeet he never gets a wife, and the woman who marries to have a husband never finds love. So it was here. In all the years of labor together love does not come to them, as it did not come with the birth of their boy. Proud of her husband and zealous in his work was Janet, but they never loved. Selah died worn-out with his toils, surrounded with Christian people who were sometime heathen, his heart breaking for Constance, clutching in his fevered hand a miniature of her which through all the years he had worn above his heart. It was that, and the love it symbolized, which kept the heart of husband and wife sealed to each other.

Selah Harrison is a character presented in sharp outline and is so far good. But one questions whether a man lacking the positive assurance of his own salvation and consequently devoid of joy, could sustain such a life of self-sacrifice as is here delineated. The motive furnished by a mere sense of duty seems inadequate.

As for the style of the book it may be said to have in a very large

measure the merit of simplicity. The author seems always to see clearly, and so states with lucidity the thought which is sought to be conveyed. There is much dramatic interest in the closing scenes, which atones for what is almost dullness in the earlier portions. Altogether the book is a good one, even though it does not fascinate.

R. M.

College News.

F. J. Scott,' 99, A. C. Watson, '01, Miss B. E. Gile, '00, } Editors.

Easter Vacation brought a number of our graduates back to the "Hall" for a few days, among whom were Mr. W. H. B. Teakles, B.A., and Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., both of Woodstock College.

The accommodation provided at McMaster has long felt to be inadequate, and as the number in attendance is continually increasing, the students out of love for their Alma Mater undertook to start a Building Fund. Their zeal and self-sacrifice have been indicated in the amount recently reported by the committee to have been subscribed. Payments are to be made on or before October 1st, and the total subscribed by the students is over $1100. If outside friends of the University realized the dire need of room, the good work that McMaster is doing, and the seriousness of the students in this matter, they would readily assist us. We appeal to them for both sentimental and practical sympathy. Mr. S. E. Grigg is appointed treasurer of the fund.

Literary and Scientific Society.—The closing meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, March 24th. The 1st Vice-President, Mr. L. C. Laughland, '00, occupied the chair. After some details of business were dealt with, the programme of the evening was proceeded with and proved a very interesting one. An instrumental duet, by Messrs. Thomson and Jones, was the first number, and the Society's paper, "The Student," was then read, in two parts, by Mr. J. Nicole, '00, and Mr. R. D. Echlin, '01. The paper was one of the best that has been edited in the history of the Society and was very heartily enjoyed by those present at the reading. Between Parts I and II, Miss E. Z. M. Lick, '01, favored the meeting with a vocal selection, which was heartily encored. The audience was also entertained by the stereopticon presentation of a number of cartoons of current topics of interest. The meeting then broke up, everyone pronouncing the last Lit. of the season a very successful "finish."

Tennysonian Society.—The Tennysonian Society held its last meeting for the year on the evening of Friday, March 17th, with the President, Mr. A. B. Mann, in the chair. The subject of study for the evening was "Rudyard Kipling," and proved one of very great enjoyment and profit. The programme was opened by an instrumental selection by Miss H. R. Eckhardt; then Mr. V. E. Reid, '02, read a paper on the life and personality of Rudyard Kipling; Mr. J. Hotson, '01, gave a reading from Kipling. "The White Man's Burden," and Miss O. M. Clemens, '01, read "The Address of the Women of India to Lady Dufferin." After a vocal solo by Mr. H. Bryant, Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Kipling and his works, and also read a number of his representative poems, which were greatly enjoyed by all present. After a few words of appreciation, by the President, of the loyal co-operation of the Society during the term's work, the meeting adjourned. It is significant that several new copies of Kipling's poems came to the Hall next day.

Mathematical Society.—The last meeting of the Mathematical Society for the term was held Wednesday evening, March 25th. Miss Dryden, '00, read an instructive paper on "The Fixed Stars," and Mr. B. R. Simpson, '99, on "The Method of Reckoning Time." The following officers were elected for the fall term of '99. Pres., Mr. E. Wood, '00; Vice-Pres., Miss E. E. Delmage, 01; Secretary, Mr. W. C. Gordon, '01.

Athletic Association.—The annual election of officers of the Athletic Association was held on Wednesday, March 27th, resulting as follows: Honorary President, Chancellor Wallace; President, A. B. Cohoe, '98; Vice President, J. E. Pengelly, '01; Secretary-Treasurer, F. N. Goble, '00; Auditors, H. E. Jordan, '00, and J. A. McDonald, '01; Counsellors E. J. Zavitz, '02, and G. H. Sprague, '00; Foot-Ball Captain, E. J. Zavitz; Foot-Ball Manager, E. E. Wood, '00. The retiring President, Mr. R. C. Matthews, summed up the work of the past year and spoke of the Association's prospects for the coming year. The Field Day of last fall was a decided success and a red-letter day in McMaster athletics; on the foot-ball arena, McMaster's team did good working, taking second place in the Inter-Collegiate League; the rink was surprisingly successful in spite of much unfavorable weather, and throughout the season McMaster's hockey team suffered but one defeat and gained several brilliant victories. The constitution of the Association has been amended to advantage in several respects, as in the representation of the Faculty on the Executive, the appointment of managers for the several teams, thus allowing the captains all their time for training their teams, and the holding of the elections in March instead of October, which will enable the executive to get in operation earlier than would otherwise be possible. The co-operation of the Board of Governors has been very hearty, and this, with the business-

like, progressive policy of the executive and the energy and ability of its officers, has contributed very largely to the year's athletics. The outlook for the coming year is very bright. The Association is on a good financial footing and in excellent running order. The foot-ball team has very good prospects of winning the Inter-Collegiate Championship next fall; the Association contemplates sending representatives to the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union to be held in Montreal; and all things promise fair to make the next Field Day even more successful than the last. "Every prospect pleases." Then, Boom on Mac, Boom on Star, Boom Fitz Boom on Mac Mas Star!

Fyfe Missionary Society.—On March 15th lectures were suspended and the Fyfe Missionary Society held its monthly meeting. After devotional exercises led by Dr. Rand, Prof. Campbell read a helpful paper on "David Brainard." Mr. W. P. Reekie, B.A., followed with an instructive address on "Bolivia." He described the physical and religious characteristics of the country. The worst form of Catholicism flourishes there, but the people are becoming restless. There are openings there for business and professional men; and Mr. Reekie does not see why there should not be a little colony of McMaster men down there, who might support themselves and bring the people into touch with Christ. At the afternoon session, Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A, gave an address on "The Privilege of Being a Foreign Missionary." The hardships are more than counterbalanced by the compensations. Prayer closed a very profitable day.

On the afternoon of April 4th, the last Fyfe Missionary meeting of the present college year was held The devotional exercises were followed by an address by Prof. Farmer, in which he emphasized the need of student missionaries to impart missionary information to their congregations. Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions, spoke of the unfortunate decrease in contributions to missions; it was encouraging, however, to see how generously some weak churches contributed. The supply of ministers does not exceed the demand, but the lack of financial assistance greatly hinders the work. Men ably equipped by grace and education to preach are ever in demand. New territories are filling up; students and regular pastors must move out into these needy and growing districts. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Secretary of Foreign Missions, spoke of the need there is for ministerial students to be missionary in thought and in spirit, and to make their churches so. Encouraging reports were given of the work in the various city missions, after which the meeting was closed with prayer.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Miss Putnam, Miss Duncan, Editors.

The Easter holidays, bringing a brief rest from our books, proved to be both pleasant and beneficial. All have returned with renewed vigor for the work of the closing weeks of the term.

We have been pleased to welcome, during the month, Mr. Eaton, of Bloor St. Baptist Church, and Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, to conduct our prayer-meetings. The meetings on both occasions were interesting and helpful.

One Friday afternoon, through the kindness of Hon. Mr. Dryden, a large number of our students were given an opportunity to attend a session of the Legislative Assembly. The visit proved an interesting one, and many enthusiastic adherents of both the Reform and Conservative parties, took (on their return home) an opportunity to express their views on the questions which they had heard discussed by many prominent members of both parties.

Science Master, holding up a salver-shaped leaf—"What shape is this?"

Silence:—

Science Master—"Why it is very simple; what do you put cards in?"

Class—"Card receiver.

The monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, March 24th, when a programme of more than usual interest was given A debate on the subject "Poetry Declines as Civilization Advances," reflected great credit on those who took part. The affirmative was sustained by Misses Duncan and G. McGregor, and the negative by Misses Edwards and Dryden. The decision was given in favor of the negative.

One evening last month, a number of the students were enjoyably entertained at the home of Miss Rosebrugh, a member of the music staff.

Among the musical events of the winter, which the students have been privileged to attend, none proved more enjoyable than the Service of Praise given by the choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the Loan Portrait Exhibition, when Mrs. Dignam kindly gave the benefit of her experience in helping the students to understand and appreciate the best of the collection.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. N. McLean, Editors.

Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, is the guest of Principal McCrimmon, during the time of his special services at the First Church. The College is particularly favored in coming into such close touch with so inspiring a man.

Strong interest is being taken among the boys in the procuring of the portrait of the late Principal Bates, to be hung in the College Chapel. It is hoped that outside contributions from friends and "old boys" will be sufficient to make possible the unveiling of the picture at our Closing Exercises in June. The surplus receipts from the recent open meeting were voted by the school to this memorial fund.

The several clubs have formed for the summer sports. The officers of the Foot ball Club are: Hon.-Pres., Principal McCrimmon; Pres., Mr. Weir; Capt., H. H. Bingham; Junior Capt., J. B. McArthur; Sec.-Treas., J. S. Carkner Custodian, Jas. MacArthur. Those of the Tennis Club are: Hon.-Pres., D. W. Karn, Esq.; Pres., Principal McCrimmon; Vice-Pres., M. S. McArthur; Sec.-Treas., E. A. Davis; Custodian, J. R. Challies. Mr. Clarke is Pres. of the Base-ball Club, W. J. Meade is Captain, and M. S. McArthur, Sec.-Treas.

On Friday evening, April 14th, the boys conceived the notion that the town's people were sleeping altogether too soundly. Accordingly a meeting was called and arrangements made to "paint the town red." About 11 o'clock the trumpet sounded, the next moment the corridors were crowded with the white robed throng, and in a short time the old town was re-echoing with sounds of "Bis—Boom—Bah." The boys were about one hundred strong, marshalled by two of their number on horseback. They marched down Wilson St. to the music of a tin-horn band, and aroused all residents enroute. Reaching Dundas Street, they formed up under the electric light, and notified all residents of that part of the town that certain ones of their number were "all right." Next they proceeded up Dundas, led by the two marshalls; turning down Victoria North they stopped in front of several homes where the sweethearts of some of their number resided, and notified the young ladies within that they had come to do them homage. On Wellington Street several other houses received special salutations. On the market square the generals held a review of their troops, tested their yelling powers, and thence proceeded to the G. T. R. overhead bridge. Here the generals bestowed worthy praise upon their forces, assuring them that the town was theirs. Then the mighty crest-tossing leaders drew up the force before the College, and announced to the wide world that Principal McCrimmon and the other members of the Faculty were "all right," and with three cheers and a tiger for "D. K," the boys retired.

Our Open Meeting.—The annual entertainment of Woodstock College boys drew just about as well as ever last night, a large audience being present when the curtain rolled up at 8.15. From that time until 11.15, when the rather long programme came to an end, those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as was evidenced by the hearty hand-clapping which followed each number. The entertainment was held in the spacious dining hall of the college, and at one end of the hall a large stage was erected.

The curtain rolled up on the Glee Club, who, under the leadership of I. A. Thomas, gave a very enjoyable rendering of "The Finest Lad on all the Rhine." W. E Bowyer and H. Bryant received an encore for their duet, and the pantomine, "Popping the Question," by J. N. McLean was one of the most amusing features of the programme. It must have been rather cleverly done, for those who were old enough to know applauded most heartily. A vocal solo by W. E. Bowyer, the reading of the first half of a funny edition of the Oracle, and a selection by the Pickaninny Band, completed the first half of the programme. This last number was perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the programme, at any rate, it was the most laughable. About ten of the boys, made up as real coons of the most gorgeous kind, with most extraordinary sounding instruments, played such tunes as "Yankee Doodle" and "Way Down South in Dixie." Three soloists, supposed to be from Dan Godfrey's band, gave some "heart-rendering" renditions of such beautiful ballads as—this is as announced by their conductor—Mendelssohn's "After the Ball." They received a boisterous encore.

The musical part of the second half of the programme was provided by H. Bryant with a vocal solo, L. D. Riggs with a clarionet solo, enthusiastically encored, W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., a piano solo, while "King Carnival March" was given by the College string band. G. Vichert read the second half of the oracle. The feature of the second half of the programme was the comedy, "Striking Oil," put on by the college boys. The stars of the company were Harris Popplewell, who as Elvira Clarendon with a high falsetto voice, was one of the funniest of old maids that could be imagined; H. H. Bingham as Lord Battonhead, a late arrival from England, and W. W. Lailey as an escaped lunatic. The other students in the cast were:

Mr. Joseph Watson, a retired farmer of Northfield, R. A. F. McDonald. Mrs. Amanda Watson, his wife, with aristocratic notions in her head, E. R. Fitch. Laura Watson, their daughter, R. G. Edwards. Mrs. Hannah Plunkett (Mrs. Watson's sister from Connecticut), W. C. Pearce. Sarah Brown, a domestic, T. N. Dexter. Solomon Steady, an old bachelor, J. M. Howell. Daniel O'Raffertey, Mr. Watson's man of all work, G. A. Taylor. First Detective, Jas. MacArthur. Second Detective, F. E. Fyle.—*Sentinel Review.*

Here and There.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association desires to acknowledge the receipt of fees from the following members: Graduates Ad Eundem—W. H. Porter, W. H. Piersol, O. C. S. Wallace, A. C. McKay, R. R. McKay, C. Goodspeed, W. S. W. McLay; Graduates in Course—'94, C. J. Cameron, Miss E. P. Wells; '95, G. H. Clarke, A. P. McDonald, S. R. Tarr; '96, G. N. Simmons (part), G. J. Menge, C. E. Scott, L. Brown; '97, Miss M. E. Burnette, J. F. Vichert, Miss E. M. McDermid; '98, Miss A. G. Iler, W. P. Reekie, W. H. B. Teakles, Miss M. A. Bailey, W. Daniel; Graduates in Theology, J. O'Neil, H. P. Whidden, S. J. Arthur. This list is complete up to April 14th, but it is hoped that a good many more may hand in the fee ($1.00) before or at the annual meeting in May. The Secretary-Treasurer is trying to make a list of the graduates in Theology, who paid their fees to the Toronto Baptist Alumni Association, the parent of the present Association. So far he has received only the following names: W. J. McKay, C. E. McLeod, C. H. Phillimore, G. M. Lehigh, J. A. Keay. He would be glad to receive the names of all others who have done so.

McMaster graduates still continue to come to the front. Mr. Wilson R Smith, '95, has received his degree of Ph. D. from Chicago University, with the standing of *magna cum laude*, a distinction not often attained. The list of Fellowships of the same University contains the names of three other McMaster graduates, Mr. W. Findlay, '96, Mr. H. H. Newman, '96, and Mr. R. D. George, '97. Mr. George has also been offered a position under the Department of Agriculture in the United States to make a study of soils. THE MONTHLY extends its heartiest congratulations to them all.

Many of the readers of THE MONTHLY will regret to learn of the death of Rev. Robert Adams at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, on March the 10th. The deceased, who was thirty-one years of age, was born at Forest, Ontario, and was for some time a student in McMaster University.

THE WHEAT.

The flush of morning, the song of birds,
The opening buds with their fragrance sweet,
The cool leaves' rustle, the cattle's low,
And the long beams brighten the dewy wheat.

Sunshine and shadow and drops of rain,
The blossoms refreshed, and as swift and fleet
As the shadow of wings that skim the air,
Is the wind that rustles the bending wheat.

The after-glow fades out of the west,
Darkness and silence the tired world greet,
The stars come out as the daylight fades,
And the cricket chirps in the quiet wheat.

CATHERINE M. BUCHANAN, in *Sibyl*.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1899.

JOHN BURNS.

The McMaster University Monthly has from its inception been printed by the firm of Dudley & Burns; it is therefore fitting that a sketch of Mr. Burns' life should appear in its pages. The conductors of The Monthly felt that in him they had not only a man who carefully performed his part of the business, but they learned to esteem him as a friend. The firm of Dudley & Burns has been intimately identified with Baptist literature; at one time they printed the *Canadian Baptist* and for years have printed the *Link*, the organ of the Women's Foreign Mission Society.

Mr. Burns was a modest, unassuming man. He lived an ordinary life, such as most of us live; but he faithfully performed his every day duties. He was born July 30th 1832, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. His father was a soldier and his regiment happened to be stationed there at the time. In 1838 he came with his parents to Toronto, where the rest of his life was spent. He received his education at the Central School, which was on the corner of Adelaide and Nelson streets, the latter of which is now called Jarvis street.

At the age of fifteen he left school and was apprenticed to learn the trade of printer. He served his five years' term in the office of the *Patriot* newspaper. This paper was afterwards united with *The Colonist*. Mr. Burns continued on the staff and there formed the acquaintance of Mr. James Dudley, who afterwards became his partner.

He worked in this office for several years, and during this

time, two of the most important events of his life occurred; on June 3rd, 1857, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Dudley, sister of his friend, Mr. James Dudley. Mr. Burns had been brought up in the Church of England, and in his youth attended St. George's church. At that time the Baptists in the city of Toronto, were few, but many of them were earnest Christian workers. One of the most earnest and zealous was Mrs. James Girvin, who had herself been brought up in the Church of England, but had joined the little Baptist church, while Rev. R. A. Fyfe was pastor. Through her influence, Mr. and Mrs. Burns first, and afterwards the father and mother of Mrs. Burns, together with her brothers, were led to become members of the Bond St. Baptist Church. In the year 1861, on December 22nd, Mr. and Mrs. Burns were baptized together by Rev. Thos. F. Caldicott. They at once entered heartily into the work of the church, and became valued members of the choir, where they served for many years.

In 1865 the firm of Dudley & Burns was formed, and continued till the death of Mr. Burns. By knowledge of their business, by strict honesty, by unfailing courtesy, the firm established a large business, and won the confidence and esteem of their patrons. Mr. Burns was a striking example of the text, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." If you wished to find him during business hours, you had only to go to his office, and there he was at work. If you wished to find him on Sunday during the hours of church service, you had to go to his pew; and in the afternoon to his Sunday school class. If you wanted to see him on Wednesday night between eight and nine o'clock, it was safe to look for him at the prayer-meeting.

About the year 1871, the Bond St. Baptist church commenced a Mission Sunday School in the Berkeley St. Fire Hall. This mission developed into the Parliament St. Baptist Church. Mr. Burns was one of the teachers in the school, and continued this work for several years. He afterwards became a teacher in the Jarvis St. school, and there did a most important work. He taught in one of the class rooms a young women's Bible class. As a teacher he was punctual, regular in attendance, and painstak-

ing in his preparation. He seemed to realize the greatness of the work. For some years he was a deacon and trustee but resigned these offices some time before his death.

His life was a singularly even and steady one, but he had his troubles. In 1880, on July 24th, he suffered a heavy loss: his loving and devoted wife was taken from him, and he was left alone with his grief. He had no children to console him, but he experienced at this time that the Holy Spirit was a real comforter. He had besides another source of comfort, the pleasant memories of a happy married life with one who had loved him with an unchanging affection. After the lapse of two years he was united in marriage on May 24th, 1882, to Miss Sarah Summers. Miss Summers was a member of his Bible class, and their union was a happy one. Their married life lasted nearly seventeen years. Four children were given to them, two daughters and two sons.

Mr. Burns was one of my intimate friends, and it was a great shock to me, when I read in one of the city papers that he had passsed out of this world. I was in the habit of calling at his office once a week, and was there on Tuesday, Feb. 14th; we had a short talk, but neither of us would have believed that it was our last in this world. On the following Wednesday evening, he left the office at 5.30, apparently in his usual health. He spent the evening with his family; at 10 o'clock he had family worship. He read a chapter of the Bible and then knelt down to pray; but soon stood up and told his wife that one side of his body was numb. Shortly after he lost consciousness, and on Friday, Feb 17th, about 11 o'clock at night, he entered into rest.

His funeral took place on the following Monday, when a service was held in Jarvis St. church. The pastor, Rev. B.D. Thomas, was, to his great regret, prevented by illness from being present. His place was taken by Rev. Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, and Rev. Elmore Harris. The service was a most impressive one and was largely attended, not only by members of Baptist churches, but by many belonging to the printing and publishing business, who came to testify their esteem and deep regret. His body was laid away in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

He being dead yet speaketh. For fifty years he did his daily work. He was a manly man, straightforward and upright. All who came in contact with him were impressed with his courtesy and kindliness. He was a man of commanding presence, large and powerful looking. He was a most entertaining companion; his strong common sense, combined with a great fund of humor made his conversation most attractive and enjoyable. Withal he had a tender, sympathetic heart, and that charity which covers a multitude of sins. One of his striking characteristics was his faithfulness; you knew where to find him. He was unassuming, not seeking, but rather shunning, notoriety.

I always liked to hear him pray and speak in prayer-meeting. His words seemed to come straight from his heart; and often he spoke with a simple and touching eloquence. Not long before his death, he spoke with unusual feeling and power. One of his daughters had accepted Christ, and he told us of his thankfulness. He said that at one time when a young man, he had doubts about the Bible; but that he was led to believe on Jesus Christ, and had never, since that time, doubted Him once.

His earthly life is ended, but of him it may well be said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

T. Dixon Craig.

House of Commons,
Ottawa.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, THE NEGRO POET.

My first introduction to Paul Laurence Dunbar was through an article by W. D. Howells, which appeared in "Harper's Weekly" during the summer of 1896. A friend had sent Mr. Howells a copy of "Majors and Minors," a small volume of verse published by Dunbar two years before. Mr. Howells spoke with no uncertain sound as to the worth of the production, and of his "surprise" and enjoyment of it, and stated that Dunbar was no ordinary verse maker but a real poet, a poet who has been able to "bring us nearer to the heart of primitive human nature in his race than any one else has yet done." Mr. Howells devoted almost an entire page of the Weekly to the the "unknown but not ungifted poet," introducing Mr. Dunbar to a measure of popularity and fame which his later productions have increased.

Mr. Dunbar is of pure African descent, born of parents who were both slaves. His father belonged to a Kentucky plantation and succeeded in gaining his freedom by escaping to Canada. His mother also belonged in Kentucky and when set free at the close of the civil war, went North, and the united family made their home in Dayton, Ohio, where Paul (a younger son) was born. Here he grew up in a home of poverty, but of some refinement, and with such education as could be had in public and high school, graduating from the latter in June, 1891.

Paul's father was a plasterer by trade and had taught himself to read, spending such time as he had for such luxury in reading history. From his mother Paul inherited his love for poetry; and no prouder mother is to be found in all the land than this dignified, gentle old lady with her dark interesting face. She appreciated and encouraged her son's first literary attempts and was, perhaps, the happier of the two at the notice and praise of his townsfolk and friends, for many of Mr. Dunbar's most appreciative friends and kindest helpers have been those of his own town.

Many of his first poems were conceived while doing duty as an elevator boy in one of the large business houses in Dayton. An interesting story is told of a gentleman who had gone to the fine building which had been given him as the address of Dun-

bar, and asked the elevator boy to take him to the floor on which could be found the office of Paul Laurence Dunbar the poet; to which the elevator boy replied "I am Paul Laurence Dunbar."

In 1894 Dunbar published his first collection of poems "Oak and Ivy," and two years after "Major and Minors," the "Majors" being poems in regular English, the "Minors" in the dialect of the Middle South negro and his poor white neighbor. In 1897 the more pretentious volume, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," appeared. Nor has Mr. Dunbar confined himself to poetry. In the following year was sent out a collection of some dozen or more short stories under the title "Folks from Dixie," which settled the fact that Mr. Dunbar has made a place for himself as a story-writer. This was followed last year by a novel "The Uncalled," a most interesting tale and one of literary merit.

Mr. Dunbar has been giving readings of his own poems since 1892. He reads delightfully, with perfect naturalness, happily devoid of elocutionary effect. He has a magnificent voice which is well managed, lending itself with much grace to the intonations and accent which interpret, as none but a negro's voice can, the dialect poems. He reads those in regular English equally well. He has a fine physique, a most polished, engaging manner, a frank bright face, though one would hardly say handsome, of a dark brown in color, with the thick, outrolling lips and other negro features strongly marked. In 1897, through Mr. Howell's influence, Dunbar spent some time in England where he gave readings which occasioned much favorable comment and where he received many social attentions.

It is a matter of surprise how Mr. Dunbar, who has always lived as far north as Dayton, has been able to catch so well the dialect and mode of thought of the Middle South negro. Of dialect Mr. Howells has said—"We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts, and failures for the written and spoken language."

All southern negroes do not speak the same. The northern belt of the South has a dialect somewhat different from that of the Middle South, while the states farther south have another

mode of speech, and those of the rice plantations and islands of the coast can with difficulty be understood farther north. The following incident emphasizes this, though it may be somewhat overdrawn :—

"A member of a minstrel company who desired thoroughly to master the negro dialect associated for months with the negroes on a Virginia plantation. When he appeared upon the stage in Richmond, he made an instantaneous success. Later on, he appeared in Georgia and Alabama and no one understood him."

In his dialect poems Mr. Dunbar has expressed, with the most consummate art, the traits of his race; their pathos and humor, their loves and delights, in the modes of expression peculiar to those of them in lowly life, and with a sympathetic tenderness which is one of the charms of his art. For he is an artist, one feels this at once: his songs are not wrought out, they are inspirations, reminding one of the clear mountain streams that sing because they must—a very ecstacy of motion:—

* "A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!"

But let the reader enjoy Mr. Dunbar for himself at first hand. There are a few "befo' de wah" songs in the collections, notably "The Ante Bellum Sermon." The confidence that deliverance will come from some source, the strong belief in the God of comfort, and at the same time the fear of the master are well expressed. The preacher's text is the deliverance of the children of Israel through Moses. The second stanza reads:

"Now ole Pher'oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo'n,
An'he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin' in his co'n;
'Twell de Lawd got tiahed o' his foolin',
An sez he: "I'll let him know—
Look hyeah Moses, go tell Pher'oh
Fu' to let dem chillun go.""

He then tells them of the impotency of Pharaoh against "de vials of God's powah," assuring them that he is the same God still:—

* From "The Poet and His Song," Dunbar.

" But I tell you, fellah christuns,
Things'll happen mighty strange;
Now, de Lawd done dis fu' Isrul,
And his ways don't nevah change.
An' de love he showed to Isrul
Wasn't all on Isrul spent.
Now don't run an' tell yo' mastahs
Dat I's preachin' discontent.

Cause I is n't; I'se a-judgin'
Bible people by deir ac's;
I'se a-givin' you de Scriptuah,
I'se a-handin' you de fac's.
Cose ole Pher'oh blieved in slav'ry,
But de Lawd he let him see,
Dat de people he put bref in,—
Evah mothah's son was free.

. . . . . .

So you see de Lawd's intention,
Evah sence de worl' began,
Was dat his almighty freedom
Should belong to evah man,
But I think it would be bettah,
Ef I'd pause agin to say,
Dat I'm talkin' 'about ouah freedom
In a Bibleistic way."

Another illustrates the well known love of the slave for his banjo :—

" Den my fam'ly gadders roun' me
In de fadin' o' de light
Ez I strike de strings to try 'em
Ef dey all is tuned er-right.
An' it seems we're so nigh heaben
We kin hyeah de angels sing
When de music o' dat banjo
Sets my cabin all er-ring.

. . . . . .

It's de greates' joy an solace
Dat a weary slave kin know."

Another which is most characteristic is " A Corn Song :"

" On the wide verandah white,
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is slowly burning;
And his dreamy thoughts are drowned
In the softly flowing sound
Of the corn-songs of the field-hands slow returning

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done."

And it has ever been true that

" the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn-song rises ever brave and cheery.

Oh we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n ;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done."

I was passing a company of negro workmen who were laying rails for a street railway not long since. They were driving the rails together with regular heavy strokes, which were timed by a weird chant sung out by one of the men : " Now one mo' time, brothahs, hit her a little ha'dah !" This with slight variations repeated again and again. One seldom passess a gang of negro workmen without hearing the song, sometimes one voice, at another all together. Even the chain-gang, that blot of the southern penal system, will have its song, as the men work chained singly or together upon the public roads.

One of the songs which fits to-day as well as ante-bellum times is " When de Co'n Pone's Hot :"

' When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad ;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in' out ;
Why de 'lectric light o' heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

. . . . . .

Fu' de glory time is comin'
An' its 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an hollah,
Dough you know you'd bettah not,
When you mammy says de blessing',
An' de co'n pone's hot."

One poem which is a favorite among the older people as well as those not so old is written in the Hoosier dialect, " The Ol' Tunes."

" There was spirit in that music,
An' a kind o' solemn sway,
A-singin[o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

. . . . . .

But the times is very diff'rent,
An' the music heerd to-day
Ain't the singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way."

Little screechin' by a woman,
Little squawkin' by a man,
Then the organ's twiddle-twaddle,
Jest the empty space to span,—
An' if you should even think it,
'Tis n't proper fur to say
That you want to hear the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way."

Mr. Dunbar has given in the last stanza of "Growin' Gray," the recipe for perpetual youth :—

"Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray—
Who cares what the carpin' youngsters say?
For, after all, when the tale is told,
Love proves if a man is young or old!
Old age can't make the heart grow cold
When it does the will of an honest mind;
When it beats with love fur all mankind;
Then the night but leads to a fairer day—
Hello, ole man, you're a-gettin' gray!"

But of all the dialect poems "The Party" and "When Malindy Sings" are among the best. In my selections from the dialect, I am a little burdened with the fact that to really understand the poems and thoroughly enjoy them one should be familiar with the dialect which, I fear, many of my Canadian friends are not. Nevertheless I cannot refrain from including "When Malindy Sings."

"G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practise twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants an' rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin',
'Taint' no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hoolah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes strikes yo' hea't an' clings,
Jes you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross;
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well you don't know whut you los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes 'stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin' bird quit tryin' to whistle,
Cause he jes so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings--
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em,
When Malindy sings.

. . . . . .

An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
Ez it rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God.

Oh hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an eddicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit and calmly listen
While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh o' angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings."

I have given the greater part of my space to the distinctively negro poems, because, in this line, Mr. Dunbar stands first and

has done for his race what no one, outside his race, could do as well. The majority of the lyrics are in literary English. I have selected a few lines from here and there. The closing of an ode to Whittier shows fine appreciation:

"Great poets never die, for earth
Doth count their lives of too great worth
To lose them from her treasured store;
So shalt thou live for evermore—
Though far thy form from mortal ken—
Deep in the hearts and minds of men."

We hear a sound of spring floating to us, for:

"A robin sits pluming his ruddy breast,
And a madrigal sings to his love on her nest:
'Oh the skies they are blue, the fields are green,
And the bird in your nest will soon be seen!'
She hangs on his words with a thrill of love,
And chirps to him as he sits above,
For the song is sweet, so sweet."

Mr. Dunbar preaches the gospel of works:

"humanity
Needs more and heaven less from thee,
With pity for mankind look 'round;
Help them to rise,—and heaven is found."

He also believes in the ministry of sorrow:

"For oft from the darkness of hearts and lives,
Come songs that brim with joy and light,
As out of the gloom of a cypress grove
The mocking-bird sings at night."

but alas!

"O few are they along the way
Who sing when skies are gray.""

A graceful touch is found in "Sunset:"

"Low murmurs reach me from the town,
As days puts on her sombre crown,
And shakes her mantle darkly down."

Dunbar's interpretation of the lighter and more serious sides of life is well illustrated in the two following poems.

RETORT.

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
Indeed the greatest of fools thou art,
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart;"
And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
The light glowed soft on her raven hair;
And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air:
"Thou art worse than a fool, O head!"

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
Good-bye for aye and aye,"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience;
I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot;
Remorse sits in my place."

The tribute Dunbar pays to "the colored soldiers," recalls the brave deeds of the colored troops during the Spanish war:

"So all honor and all glory
To those noble sons of Ham—
The gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam."

Mr. Dunbar has only begun his literary work. As he is now but twenty-seven, we may expect greater things in the days to come. Last year he was married to Miss Alice Ruth Moore, a native of New Orleans, who had been engaged in literary work in Boston for some time previous to her marriage. They are now living in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Dunbar has a position in the Congressional Library. Surely in such an atmosphere the muses will often bear him company.

Clara Goble Sale.

Atlanta Baptist College.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM BE CHANGED, AND HOW? A SYMPOSIUM.

II.

REV. GEORGE CROSS, B.D.

The questions raised in President Harper's article may be thoroughly discussed only by specialists, but the opinion of a student and pastor may be taken for what it is worth.

The minister of Christ,—be he preacher, teacher, pastor, administrator, or all of them,—is in the last analysis the bearer of a message from God to men. To accomplish his mission he must, first, consciously possess the message, second, convey it to the hearts of others. The first condition involves a regenerated life of deep spiritual force and a knowledge of the message of the Scriptures to the men of his time, and the second involves along with this a sympathetic understanding of the people to whom he ministers, their spiritual and moral condition, their habits of thought and their external circumstances. A theological course is of value according as it serves these conditions.

It is plain that in all this the spiritual character of the minister is the chief point, but, unfortunately, the article in question almost entirely overlooks this. College professors are, of course, prone to over-rate the value of a course of seminary training, and this is pardonable ; but the professionalism which is so prominent in Dr. Harper's view of a minister's preparation for work is unpardonable. The spiritual preparation is indeed mentioned in the proposition for temporary world-flight, but this too is the mark of professionalism.

The tendency to rash assertion and the, evidently, interested character of this article are sure to discount its value to many minds ; but it would be a great mistake to allow these and the error above mentioned to obscure the real importance of the whole question as raised by Dr. Harper and the value of some of his suggestions. That most theological *curricula* are out of harmony with the conditions and needs of the present age I have no doubt, and even radical changes may be necessary.

I will refer briefly to some of the recommendations offered :

1. Encouragement of specialism. This is of more value in the city than in the country. It may easily produce the evil of narrowness.

2. Adoption of elective system. Of more importance for the professor than for the student. All men should not be expected to take the same course exactly. Yet, the practice of allowing many options is apt to lead student to gather a little everywhere and do nothing well.

3. Broadening of the range. It is extremely important that theological seminaries should open their doors wide to others besides preachers. Has not McMaster erred in this respect? *Vide* the Bible Training School at its very door.

4. Adoption of the comparative method in theology,—historical study. Of great importance for the understanding of dogma and of the Bible. It is important that theologians should recognize the imperativeness of stating the Christian verities anew in the present day of science. It is necessary too that the historical criticism of the Bible should be understood by students for the ministry.

5. Emphasizing the study of the English Bible. By all means. Let Hebrew be made an elective subject. Probably not one-tenth of the ministers who study it ever use it after leaving the seminary. Greek stands on a different footing.

6. "Theological clinics." Here Dr. Harper is a mere theorist without pastoral experiences. Such a course as suggested would fill men's head with impossible plans which would be dropped one by one in actual work. Our own system is vastly better.

7. Dr. Harper seems to overlook the value of dogmatic theology, a subject of the very first rank. But present methods are not fitted to develope independent thinking or religious life.

R. D. WARREN, ESQ.

If I were to ask the question: What's the matter with the people? I think perhaps I could do you better service than I can in trying to make suggestions as to how the standard of the ministry can be improved. So far as I have been able to observe, the men who come from our Canadian theological col-

leges are, with the inevitable exceptions, good, all-round preachers and pastors.

There would seem to be a growing demand for preachers who are (1) good men, (2) sensible men, (3) educated men, (4) business men,(5) men who know everything about preaching and something about everything else. The man who is simply a preacher cannot make a success of the ministry in the town and village communities (whatever he may do in the cities) and when Dr. Harper discovered that "many a minister fails from lack of abi'ity to adjust himself to his surroundings," he found out for himself what many ministers, and even some laymen, discovered long ago. Every church has its peculiarities, and every locality with its several churches and its social customs, has its special way of doing things, conservative or progressive as the case may be, and that preacher must indeed be a strong man who can come into a community and by a few sermons, or other methods, lead the whole community to adopt any new system he may propose. The permanently successful pastor will be the man who is able to adjust himself to the special conditions of his constituency, who studies his people and his people's surroundings, and who suits his preaching and his personal work to the people as he finds them.

Perhaps one of the chief causes of failure amongst preachers is that they imagine the place which they occupy to be altogether too small for them, and so become indifferent. My own conviction is that the Lord's call to a more important field never comes to the man who has not surrendered himself wholesouled to the work of his present field, however limited that may be. If our theological schools can continue, as they now appear to be doing, to turn out honest, devoted, patient men—men possessing the qualities, natural and acquired, named at first —neither Dr. Harper nor our own university need be alarmed about the safety of the churches.

Of course there will have to be new methods to meet the changed conditions and a progressive age, but these need be but few and always based upon the same principles. So far as I am acquainted with present-day thought among the younger generation of Baptists, there does not seem to be a hankering

after new methods so much as a desire for an intenser earnestness and a more practical application of the old principles and methods to the ever changing conditions of modern life. I am not able to enumerate the things that should be taught in a theological school. I leave that to the theologians. That "an effort should be made so to adjust the work of the seminary as to render it attractive to the best men," is a proposition that goes without saying and will meet with universal approval. If our "best" men are not being drawn to the ministry because of defective curricula, then certainly some adjustment is necessary; but if, as I suspect, our "best" men (and by that term I suppose Dr. Harper means our brainiest men) feel that with the education and training demanded of the present-day ministry they can command a much larger "stipend" in other lines of life and so fight shy of the ministry, then I say let us adjust the stipend instead of the theological curriculum. My own opinion is that the old theology is all right and the old education and training are not much astray. The old methods, a little modernized perhaps, will still do good work. The needs of the day are a better distribution of church work, a more universal acceptance of individual responsibility, more personal consecration by pastor and people and a larger liberality.

REV. JAMES GRANT.

The sole question raised by Dr. Harper is this: The proper training of young men for the ministry.

Most men who have had some years of practical experience in preaching, believe that some, at least, of our present methods are ill-suited to the requirements of the times. If the question were put bluntly: Do you consider a course in theology as given in many of our seminaries of much practical benefit to those whose life-work is to preach? not a few of our best men would hold themselves in suspense before answering.

The hesitation in answering would be its condemnation. Nor are ministers alone in this. There is a feeling abroad, in the rank and file of our churches, that something is wrong. Complaint is constantly made of poor preaching, and as a con-

sequence people are not drawn to our services. Congregations seeking a minisister care little for the brilliant scholarship of a candidate if he is unable to make any effective use of it; so they judge the work of the college by the effective or ineffective preaching of its graduates. It is in the *practical work* that our theological colleges should be strongest and where we find them weakest. If the object in training men for the ministry is that they should be "soul-winners," and men of power among their fellow men, the feeble manner in which the Gospel message is presented by many should make us ask, Is there not something wrong?

I wish to say that I am a thorough believer in an educated and well equipped ministry. Whatever niche God may have in His Kingdom for weaklings, their place is not in the pulpit. The pulpit is the Thermopylæ of Christendom, and here strong men must "keep the pass." But by education we mean the adaptation of the means to the end intended—the fitness of the instrument to perform, or produce the required result. An educated ministry does not necessarily mean a scholastic ministry, but mental and moral adjustment between the workman and his work. I find myself in perfect accord with Dr. Harper that the *quality* of the men studying for the ministry is, in a great many instances, far inferior to what it should be. The real difficulty begins here. It is absolutely useless trying to train some men for this divine vocation, and yet we admit them to our classes. Numbers enter our ministry who should be in some other calling. This is so obvious that it is a standing reproach. In mechanical or commerical life they would be successful and honoured, but in the ministry they are—take a concrete example—as much out of their proper place as the Chancellor of McMaster University would be as captain of an Atlantic Liner. The qualification of grace is not enough. It is divinely impossible to make ministers of some men. They were not built with that end in view, and to attempt it is fighting against God and nature. Candidates for the ministry should be men of moral magnetism, men in keen touch with their fellow men, level-headed men and of large moral sympathies. In the pulpit such men would be something other than what Richard Baxter denominates as "pious and painful preachers."

It is quite slyly hinted by Dr. Harper that perhaps some theological professors are at fault. I tread on critical ground. And yet is it not a fact that sufficient attention is not always given to their selection? Good theological professors are rare. They have the teaching instinct, just as poets have the poetic instinct. It oozes out of them. It is felt in every motion of their hand. It flashes in the eye. This is all-important, for as vessels have been known to be fatally marred by a defect in the mould, so young men, otherwise good and of the right quality, have been found to be spoiled, dwarfed, their best qualities repressed, turned into wrong channels, shorn of their natural usefulness by an inefficient, unwise or pedantic teacher. How can we expect good results from our theological schools unless the professors are men of originality, men who can think out of the ordinary grooves, bold and daring in their mental flights; who, eagle-like, can perch on the higher crag of thought and woo their fledglings to follow: men who can excite love of mental adventure, who will now and then shock and stagger the student with seeming paradox or heterodoxy—men who will compel the student to think, to think for himself, to discover, reason, analyze, build his own argument, and form his own conclusions?

It is pitiable to see students sit agape receiving in the most credulous way everything the professor says because he says it. The professor is a dead failure who does not train his pupils to think. A man of marked individuality, too, he should be I think. A moral electric battery! An eminent minister who sat at the feet of the great Dr. Chalmers says: "I did not get much theology from Dr. Chalmers, but I got enthusiasm." Thomas Hughes said that he came from Rugby with a poor knowledge of classics, but with a down right love of the truth, a real manhood, a hatred of all meanness and shams. Association with some theological professors is an entire curriculum in itself. Before we find too much fault with theology let us seek the best teachers of it.

I think with Dr. Harper, that our theological course should be less scholastic than it is, and more elastic. I do not undervalue a scholastic course, but the danger is to immensely overvalue it. The Roman matron so loaded herself with jewels

when she went out that she could not walk. The present age does not demand and will not have ponderous preachers loaded with the jewels of dead languages. Never let it be forgotten that the work of our schools is not to turn out scholars, exegetes or theologians, but preachers, living preachers, magnetic preachers, Savonarolas.

I do not consider a knowledge of Hebrew indispensable. Some few ministers may find it valuable, but the little of it given, and this little in compulsory doses, does not amount to much.

Our students should be well-trained in English literature. This is of more importance than Hebrew. English is the language of the common people, the subtle, potent, magic weapon with which effective work is to be done. It is, under God, the Damascus blade of the pulpit.

The great strength of our theological training should be laid on the teaching of the Bible. Systematic theology may be useful in some cases, although to be frank, the instances are not many. What do the men of to-day care for mediæval definitions? Systematic theology constructs its archaic theories on the etymology of words, or on verbal torture. Our business is not to send out theologians, but preachers, preachers of righteousness, of commercial and political righteousness, to send out men who understand social and labor problems, who shall come into closest touch with their fellows at every point, and to do this thoroughly every thing almost bends on their knowledge of their Bible. The history of the Bible, the governing ideas of the Bible, of each book, the writers of each book, and every thing connected with it they should be as well acquainted with as was Remenyi with the strings of his violin. I have known students to pass a good examination in theology who knew but little of their Bible. They should be made to commit most of it to memory, and pass an examination in it more rigid than in anything else.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. Mode, B.A. D. Bovington, '99 Editors.

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

(Concluded.)

Chapter V.

As Maxime swam he called occasionally, and when he reached the shore his father was already there, having hastened to see whose voice he heard. Maxime was now walking on the sandy bottom, hauling the canoe after him to where he could turn it over, at the same saying hurriedly to his father:

"There's some one out there either lost or drowning. Go over to our landing and I'll fetch him there as soon as I possibly can."

"What if it should be Fleury and Rosy," suggested the father.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know, they were to row with vegetables over to the market this morning?"

"Sure enough, I do. I do."

Taking no heed of his wet garments, the son jumped into his canoe again, and plied the paddle he had managed to keep, with his best strength and skill. It fairly bent as he shot in and out among the rushes seeking the man whose voice he could hear again.

It seemed far off but was nearer than he thought, for as he came swinging around past the last clump of weeds into the open lake, he saw right before him the very boat and people he had so dreaded to find in that predicament.

Fleury had managed to hold Rosy to the boat, but she was now unconscious from fright and the cold. He himself was weak, but quite able to explain that they struck an object which must have been an old tree trunk, when an involuntary move-

ment on the part of them both, had sent the boat over. He was even able to help Maxime get Rosy into the canoe, and also get into it himself, while the young man, supported by the capsized boat, held the canoe in place. Maxime succeeded, with much precaution, in regaining his own place in the stern and then as fast as he could with safety, took his sad load to the little landing which was half a mile from the house. When they reached it, his father was found anxiously awaiting them. Rosy's father felt some stronger now, but no change was apparent in her condition. They feared she might die before reaching the house, so they hastily made a litter with oars and branches, placed her upon it, and the Tremblays carried her while the sorrowing father followed as best he could.

With the presentiment some women have at the approach of a calamity, Rosy's mother had, she knew not why, kept watching the road to the lake ever since her husband and daughter had left, so that it was still quite far away when she perceived the little procession advancing toward the house. When the men with their burden reached the threshold, she waited there to receive them, and they knew there was need of very few words save some of hope for that mother's heart. Fleury and Maxime removed their wet clothes while the latter's father hastened away with his best horse to get the village doctor. Rosy's mother gave her some stimulant and was encouraged to see the child open her eyes and try to speak; but there was no time to listen to her then. She was soon in bed as comfortable as it was possible to make her, and then at last the doctor came. When he saw his patient he could not but look grave. She was in a very high fever and seemed to breathe with difficulty. The doctor said he feared pneumonia, and as it proved, his fears were only too well founded. The long exposure to cold and wet had been too much for a constitution which had never been robust. In spite of all efforts the day came when it was seen that there could be no more hope. Maxime came over that day and sat for a few moments by the bedside. Rosy turned her eyes toward him, and putting out her hand said:

"Did you bring me home from the lake?" He tenderly took the proffered hand and replied:

"Yes, Rosy, I did."

"I am so glad. I thank you, Maxime. I think I am going to die . . . . I wanted to live . . . . and . . . . and . . . . but perhaps it is best so."

The strong young man could not keep his eyes from growing misty with tears, and as a reply he kissed the hand of the girl who from a child had so faithfully loved him. After a moment's silence, he rose to go, and looked at her to say goodbye. Her eyes were closed now, and upon her features was a smile that seemed to be one of inner happiness, but she did not make the sign of recognition he sought again. He beckoned her mother to come, but Maxime himself had received the last word that Rosy would ever speak.

Chapter VI.

It was not by so unfortunate an event that Maxime had hoped to come out of the dilemma which he had felt so helpless to remove, and at first the death of Rosy somewhat saddened his life at home. As a consequence he felt himself more than ever impelled to seek the company of Yvonne. Time heals many wounds, and the year that now came and went brought much happiness to both Maxime and Yvonne. Absorbed in the thought of each other they were almost unconscious of time, until one day Maxime awoke to the fact that he was twenty-one years old. This meant to him, according to the ideas of his race, that he could with all seriousness entertain the purpose of soon taking Yvonne to himself. That same night as he was on his way to see her, his heart beat very hard, but it fairly leaped with joy when at the suggestion of his new-born hope, he saw her modest eyes look down and blushes like pinks and roses come upon the cheeks of the bewitching girl before him. That was answer enough. Lovers have a way of sealing compacts they make, and Maxime did not forget to do that. It may be safe to infer that for a moment he did forget everything else.

* * * * * * *

Through unremitting labor and good management, in which Maxime had taken no small share, his father had become one of

the most well-to-do farmers in Maskinongé, and was about to build a new and very commodious house. Not that his family was as large as that of many French Canadians, for there was only one other boy five years younger than Maxime; but the old house had well served its time and did not afford the comfort which would now be in keeping with his means. Maxime saw in this a removal of what might have been a serious barrier to the realization of his hopes. It was accordingly easy for him to get the full consent of his father and mother. In fact, the mother who had always been proud of her two boys, heartily welcomed the prospect of having a daughter, in every way so amiable as she knew Yvonne to be.

Yvonne's father must now be informed of the young folks' desire to be married, and his consent was, of course, essential. He had always made Maxime welcome in his house, but had never shown what he thought about the boy's relations with his daughter. It was therefore not at all certain how the suitor would be received. According to the "habitants'" custom, it was arranged to have Yvonne inform her father that on a certain day Maxime would come to see him concerning an important matter. At the appointed time the young man came. Not without some nervousness, but with all the grace and politeness which this folk can command on such occasions, he made known his suit. After a moment's pause, and with poorly repressed emotion the old man made this reply:

"Maxime, I have known you since you were a little fellow, and have always had reason to honor you. On that account, although you come and ask for much to-night, I cannot refuse you my child's hand, since, moreover, she has given you her heart; but wait, my boy, wait; let us keep her here yet a while until we can get accustomed to the thought of having her go."

Maxime was not prepared for the feeling that came with the answer to his plea. He had never realized that what would be his sweet gain might be a loss to some one else. Touched by this new aspect of the matter he readily consented to wait.

When the father withdrew from the cosy parlor in which this interview had taken place, his daughter came in and rejoiced with her lover that nothing now hindered their looking

forward to the consummation of their love. After some weeks had elapsed, Maxime found that in anticipation of the day when he could wed Yvonne, his generous consent to wait was turning to impatience that the delay should end as soon as possible.

It was in the first days of August. Haying had been unusually long that year, but one Saturday afternoon the Tremblays saw their last load in, and the boys decided to celebrate by going down to the swimming-hole for a diving competition. This favorite resort of theirs was down the river not far from the Gonnevilles ; and young Eusèbe always joined them in the sport. That day, "papa" Gonneville happened to be cutting brush away from his fences near by. At sight of him Maxime thought of Yvonne, and when the boys had come near to where he worked the old man asked :

"Who takes the best dive to-day ?"

"O, Maxime of course," said the other two.

"How long a dive can you take, Maxime ?"

O, I don't know ; they say that the best pearl divers stay under water about eighty seconds. Perhaps I could stay under half as long."

"What, forty seconds ? Impossible."

Suddenly changing his indifferent manner to one of earnestness, Maxime replied ;

"Well, sir, if you will pardon my boldness, I would like to make a wager with you.

Please come over and hold your watch and we will suppose, if I stay under forty seconds, that I come up with a pearl in my hand, the most beautiful ever found, and having written upon it the words :

'Maxime,
Yvonne,
New Year's Day.'"

"And what if you fail ?"

"Fail ! . . . In such a case I would . . . . well . . . . fall back upon your mercy."

The earnest straightforwardness of the lad pleased the old man, and he said : "Come along and we shall see."

It was not long before the young man stood ready on the

bank, waiting for the word to plunge in. When it came he took a beautiful header and scarcely left a ripple behind him as he went in quest of that pearl.

The second hand seemed slower than ever as it crept toward the forty-second mark, but when at last the mark was reached, no Maxime had yet appeared. Ten more seconds past and still no sign. The timers scarcely knew whether to express admiration or alarm; but when the full minute had passed and still no sign of the diver appeared, the old man forgot the watch, became distracted, and exclaimed; "He's drowned, boys, he's drowned! Come, one help me get a boat, and you, Eusèbe, run for help."

* * * * * * * * *

When Maxime took his dive he made straight for the trunk of an old tree which had fallen into the river and of which the end projected a little out of the water. Coming up behind it the swimmer put his arms around it, held his face above water and coolly waited for the seconds to pass. When he noticed that his timers were agitated, he let himself slip down into the water again, and just as "le père Gonneville" had started up the bank for a boat, came to the surface and in perfect imitation of a duck cried: "Quank! Quank! Quank!"

The would-be-rescue party being thus called back, they in their surprise could only exclaim: "What, not drowned?"

"No, not drowned. Have I won, Mr. Gonneville?"

"Won, you rascal, of course, you have; but tell us, how did you manage to stay under so long?"

"Don't ask me. If it could talk, perhaps that old tree over there could tell you."

As they looked where Maxime pointed down to the stream, it dawned upon them what ruse he had employed, and the shout of laughter that went up from all three was to the diver the re-assuring evidence that the referee would not "change his decision."

* * * * * * * * *

The following New Year's night a merry wedding party gathered in the Gonneville home. Among the presents to the bride none were so much admired as a ring she wore, the gift

of her father. Upon it was set a pretty pearl and within were engraved the magic words :

" Maxime,
" Yvonne,
New Year's Day."

* * * * * * * * *

Seventy-three years have passed since that happy day. As the hero of them relates these stories of his life, one is struck by the fact that so many of them are connected with the old river. From the affection he bears it, one would almost suspect him to have been born of its waters, as he certainly did spend much of his boyhood in its waters, of his manhood upon its waters, and of his old age beside its waters. He has often expressed the wish that when he dies, he might be wrapt in his canvas hunting blanket, placed in his canoe, and committed to the depths of his long-loved stream. Indeed, those who know him can readily conceive of his spirit as having become that of the white-bearded Neptune who would then haunt and rule the river.

Leonard A. Therrien.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

The poet has said: "The proper study of mankind is man." Certain is it that there is nothing more profitable, nothing more fascinating, nothing more stimulating than the study of the lives and characters of the great men thronging the corridors of time. By sympathizing with their struggles, by rejoicing in their triumphs, by mastering the lessons learnt by them, we enrich our own lives and prove a blessing to those around us. Here and there among the number of the illustrious stands one preëminent for his sacrifices as well as for his achievements. Such an one is Wendell Phillips, who laid on the altar of Freedom his dearest earthly ambitions that he might become a saviour of men.

Rightly to understand his life we must remember the men from whom he sprang. Driven by persecution from their native land a number of Englishmen had fled to Holland, where for eleven years they had worshiped God in peace and safety and as their conscience dictated. But now the summer of 1620 has come and a great concourse of the exiled has gathered on the shore of south Holland to bid farewell to a hundred brave spirits bound for the New World, the reported land of freedom. Look at the vessel! It is only a bark of one hundred and sixty tons burden, and its passengers are crowded almost to suffocation and are but scantily provided with food. Yet they have launched out into the Atlantic trusting in God, and themselves. For days, for weeks, for months, they speed on; now wafted by the gentle breeze, and now mounting the giddy crests or plunging as it were to death, for it seemed as though the jaws of the angry Atlantic would devour them. At last the tempest-tost and weather-beaten bark reaches the cheerless shores of New England and lands its precious cargo on the historic Plymouth Rock, where on bended knee the little band prayed and sang to the "Unseen Pilot:"

> "Not as the conqueror comes,
> They, the true-hearted, came;
> Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
> Nor the trumpet that sings of fame;
> Nor as the flying come,
> In silence and in fear—
> They shook the depths of the desert gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer."

* Prize oration at the Annual Oratorical Contest of the Literary and Scientific Society, April 1899.

Amid hardships and famine and pestilence they preferred to put into practice those principles of civil and religious freedom for which they had endured so much, and upon which has risen the world's greatest Republic.

This company was soon after joined by another headed by the famous Winthorp. Among the number was the Reverend George Phillips, whose love for civil and religious freedom, and reverence for God's word and work, and power of eloquent utterance re-appeared in his more distinguished descendant, Wendell Phillips.

The child of six generations of Puritans, Wendell Phillips was born in Boston in 1811. He was the child of fortune—his parents being cultured, wealthy and highly esteemed. And he was born in Boston—the London of New England, the Paris of the New World, the centre of learning and culture, the abode of famous men. Its halls, so often the cradles of freedom, echoed to the eloquence of Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett and Fisher Ames; and and its citizens were moulding the views of the young Republic.

After attending the Boston Public Latin School he went to Harvard at the age of sixteen. His course at college was brilliant. As a student he was ranked among the first sixteen of a large class, and was the acknowledged master of the college platform. By reason of his social position and natural ability he was the proud leader of the aristocracy at that institution; and that he was such an excellent student under the circumstances, deserves the highest praise. The world applauds that poor man's son,

> "Who breaks his birth's insidious bar,
> And grasps the spirits of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star;
> Who makes by force his merit known
> And lives to clutch the golden keys
> To mould a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne;
> And moving up from high to higher,
> Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
> The pillar of the people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

But surely it is the test of the finest manhood when a scion

of aristocracy deliberately refuses to enjoy a life of opulent leisure, and resolutely bends himself to his books that he may reach the temple of knowledge to whose portal lies no royal road.

When he had graduated from Harvard he applied himself to the study of Law and in due time opened his office. No doubt there rose before him visions of a distinguished career at the bar of his State. Doubtless fame pointed out to him the steps of progress from the courts of Boston to the highest gift of his country. Perhaps he felt already on his young shoulders the mantles of Webster and Choate. And no wonder. From no son of Boston was so much expected.

About this time the slave question was becoming prominent in the politics of the day. Thus his attention was drawn to this blighting curse and national crime, and he determined to plead for a new client. Henceforth conscience should be his court; God his judge; a nation of thirty millions, his jury; and four million human chattels his client. The City of Boston was horrified to learn that her most gifted son had resolved upon such a degrading step. His relatives were thrown into despair, and at one-time friends stood aloof. He had broken caste! He had committed suicide — political, professional and social suicide! He was an Abolitionist!

The Wendell Phillips at college and the Wendell Phillips six years later were different men. At Harvard, as we have said, he was the favorite of his class. Indeed, so far removed was he from being a radical that his maiden speech was delivered against the establishment of a temperance society in his class, and he killed it. But six years after graduation he found himself an alien and an outcast from society, and called by his former companions a fanatic, and termed in contempt an Abolitionist, and jeered at as the "friend of niggers." Fie on such a society! shame on such recreant friends! An alien? because he championed the cause of the slave, when slavery meant hell on earth! An outcast? when slavery meant that the public squares of half the great cities echoed to the wail of families torn asunder at the auction-block: fathers separated for ever from their sons, and mothers torn for all time from daughters!

A fanatic? when slavery meant the turning of the temple of the Holy Ghost into a human chattel compelled to skulk along the highways, afraid to tell its name and trembling at the sight of a human being! An Abolitionist in contempt? when slavery meant that river after river became the sepulchres of those who sought beneath their rippling waters a refuge from a life too wretched to bear, too awful to describe!

But let one who graduated from the school of slavery "with his diploma on his back"—let Frederick Douglas interpret slavery for us. Looking at the ships sailing on Chesapeake Bay he addressed them with pathetic eloquence: "You are loosed from your moorings and free: I am fast in my chains and am a slave. You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip. You are freedom's swift-winged angels that fly around the world. I am confined in bonds of iron. Oh, that I were free!" Truly slavery was "the sum of all villainies." And yet the Press asserted it was all right; and the Pulpit of the day cried "Amen"! Well did the poet exclaim:

> "Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
> Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil,
> Weighed in the tyrant's balance with his gold?
> No—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould."

Early in 1832 the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed in the African Baptist Church of Boston. William Lloyd Garrison was the leading spirit and editor of the *Liberator*—a paper that was to prove the death-warrant of domestic slavery in America. Of this society Phillips became an active member. He adopted as his motto the headlines of Garrison's paper: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." And he was; for despite the seeming hopelessness of the task of emancipating the negro by educating the intellects and consciences of his countrymen, he still believed in the words of Lowell:

> "Truth forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong for ever on the throne,
> Yet that scaffold sways the future,
> And, behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow
> Keeping watch above his own.

The Abolition movement was as irresistible as the Falls of Niagara. The country was moving to a crisis. Slavery was doomed. Abraham Lincoln was elected to the White House, and everybody knew that Abraham Lincoln was bent on liberating the slave. The South seceded. Fort Sumter was fired upon. War was declared.

In a lecture delivered during this terrible struggle, Wendell Phillips, with the insight of a statesman said: "Now, how do we stand? In a war—not only that, but a terrific war—not a war sprung from the caprice of a woman, the spite of a priest, the flickering ambitions of a prince as wars usually have; but a war inevitable, in one sense nobody's fault; the inevitable result of past training; the conflict of ideas. Millions of people grappling each other's throats; every soldier in each camp certain that he is fighting for an idea that holds the salvation of the world—every drop of his blood in earnest."

At first it seemed as though the ship of State would be dashed to pieces on the rocks of disunion. But Lincoln was at the helm, and near by were Seward and Staunton, and the vessel rode through those tempestuous waters to the fair haven of peace. For a time the South conquered, and it looked as though slavery would be triumphant. The North, however, closed up its ranks and under General Grant marched from Gettysburg to Vicksburg, and then to Richmond—and victory. But what did *this* mean? It meant that on the blood of a million of men there floated down to the negro, liberty, personality, MANHOOD. Henceforth he was to realize that God had "made of one blood *all* nations of men"; and "that *all* men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness."

Now the slave was emancipated, but not enfranchised. Phillips believed that only when the negro could vote would he be free indeed; and to this end he strove to educate the people. On March 30th, 1870, the Fifteenth Amendment placed the ballot in the hands of the black man. Freedom had crowned her work. The slave was free.

As the mission of the American Anti-Slavery Society was

fulfilled, the Abolitionists, fresh from the field of battle, with the smoke of the struggle on their garments and the light of victory on their faces, held their commemoration in Steinway Hall, in New York City. Wendell Phillips as President of the Society, closed the meeting with these words: "We will not say 'Farewell,' but 'All hail' Welcome new duties! We sheathe no sword. We only turn the front of the army upon a new foe." At the business meeting which followed the Society refused to die—it adjourned *sine die*.

Thus far we have been speaking of Wendell Phillips as an agitator; but we must not forget that he was an orator, *the* orator of the Abolition movement, and one of America's greatest. After reading one of his speeches Daniel O'Connell exclaimed: "I resign the crown. This young American is without an equal."

He was an ideal orator. It is said that no nobler physique ever confronted an audience. His gestures were always graceful: arms, hands and fingers becoming co-ordinate features with the countenance, the lips and the eyes.

His smooth, sweet, penetrating voice charmed, and though of no great range it was so modulated that the finest shades of thought were easily discriminated. Like Paganini, he put intensest feeling in the smallest compass. The *Richmond Inquirer* speaking of him before the Rebellion, said: "Wendell Phillips is an infernal machine set to music.

His oratory, essentially conversational, "sparkled with epigram, laughed with anecdote, vibrated with argument, thrilled with appeal, glowed with vivid description and abounded in apt quotation." In the power of invective he stands at the head of all orators, ancient and modern. He usually spoke to audiences composed for the most part of upholders of slavery. At one meeting his anti-slavery sentiments were hissed repeatedly. Stopping at the end of a sentence that had turned the elements of opposition into a nest of snakes, he exclaimed: "Hiss away! 'Tis the sound heard when the waters of Truth are dropping on the fires of hell." Any one who has watched the blacksmith thrust the glowing iron into the slake-trough will note the aptness of illustration. Again in his lecture on "Idols"

he rears a lofty temple of jurisprudence, wherein are statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime. Rome points with pride to Papinian and Ulpian; France to D'Agusseau; England to Coke, Mansfield and Erskine. Then New England shouts: "This is Rufus Choate who made it safe to murder, and whose health thieves drank before they began to steal." No more tremendous climax exists in the English language.

There was a man behind Phillips' oratory. He stood the embodiment of a cause, whether that cause was slavery, temperance, or woman's rights. Woman never had a truer champion. Wendell Phillips believed in her great power for good, and eloquently exclaimed: "The freedom of the press, the freedom of labor, the freedom of the race in its lowest classes was never argued to success. The moment that you can get woman to go out into the highway of life and show by active valor what God has created her for, that moment this question (of woman's rights) is settled forever."

On the evening of the second of February, 1884, Wendell Phillips fell asleep to wake in the Celestial City. From where the turbulent Atlantic rolls its rock-beating surf along the craggy shores of New England, to where the smiling Pacific kisses the verdant foothills of the far-famed Sierra Nevadas; from where the north wind makes a melancholy music in the lofty pines of Maine to where the listless Creole dreams away his life on the sunny banks of the Colorado River; from where the hardy fisherman mends his tattered net on the peaceful shores of the Puget Sound to where the great Father of Waters pours his mud and commerce into the Gulf of Mexico, there rose a mighty wail from an emancipated people at the loss of one who had given his time, his talents, his wealth, his life on their behalf. Pulpit and press, court and Congress, vied with one another entwining wreaths of eulogy around the dead man's brow. And when the page of universal history shall be written, and the honour-roll of agitators is flung across the skies, in letters large and luminous will be seen: for Austria, Kossuth; for Italy, Garibaldi; for Ireland, O'Connell; for England, Wilberforce; and for America, name more illustrious than them all—the name of the Christian agitator and orator, "whose polar star was Duty, whose goal was Liberty, and whose staff was Justice"—Wendell Phillips.

HENRY PROCTER, '99.

Book Reviews.

THE MAKING OF THE SERMON*.

Students might with some reason conclude that the last word about making sermons was written long ago. What shall the man say, who comes after Broadus, Phelps, Beecher, Dale, Spurgeon, and other eminent writer on Homiletics? And yet he who reads Professor Pattison's recent book will be led along certain fresh lines, and will be interested and stimulated. He will at times, of course, find himself following well beaten paths, and will meet much that is already familiar, but let him persist, and his time and effort will be amply repaid. Familiar lessons have received a new setting, and much that was waiting to be said finds its first expression here. Dr. Pattison writes primarily for the student in the class-room; he has in mind, however, those who, through lapse of time and pressure of work, are in danger of forgetting what once they learned; as well as those who have been thrust into the ministry without the advantage of a seminary course. There is a copious index to the book, and each chapter is preceded by a carefully prepared summary of its contents.

The introductory chapter discusses the question. What is Preaching? The chapters following treat successively of The Text, The Theme, The Parts of the Sermon, Rhetorical Elements in the Sermon, and The Delivery of the Sermon, while The Preacher and his Hearer forms the subject of the concluding chapter. Preaching is defined as "the spoken communication of divine truth with a view to persuasion." Ventilating intellectual doubt is not preaching; discussing questions purely speculative, formulating mere negations is not preaching. Preaching has to do with positive truth. The author's clear conception of what preaching really is, gives its tone to his entire book. "The Text" occupies five chapters. These chapters form what is perhaps the least original and least interesting part of the book. And yet if we find here what others had already said, it is because these words needed to be repeated and emphasized. The practice of "accommodating" texts is very severely and justly deprecated. The preacher should not take a text at all unless he intends to use it, and to use it honestly. To preach to journalists from the words. "They could not come nigh unto him for the *press*," was unpardonable. Our author has much to say in favor of Expository Preaching. He also earnestly commends Doctrinal Preaching. But he urges that doctrinal preaching should always be practical as well. In all cases he urges the thorough preparation of the "plan" of the sermon. He regards the preparation of the plan as of more value than the writing out of the sermon.

Six chapters are devoted to the discussion of Rhetorical Elements

*The Making of the Sermon. For the Class room and the Study, by T. Harwood Pattison, D. D., Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1898.

in the Sermon. This will be to many readers the most suggestive portion of the book. The sermon is a work of art, put together according to a definite plan and with a distinct purpose. Its literary form is of great importance. Preachers should familiarize themselves with the masters of pure, sinewy, and melodious English, and should aim at freshness and finish. Every sermon should have in it an element of statement, an element of argument and an element of illustration. The intellectual foundation of the sermon should be laid in statement; that is in exegesis. Without this argument is out of the question, and illustration futile. Argument is of vast importance in the sermon, because the true end of preaching is to persuade. It is possible, however, for a preacher to incur the charge brought against Carlyle that "he stirred everything, but settled nothing." Illustration appeals to, and excites the imagination. The preacher should use picturesque and suggestive words, similes, and metaphors, full description, and even anecdote. Let him, however, eschew Cyclopedias of Illustration, and beware lest he fall into his "anecdotage." Illustration must always be subordinate to the thoughts. First invent, then embellish. Speaking of The Delivery of the Sermon, the author commends above all, what he calls the composite method; that is full and careful preparation, combined with free delivery. He is particularly severe upon the habit of reading the sermon, which he thinks is philosophically objectionable, and utterly untrue to the ideal of preaching. In concluding Professor Pattison remarks that eloquent hearing is no less needed than is eloquent speaking. Such hearing the preacher may secure by paying proper attention to the preparation and the delivery of his sermon. We have read "The Making of the Sermon" with much pleasure and profit and have marked it as one of those books which must be read again. W. H. C.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE.*

One feels very much like straining a point in order to say only pleasant things about a book written under the circumstances that called forth the volume under review. The author, Alfred Ollivant, is a young man whose military career was cut short at the very beginning, by a fall from a horse, resulting in injuries that have left him a hopeless cripple. His chosen profession having been thus closed to him, he turned to literature; and *Bob, Son of Battle*, is his first book. The story is of shepherds and shepherd dogs; and these have always been associated with scenes of peace and gentleness; with wide moors and fragrant heather; with kindly men wrapped in their plaids, accompanied by their faithful and intelligent collies.

But there is nothing of these peaceful scenes here. The book is filled, from beginning to end, with savage, snarling, fighting dogs, drunken, quarrelsome, blaspheming men, and torn and mangled sheep.

*Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. George N. Morang, Toronto,

Prof. Bain tells us that all literature is founded on the emotions; and may be ranged under three divisions: "Benevolent," "Malevolent," and "Indifferent." This book is permeated by the "Malevolent," It would almost seem as if the sad disappointment which came into the young man's life, had unconsciously cast a gloom over his writing. One is surprised to learn that Mr. Ollivant's book has received unqualified praise from a writer in a recent number of *The Bookman*. It is even more surprising to find it compared favorably with Dr. Brown's *Rab and His Friends*. You might as well try to compare a slaughter house with a flower garden! *Rab and His Friends* is a classic; and is one of the sweetest things that ever was written, full of gentleness, affection, pathos. Mr. Ollivant's book is the very antithesis. The leading character is Adam McAdam, a cruel, drunken, cynical, profane wretch, whose chief employment, when not in the tavern, was to flog his boy, details of which the author gives us, again and again, with disgusting minuteness. Here are a few of these: "Ye maun be cauld, standin' there so. Rin ye doon and fetch oor little frien'," a reference to a certain strap hanging in the kitchen. "I'll see if I can warm ye." Here is another: "Then he turned to David, seized the stake from his hand, and furiously belabored the boy." . . . . . "I'll see ye agin, ma lad, this evenin," he said with cruel significance. Or this: "David felt the blow through his coat like a bar of hot iron laid across his back." And so on *ad nauseam*.

We would expect to find something of "sweetness and light," if anywhere, in a courting scene. But when David goes to court Maggie, he seeks to ingratiate himself by accusing her of wantonly trying to kill her little sister! "First yo' throw her into the steam, and then yo' chucks her to the pigs! ! !" The horrible runs all through the book, which ends with a furious dog fight, in which a score or more take part, and then with the suicide (evidently with secret admiration of the author) of McAdam, who jumps into "The Devil's Bowl" with the dead body of *Red Wull*, the sheep-killer, in his arms! The dominant tone of the book can be gathered from the fight above referred to, where *Red Wull*, the sheep-killer meets his death: "Silent now they fought, dumb and determined. Only you might have heard the rend and rip of tearing flesh; a hoarse gurgle as some dog went down; the panting of dry throats." One amusing blunder the author falls into when he makes *Venus*, "that scarred Amazon Venus," join in the attack upon *Red Wull*. The author does not seem to know that among members of the canine family, an attack by one sex upon the other is absolutely unknown. One of the fine touches of humor in *Rab and His Friends* is where Dr. Brown describes the ludicrous and sudden change of manner of a dog that was pursuing with savage zeal another, only to find on catching up that, as Dr. Brown puts it "that *he* was a *she*!" The best thing in Mr. Ollivant's book, which undoubtedly evinces talent, is the description of a contest between some shepherd dogs for the annual prize. We all know the amazing intelligence and docility shown by these noble animals. The test is to drive into a small enclosure, within a given time, a certain number of sheep. Mr. Ollivant's

work of description here is admirable; let us hope that he may devote his undoubted ability to the task of giving us a book built on the "Benevolent," rather than, as this is, on the "Malevolent."

A. MURDOCH.

A MODERN PROPHET.

In the popular mind, Mormonism and polygamy are hopelessly associated and there are few "Gentiles"—and possibly "Saints"—who know that in the beginning it was not so. Polygamy is expressly forbidden in the Book of Mormon; it is reprobated in "revelations" given to "Joseph Smith, Junior" and the large "Josephite" or "Smithite" party of the Latter Day Saints have always rejected plural-marriages, as they have the authority of Brigham Young by whom polygamy was introduced into the Mormon church. It was not till 1852, eight years after the death of Smith, that a revelation purporting to be his, sanctioning polygamy, was published. Miss Lily Dougall in hunting after fresh food for her imagination, was attracted by things Mormon, and in her pursuit of them became so convinced that the founder of the cult is unjustly regarded in popular estimation, the sins of his successors having been attributed to him, that she has attempted to vindicate his character in a novel*. Her theory is that,—"Smith was genuinely deluded by the automatic freaks of a vigorous but undisciplined brain, and that, yielding to these, he became confirmed in the hysterical temperament which always adds to self-delusion, self-deception, and to self-deception, half-conscious fraud. In his day it was neccessary to reject a marvel or admit its spiritual significance; granting an honest delusion as to his visions and his book, his only choice lay between counting himself the sport of devils or the agent of Heaven; an optimistic temperament cast the die."

Into the family of the stern old Baptist Croom, came a beautiful, impetuous niece, Susannah. Her father had been a scapegrace and she knew nothing of religion, but was impressed by a fierce tirade against Joseph Smith, a raw bumpkin of twenty-five years, who had "revelations" from heaven. Most marvellous of these was a new bible, the book of Mormon, which he found, written on golden plates in a neighboring hill. Her cousin Ephraim pleaded for charity for Smith; but evangelist Finney was moved to pray a characteristic prayer that affected Susannah profoundly and thence an uneasy quest after her "soul's" peace began. By chance she met Smith and was struck by his simplicity and genuineness, but more by the affection of his disciple, Angel Halsey, to whom Smith married her by a revelation from heaven; but this she resented until mechanically and mysteriously she was drawn into baptism and her marriage was confirmed. Meanwhile Smith developed in prophetic powers. Ephraim Croom, when too late, sought to win Susannah back, but roused by the cruelty of the unbe-

* The Mormon Prophet, by Lily Dougall. Toronto, W. J. Gage Co., 1899.

lievers to the Saints she cast in her lot with them, although at heart, after the passing of her first excitement, an unbeliever. This the prophet recognized, but he favored her and found in her feminine intuitions, a supplement to his own erratic impulsiveness, and yet after the murder of Halsey, one feels that polygamy will soon be declared. Step by step the rapid change in Smith's character is traced. There is degeneracy, but it is not conscious nor wilful. The Mormon character throve in adversity, but with prospersity there developed a germ that resulted ultimately in the unnatural monster of polygamy. Ultimately after some difficulty Susannah escaped from Nauvoo and found rest in Ephraim Croom's love.

The story is not a strong one. The authoress has conceived good characters, but she has not had the dramatic skill to use them well. That of Halsey only is well done. In closing the book, one is conscious of a sense of disappointment in having so little enjoyment out of so much promise. Miss Dougall would have done well, in vindicating Smith, to have attempted it in a tract and not a novel.

L. S. H.

"HOW TO KNOW THE FERNS."*

This volume is welcomed as dealing satisfactorily with a subject which has long needed consideration by a skilful pen. The suggestion of text-book is entirely absent. The charm of personal experience and adventure is breathed into the splendid descriptions of the structure and environments of these plants. From the opening chapter, which shows clearly the advantages of fern study, the enthusiasm of the reader is readily aroused. Physical activity accompanied by the mental stimulus of a study which is not only interesting but educational, fulfills the conditions necessary to a perfect recreation. The personal and social elements which are introduced throughout, appeal to and hold many whose ardor would be damped by the cold classifications and technical terms of the ordinary text-book.

Moreover, it combines those qualities which will make it popular with the reader, who has hitherto not experienced the inspiration of fern investigation, and valuable to the more advanced students of the subject. Fifty-seven of the more important ferns are grouped, classified and described. These descriptions are supplemented by splendid pen and ink illustrations which convey accurate ideas to the observer. The distinguishing points of identification are clearly set forth and will be readily grasped by even the primary students of the subject. The few technical terms necessary to describe the plants are carefully and clearly introduced. With but few exceptions the described ferns are found in Canada, and for that reason the book will be appreciated by Canadian readers. We cannot fail to commend the aim of a book which stimulates healthful enjoyment, promises such delights in nature study and makes the classification of the fern possible to all.

E. R. HOOPER.

* "How to know the Ferns," by Francis Theodora Parsons. Toronto, The Publishers' Syndicate.

A SENIOR HENTY BOOK.*

This is a stirring book. Incident crowds on incident; scarcely a chapter fails to rival Henty in a hair-breadth escape of hero or heroine from some awful danger and in chapter 26, a climax, there are four incidents any of which is good enough to make into a chapter. The gentle reader who is fond of a story of adventure and love will find the "Span O'Life" much to his taste, and will thank its authors, McLennan and McIlwraith, for so readable a book.

The story is constructed in a somewhat unusual fashion. It is the regulation thing for an historical romance to be told by the hero, but in the "Span O'Life," hero and heroine both find occupation in the pastime of narrative. Hugh Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, Jacobite refugee and subsequently French officer in Canada, tells the story for eleven chapters. Margaret Nairn, or Mme. de St. Just, carries on the narrative to chapter twenty-five. Then the hero resumes the narrative to the happy denouement, and a brief epilogue is the formal conclusion. Needless to say this is a method fraught with difficulties, involving delicacies of literary skill and character delineation that might make even the boldest hold his breath. Our authors cannot be congratulated on having surmounted these difficulties with any brilliant success

Being a novel of incident, almost as completely as that demure piece of fiction, entitled, "Mr. Potter, of Texas," the book presents little, directly, in the way of characterization. In fact, the reader is so hurried along from event to event, that he has no time to stop and think about the people who are doing and daring so much. This lack of repose detracts seriously from the value of the story. For instance, in chapter twelve, the landing of Margaret and Lucy in Canada, their capture, and their meeting with the priest are set forth inside of five pages, with hardly a descriptive touch and all written in a very plain style. What an opportunity here for some skilful work in character study and in description! As a matter of fact, though you do know more clearly and vividly the life in Canada previous to the fall of Quebec, there is an almost complete lack of description, apparently owing to the pressure of incident upon the author's crowded columns.

Unfortunately, the "Span O'Life" suggests comparisons. Margaret's mission to find Hugh Maxwell recalls Evangeline's search, only to make us feel Longfellow's superiority. Here and there in the earlier part of the story, the hero indulges in some introspections. All lovers of Crockett know how frequent and how skilful these introspective remarks on the part of his heroes are, especially in the Raiders and the Red Axe. Hugh Maxwell suffers badly by comparison, both as to the quantity and the quality of his reflections. The siege of Quebec, Margaret's attempt as a spy, her meeting with Sarennes at the ball, all suggest "The Seats of the Mighty." Harold Frederic has given us his

* The "Span O'Life." A Tale of Louisburg and Quebec. By William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith. New York: Harper's. Toronto: Copp Clark.

unfavorable judgment of Parker's romance, but in spite of his judgment, "The Seats of the Mighty" is likely to remain a popular book, and its quality may fairly well be tested by comparing Doltaire's interview with Alixe at the Convent, and Sarennes' interview with Margaret at the ball. Again, the historical period covered, the Acadian incidents, and the spirit of the "Span O'Life" suggest "The Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," only to make you keenly conscious of the difference. Through Roberts' stories runs a tender idyllic grace; the heroine is inexpressibly womanly and beautiful, the hero is the embodiment of manly perfection, and there is an atmosphere of the ideal that is irresistibly charming. One simply surrenders himself to the beauty of it all, a beauty so great as to surpass the charm of incident, though that is by no means small. "The Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline" are prose poems, instinct with poetic fervor, expressed with Roberts' peculiar skill. The "Span O'Life" possesses no literary grace; it is simply good plain prose.

The publishers are not open to extravagant praise for the mechanical execution of the work. It is good enough typographically, but poorly bound; in fact, the illustrations are apt to drop out almost at the first opening. Evidently the illustrations are intended to be something unusually good, but the faces all belong to the same family (without Du Maurier's skill to plead in compensation).

It would be a pleasure to congratulate the authors, William McLennan especially, on having produced a really good Canadian historical romance. McLennan's work has for several years, been a feature of Harpers' and his short stories have been greatly to his credit. The "Span O'Life" has good material in abundance, but whether it be from haste, or from the difficulties of collaboration, the story, good as it is, falls short of what we are entitled to expect from its senior author. It is bright and thoroughly readable, it is vigorous and stirring; it is not high-class literature.

E. A. Hardy.

HUGH GWYETH.*

"Hugh Gwyeth" is an interesting narrative, plainly told, with something of the vitality and verisimilitude of Defoe's neglected "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The tendency of the so-called Romantic school during its recent vogue has been to color highly and over-adorn its heroes, at the same time making their exploits marvellous beyond all credence. Of course, none can set bounds to the realm of fiction, but the reader tires sometimes of heroes whose lot it is to have as many haps and mishaps befall them in a month as would suffice a whole army of mortals for a year. Especially is this so with the generality of stories for boys, in which class "Hugh Gwyeth" may be placed. A word of criticism with regard to literary form may be made. The

*Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier, by Beulah Marie Dix. The W. J. Gage Co., Ltd, Toronto.

author nowhere indicates that the narrative purports to be given by anyone living during the exciting period of which the story is told. Yet words, phrases and constructions occur in the writing, outside of the speeches, which are either loose or archaic in their use. While the consistent employment of such in a tale narrated in the first person is a legitimate device, the occasional and rather haphazard introduction of them in what is admittedly an author's own description is not excusable.

The story is of a lad in his teens who, hearing for the first time that his father is living, leaves his Roundhead grandfather and uncle to seek him in the King's army. The boy's bravery and spirit are shown in surmounting difficulty and withstanding rebuff more than in powers in fight, though the closing chapters bring their opportunity for the latter also. Hugh is every inch a boy, and a manly one at that. The right and wrong of England's civil strife, and the political motives and movements of the conflict are not touched upon. Only an occasional glimpse is caught of any historically important figures, as the sequence of events is developed among independent troops of cavalry mustered and commanded by brave country gentry. The account of Hugh's plucky dash through hostile sentry lines to carry word of coming relief to his besieged father—the father whom stubborn pride had refused him recognition as son—together with the description of the stubborn fight in the old church, form a fine climax and ending to the action of this story for boys, and "old boys."

S. R. T.

"RED ROCK."*

The work of Thomas Nelson Page is not so well known to Canadian readers as it deserves to be, but now that his latest, and, as many able critics say, best work, "Red Rock," has been given a Canadian edition by the Publishers' Syndicate, Toronto, the Canadian public will, we are certain, desire to know more of him and his works. His stories of the South and his descriptions of life in Old Virginia with its old-world charm and grace are delightful to read. Those who have read them will know what a pleasure is in store for them in "Red Rock." That this story is popular is proved by the fact that already over forty-six thousand volumes have been sold, and that the demand continues. The Canadian edition contains all the exquisite illustrations of B. West Clinedinst, as published by Scribners', and is in every way a model edition.

In our short space it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the many and varied interests of the book. Mr. Page calls it a chronicle of reconstruction Before we read it we were fearful that to a large extent it might be a description of the war between the North and South. The American magazines have so nauseated us with their in-

*"Red Rock," by Thomas Nelson Page Illustrated by B West Clinedinst. Toronto, the Publishers' Syndicate, Limited

terminable accounts of what their own Mr. Howells so aptly and so bravely calls their "skirmish" with Spain, that we really could not stand any more American wars, even by so accomplished an artist as Mr. Page. We fairly blessed him when we found that, though his story begins before the war, he omits practically all reference to the events of the great struggle and resumes his narrative after the return of the Confederate soldiers to their homes. Then he proceeds to give us a realistic picture of the rule of the "carpet bagger" and the sorry business he made of governing the country. Doubtless the picture is overdrawn at times and doubtless full jutice is not done to the North, but critical opinion in the North at the present time inclines to recognize the substantial truth of Mr. Page's delineation. The following quotation from a letter of a responsible physician of Anderson, South Carolina, to the *Interior*, the well-known Presbyterian journal of Chicago, is a brief prose statement of the condition of affairs Mr. Page so vividly depicts in "Red Rock": "The North supplied an army of carpet-baggers to come South after the war, political adventurers, school-teachers, and some wearing the sacred cloth of the minister of God. They all came to steal, they arrayed the negro against the whites by every means known, and pandemonium reigned. In the ten years that they polluted the South seeds were sown of discord that it will take generations to obliterate."

Apart from all this historic interest, however, Red Rock is distinctly artistic as a work of fiction. There is abundance of stirring incident and clear cut characterization, two indispensable qualities in a good story. It is rather longer than the average novel of the present day and includes more threads of interest than the average writer can well attend to. But Mr. Page has the threads all so well in hand and weaves them together so skillfully that the interest, far from being dissipated, is materially heightened. We always laid down the book with reluctance, and when we came to the last two hundred pages we simply had to read them at one sitting, so great was their fascination for us. We speak from pleasant experience, then, when we commend "Red Rock" to any desiring good fiction. M.

"RAGGED LADY."

Our next number will contain an adequate review of this the latest product of Mr. W. D. Howells' accomplished pen. We have read it and can recommend it to any wishing an entertaining story for summer reading. It is handsomely published by W. J. Gage & Co.

College News.

F. J. Scott,' 99, A. C. Watson, '01, } Editors.
Miss B. E. Gile, '00, }

Annual Commencement Exercises.—Another year has been added to the history of McMaster University. The year just closed has been one of unprecedented success along all lines of college life. McMaster's past has been a record of steady, vigorous, almost phenomenal growth, and to-day her outlook is the brightest. The keynote of the closing exercises was "Forward." Never before has the hand of Providence been so unmistakably beckoning us on to larger and higher usefulness. The Chancellor and Faculty should feel proud of their year's work. In spite of the ever-rising standard set up, the students this year have attained a high degree of efficiency, and the laurels won in other institutions by our graduates of former years, have been more than gratifying. The Faculty and students count themselves happy in having had with them for the Commencement Exercises the inspiring presence of Revs. Thos. J. Villers, M.A, of Indianapolis, and Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester. The eloquent and inspiring words of these gifted men have left a lasting impression upon their hearers. The presence also of so large a company of the University's friends was very gratifying.

The Alumni.—The annual meeting of the Society was held in the College Chapel on Monday evening, the 8th inst. The gathering was the largest ever held under the auspices of this Society. The President of the Society, Rev. H. P. Whidden, B A., B.Th., of Galt, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises short speeches were given by representatives of the Graduating Classes, Mr. D. Bovington speaking for the graduates in Arts, and Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., for those in Theology. The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, N.Y. In his own masterly manner he gave an able address on the "Present Outlook of Religious Thought." He dealt with the three great movements of thought during the last twenty-five years, viz., Evolution, Future Punishment and Higher Criticism. The University Quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Triggerson, Welch and Bowyer, sang very acceptably.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon, and the following officers were elected: President, Rev. W. W. McMaster, B.A., B.Th., Tiverton; 1st Vice, Miss M. D. Eby, M.A., Berlin; 2nd Vice, W. J. Pady, B.A., B.Th., Toronto Junction; 3rd Vice, Miss E. N. Newman, B.A., Toronto; 4th Vice, A. W. Vining, M.A., Thorndale; Sec'y-Treas., W. S W. McLay, B.A., (re-elected); Cor.-Sec'y., D. B. Harkness, B.A., Toronto.

The Association unanimously decided to undertake to raise $2000 towards the fund for the new chapel and library, and appointed a representative committee to canvas the graduates of the University.

Baccalaureate Sermon.—The main audience room of the Walmer Road Church was crowded with students and friends of the University, on Tuesday evening, May 9th, when the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas J. Villers, M.A., of the First Baptist Church, Indianapolis. The subject of the sermon was, "Religion the chief business of life," from Matthew vi: 33, "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Religion was a business, not a recreation, with Christ: but most men to-day have reversed the order. The commands of the Bible can be summed up in three short words, "Be like God," but the colossal mistake of man has been to take the fool's motto, "Eat, drink and be merry." The Holy Book presents a deep question in spiritual economics, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are questions which may and must be rightly considered, but are not of first importance. We must make God and His righteousness our first business and "all other things shall be added."

The Collation.—A large number of guests were present at the annual collation, which was held in the lecture room of Walmer Road Church, Wednesday afternoon, May 10th. Hon. Mr. Dryden was chairman, and after a short address proposed the toast to the Queen, which was responded to in true Canadian style. Rev. Mr. Villers spoke a few words of farewell and the enthusiasm with which they were received showed how much his visit had been appreciated. Prof. Farmer proposed the toast to Sister Institutions, to which Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, responded. D. E. Thomson, Esq., proposed the toast to the University, replies being made by Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., for the Alumni Association, Rev. Elmore Harris representing Senate and Board of Governors, Principal McCrimmon for Woodstock, and Miss Thrall for Moulton. The toast to the Graduates of '99 in Arts and Theology was proposed by Dr. Welton, and responded to by Miss Newman, Mr. L. H. Thomas and Mr. W. J. Pady, B.A. The speeches were interpersed with music by the Quartette and College songs.

Conferring of Degrees.—The annual Convocation for the conferring of degrees and granting of diplomas was held in the main audience room of the Walmer road Church, on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. A large assembly was present to witness the exercises. The degrees of M.A., B.D., B.Th., were conferred on some sixteen persons; that of B.A. on a class of twenty. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Prof. J. H. Farmer, and that of D.D. granted Rev. Elmore Harris and Rev. A. P. McDiarmid. Dr. Newman delivered the address to the graduating class, his theme being "Truth-Speaking." The Chancellor's address was very full of encouragement and inspiration. He spoke of the needs of the University and the way in which these needs are being met. The sum of $35,000 is required for a new chapel, a new library, and a campus, over a third of that amount

is already secured. Then very valuable additions to the teaching staff have been made in the appointment of Prof. Dale, late of the University of Toronto, as lecturer in Ancient and Constitutional History and Classical Literature; Wilson R. Smith, Ph.D., in Physics and Biology. Hon. G. W. Ross was present and gave a very interesting address, speaking quite encouragingly of the work that McMaster is doing. Short addresses were also given by Dr. Farmer, Dr. Harris and Dr. McDiarmid. The national anthem was then sung and the Chancellor declared the session of 1898-99 ended.

THE Annual Sermon to the Fyfe Missionary Society was preached in Jarvis Street Church, Sunday evening May 7th, by Principal A. L. McCrimmon of Woodstock College. Dr. Rand, the President of the Society, conducted the devotional service. Mr. McCrimmon's theme was, "The Glorious Gospel of the blessed God," which he dealt with in regard to origin, experience, permanence and power. The sermon was a very strong one, full of instruction and inspiration.

THE election of the High Kak-i-ak for the year '99-'00 took place on Monday morning, May 8, and was accompanied by a good deal of enthusiasm. Mr. S. E. Grigg was pronounced the students' choice by a large majority. The general satisfaction at his appointment was manifested in the customary somewhat expressive way, by "bouncing" and the demand for a speech. Mr. Grigg enters this important office with heartiest co-operation and support of the Student Body.

THE annual dinner to the Graduating Class was given by the Juniors in the Dining Hall of McMaster on Monday afternoon, May 8. After the more practical part of the ceremony was performed in a very satisfactory manner, a brief toast list was honored, Mr. Newcombe, President of the year '00, being chairman Mr. Ralph Smith proposed the toast to the graduating class in Arts and Theology, which was responded to by Mr. W. B. Tighe and Mr. Andrew Imrie, B.A The toast to the ladies was given by Mr. E. A. Brownlee and responded to by Miss Newman. The retiring High Kak-i-ak, Mr. Freeman J. Scott, then formally installed Mr. Grigg as Kak-i-ak for the year '99-'00, by delivering to his charge the insignia of office. After a brief and humorous reply by Mr. Grigg, the dinner was concluded by singing "God Save the Queen."

ON account of unfavorable weather it was not possible to complete the inter-year foot ball series last fall, and consequently the contest had to be fought off this spring. As soon, therefore, as exams. were over, the years put up their teams for the foot ball pins, donated by Messrs. Ryrie Bros. "Ninety-nine" defaulted, leaving the final game between "Century" and "Year One," which was played off Monday afternoon. The heat was intense and the players somewhat "out of form," so that the match was a "hot" one in more than a figurative sense. At the end of "time" the score stood 1 1 and by mutual agreement the next goal scored should decide the game. "Century" scored that goal and thus won the pins for a second time.

An event of especial interest to readers of The Monthly took place in the home of Mr. and Mrs Linus Woolverton, at Grimsby, on the afternoon of the 11th of May. On that day a company, among whom were representatives from McMaster, gathered to witness the marriage of their only daughter, Mabel Frances, to Peter G. Mode, pastor elect of the First Baptist church, Yarmouth, N. S. Rev. R. R. Mackay, of Woodstock, assisted by Rev. L. Brown, of Grimsby, performed the, ceremony, after which the whole company gathered at the station to send the newly wed eastward followed by the congratulations and best wishes of all. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mode are graduates of McMaster University and members of the Class of '97, and both deservedly won the esteem of all associated with them in college circles. The Monthly would join with their many other friends in expressing best wishes for a successful future and will follow with deep interest their career which has opened with such promise.

GRANDE LIGNE.

TALE OF A NOCTURNAL RAMBLE.

"If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, teachers dear!
For, I would be an early bird,
Now that the spring is here.

"And should you wake at four o'clock,
Oh! waken me, I pray!
'Tis charming to be up and out
Before the break of day."

So spake our friend, with mocking smile,
But ere he went to rest
He trembled much for fear they would
Fulfil his rash request.

"'Tis well, thought he, "that doors have locks,
And locks have little keys—
And what won't lock, I'll barricade
As strongly as I please."

The damsels rose at four o'clock,
And dressed themselves with care,
For well, they knew, 'twas cold indeed,
Out in the morning air.

But when they hastened to fulfil
The promise truly made,
They found their pathway stopped by locks
And—by a barricade.

And did they go back in despair
And sob when safe in bed,
" We are the weaker vesssls, we,
Just as St. Paul hath said ? "

Ah ! gentle soul of womankind,
So brave to do and dare !
The maidens shoved that barricade
And gained an entrance there.

And then, they hurried to his room,
And tapping on the door ;
" Wake up ! get up ! arise ! " they cried,
" For it is after four ! "

No sign gave he that he had heard,
Right loudly did they scream ;
And many a harmless, sleeping boy
Was wakened from his dream.

A dainty lunch they left for him
Which they had brought along,
A bun, some bread and butter and
An onion, large and strong.

Although quite innocent, his wife
Did share his woe, alack !
" Don't mind, my dear," he whispered low,
" To-night I'll pay them back."

Alarm clocks, hidden here and there,
And set at awful hours,
Took quite a little time, no doubt,
And all his thinking powers.

His artful plan, so well arranged,
These maidens did detect,
And all those little clocks went off
Without their vile effect.

And thus, these girls out-witted twice,
A boastful, scheming man,
And may they soon have one apiece,
And train them, if they can.

M. R. M.

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The McMaster University
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